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JANUARY, 1843.

THE LONDON AND PARIS LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, Music, and the Drama,

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JANUARY, MDCCCXLIII.

THE MISSING ONE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

(*Continued from page* 61.)

CHAPTER II.

Love is the first enkindling of the soul,
But, Time may quench it—*does*—it dies away.
When flames Ambition, with its fierce control,
A Phœnix rising out of love's decay!
Fatal its advent, as the electric spark
That fires the Forest—rains refuse to slake,
For desolation and destruction mark,
With equal woe, the tyrant's fiery wake.

HENRY had attained the age of sixteen, without discovering the secret of his birth—he deemed himself, as he had been taught to do, the sole offspring of an unhappy marriage of a younger sister of the kind uncle and aunt who had taken him from his forlorn orphan infancy. He possessed the combined beauty of both his parents, with the highest sense of honour, and a sensitiveness of feeling almost painful—he literally worshipped his supposed aunt—he was proud of her beauty and accomplishments, and most profoundly sensible of the care and tenderness she had lavished on him; while to Laura, he was everything; in his invariable and delicate affection she found a sweet relief for every yearning of her heart. Never were two beings united by a more holy, a more pure and perfect bond of disinterested attachment; the *mother* and the *son* fully and completely sufficed for each other! It was Charles's wish to bring him up for the church, which his virtues and talents could so adorn, but Henry showed such a decided predilection for the army, that he determined to strain every nerve to procure him a commission. "Alas!" thought Laura, "how easy that would have been with his father's interest, had he not basely cast him off, the beautiful, noble-spirited boy, to disgrace and obloquy!"

She had traced Trevor's brilliant and varied career in India, from her secluded abode, with a feeling nearly amounting to jealousy;—she saw his progressive promotion, from a Cornet up to that of a Lieutenant-Colonel, his marriage with a lovely and accomplished young lady, the birth of his child, the death of that child, then that of his wife; and then, *then*, the order for his embarkation for England, where his father's splendid fortune awaited him, his elder brother having died unmarried soon after taking possession of it. Still, to Laura, all these changes were of no importance, and she almost wondered that they awakened so lively an interest in her heart; but it was not surprising that she should feel interested in a being who had exercised so powerful an influence over her destiny.

Since that horrible note, every word of which was engraven on her heart, he had neither written to her, nor of her, that she was aware; what must have been her astonishment then, I will not say delight, when, a few months after his return home, he walked unannounced into the little drawing-room at Loyes Weedon, in which she and her brother were seated, Henry being fortunately just as the moment absent?

I know, *sélon les régles* of romance, I ought here to aver, that *instinctively* she recognized *his dear* footstep on the stairs—that *instinctively* her heart acknowledged that adored form, the instant it presented itself to her wondering eyes—that *instinctively* she divined the motive of his coming; and, ere he had had time to utter one word, she had exclaimed, in a Siddonian tone, "Trevor, my own Trevor!" and fainted in his arms, fortunately extended to receive her insensible form.—But, truth to say, nothing of this agitating display of sensibility occurred. Trevor, bronzed beneath the fervid rays of the torrid zone for so long a period, and worn with the cares and sorrows which had chequered his path, since they had "lived and loved together," scarcely possessed a vestige of the fair, handsome Henry, she had, alas! so ruinously idolized; and Laura thought, after he had succeeded in making himself known, "that if he had never been otherwise than the wasted, bilious-looking man he was at present, she should have had no temptation to have swerved from that virtue, whose dereliction had cost her such suffering."

While he, on his side, as he contemplated Laura's graceful, but somewhat matronly, figure and face, which, although still decidedly handsome, yet wore that expression of almost repulsiveness, which the struggles of a proud and wounded spirit, not thoroughly weaned from the allurements of this world, are sure to stamp on it, also thought, "if she had never been more winning, more *abandonnée*, in her manner, than the dignified, decorous lady she now appeared to be, he should not have proved the bitter truth of what an old expiring libertine once wished, but vainly, to impress on his then incredulous mind—"that the man who seduced a woman, under the false pretence of an honourable attachment, never experiences real peace of mind afterwards"—nor felt the never-dying sting of that remorse which had goaded him through life, and, at last, brought him to her feet, to make all the reparation in his power for the cruel wrongs he had formerly inflicted on her, by raising her to rank and affluence as his wife.

Tremendous was the struggle in Laura's mind how to act in such a trying conjuncture.—"Whom should she sacrifice—*herself*, or her *son?* Was all Trevor could offer able to compensate the loss of that affection, which had strewn her barren existence with the rarest exotics since his abandonment of her? Could she think, for a moment, of resigning that precious love, and not expire at the cruel idea? Yet, to own him *now* as her son, would be absolute madness, for would it not justly awaken in his bosom that long-dreaded hatred, which had been her bane from the hour of his birth, when he found that to her criminality he owed the loss of name, property, and connexions? Then, on the other hand, should she, in the prime of life, when she still felt so capable of enjoying the luxuries, the pleasures, now presented to her—when she was so weary, so soul-sick of the monotony of that little parsonage and its mean appliances—refuse Trevor's hand, Trevor's fortune, Trevor's house in town and palace in the country? No—she would endeavour to reconcile her ambition with her maternal love; she would explain all to Trevor; he should provide handsomely for her darling boy, and she might still be loved by him, as the fond aunt, still devoted to his interests, still deeply anxious for his welfare—and Henry would be happy still in his blessed ignorance, and she should win his love for his father, by awakening his gratitude for the benefits he would confer upon him."

Trevor fully entered into all her views, as did the kind, devoted Charles, from the consideration, "that the discovery of his birth now could only plunge the dear boy into a state of irremediable misery and despair: he also knew well that Henry's proud spirit would revolt at receiving benefits, *even* from his own father, under such circumstances; whereas, Colonel Trevor, as the husband of his aunt, with his interest, would naturally promote the wishes of her nephew, by procuring him the so long-desired commission, which it could be no degradation for him to accept." This was, therefore, purchased for him, without loss of time—a handsome outfit ordered—and as soon as he had witnessed his mother's marriage, the unconscious victim of her ambition was to join the depot at Portsmouth, previous to embarking for India, whither his father thought it most advisable for him to go, both to prevent the possibility of a discovery, as also as a certain field for him to rise in his profession.

Henry's gratitude, for what he designated "these unmerited favours from a *stranger*," must have wrung his mother's heart;—it *did*,—and she almost staggered in her resolution of allowing him to indulge in such a delusion. But he was happy under it—the truth would have been death: he gloried in the virtues which distinguished her, and idolized her for that love, which, whispered his fond heart, had kept her from the world she was so calculated to adorn, so long, *only* for his sake. "Could she, with her own hand, rend the veil from that unsuspecting heart, and voluntarily show herself to him, the vile polluted thing she

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really was? No, no, no, let him go—let him *die* in his banishment, sooner than know her for aught, save the pure high-minded maiden aunt, who had voluntarily befriended his destitute youth."

Her brother performed the ceremony in his own dear venerated little church, at which the now truly happy Barbara Clayton officiated as bridesmaid, her own marriage being arranged for the following week—she and Charles having long since come to a mutual understanding, when, with all a woman's devotion, she agreed to wait until they could be united; and she had waited with the most angelic patience. Yet so pure, so disinterested was her affection, that she felt it no sacrifice to shed the fragrance of her youth on the desert air of uncertainty. But this oblation on the altar of love claimed a reciprocal one on that of gratitude, for sweetly did the incense of such holy self-abnegation rise on Charles's adoring heart, fondly blinding him to any change for the worse in his beloved. Never did it strike him, while gazing rapturously on her, that her complexion was less transparent—her eyes less full and clear—her teeth less pearly—than when first he conned those, to him, matchless charms. Nor did she observe the few grey hairs Time had enviously blended with the fine chestnut locks of her lover.

Meeting daily, they were perfectly unconscious of the progressive decay of personal beauty; and what assisted to prolong the delusion was, the total absence of contrast—their confined sphere precluding the formidable innovation of newer and younger associates. But more than all, hope, hope, however distant, of ultimate happiness, lent its *prestige* to make them appear unaltered in the eyes of each other;—on Barbara, especially, it had a magical effect, for the few first lines she received from Charles, explaining the state of *his* heart, she had worn on her *own*, as a phylactery against despair, and it had enabled her to go loving on, through those dreary years, with that close silent constancy, that, "like the Propontis and the Hellespont, knows no retiring ebb, but keeps due on."

The faithful Peggy O'Brien had a handsome pension settled on her for life, with full permission to go and spend it in her own country, if she chose, Mrs. Trevor not wishing to take her into her *now* splendid establishment, fearing she might indiscreetly talk of the *past*,—she! who had so religiously kept the seal of silence unbroken on her lips for so many years, even to the "darlint" who was to her as precious as the life's blood in her own heart!

Finding that "the misthress refused her a corner at her own hearthstane," she begged, with tears in her eyes, to remain with Charles, "as who in the wide world were so dear to her as he, and his blessed nephew?"

With a convulsive embrace, a deluge of tears, and a thousand frantic kisses, Mrs. Trevor bade abieu to her boy—the idol of so many solitary years—the only being she really loved, or ever could—the child of shame, yet pure and gifted as a seraph!

His father parted with him without emotion,—he was elated with the hope of soon having a son whom it would be no shame, no dishonour to own—one in every way as handsome and talented as Henry, whose birth would be hailed with gladness, as a being destined to hand his proud name unsullied down to posterity. And he almost reproved his wife, for the anguish she evinced on the occasion.

The following letter addressed to his uncle, the night before he sailed for India, will show how vain, how futile, are all human attempts to conceal the truth for ever; and also, how vain, how futile, were Laura's apprehensions, lest its knowledge should alienate the strongest feeling implanted by nature in the human breast—the love of a son for his mother,—although that knowledge drew aside the veil that screened that mother's crime!

"I know all, my dear uncle, I know all,—she *is* my mother! How did I not feel instinctively that she must be? Surely I *did*, for was it possible to entertain such love, such adoration, such divine tenderness, for any one save a mother? Oh, no! no! How has she voluntarily tortured her heart for years, by depriving it of that sweet, that delicious intercourse so charming between a mother and a son? And, Heaven! what a more than fakir penance did she impose on herself, by forbidding my infant lips essaying their first lisp, in that appellation, which strikes the most harmonious chord of woman's heart! Poor, poor, mistaken mother, to imagine, for a moment, that it was possible for me to hate you, for any act you could have committed! What a horrible chimera must have pursued her through every hour of my doomed existence, to compel her, despite of the unbounded affection she felt for me—despite of the outpourings of the heart, so natural to that affection, (gushing like the *Barbyses*, forming another 'Valley of the Sweet Waters,' to refresh and invigorate all within its sphere,) to a silence, as of the tomb,—enchaining her lips! How she must have suffered from it! How she *did* suffer from it, I have learnt—learnt, alas! in the agonising consciousness that I am prohibited from consoling her, for those past sufferings, or to show, by my future conduct, how needlessly they were thus self-inflicted—forbidden to assure her of my love, my veneration—my *esteem*,—for, oh! my uncle, is she not worthy to be so regarded? Has she not been *all* the mother to me? that precious mother was, indeed, *tout un ciel pour son malheureux fils!*

"Peggy O'Brien, that pure child of unsophisticated nature, indignant that she should have discarded me 'at the moment when it was in her power to bestow wealth and respectability on me,' as she said, revealed, in a passion of honest anger, every particular attending my mother's unhappy and guilty intimacy with her *now* husband; with all she had endured since, mentally, and bodily. I was astounded at the intelligence;—the joy of knowing that I was bound to one so inexpressibly dear to me, by a stronger tie than that of the cold relationship I had been led to suppose existed between us, was chilled by the idea, that that false representation was the necessary consequence of the shameless conduct of the being I was so proud of; and that it was imperative that it should still be strictly observed, that the arbitrary conventionalities of society demanded the everlasting concealment of the tender consanguinity—that I should be the most horrible of matricides, if I published the truth, by plunging the poignard of disgrace into that bosom, which had throbbed with the sublimest ecstasies for me! No! my mother—my precious blessed mother—rest in peace; enjoy the splendour purchased at such an awful cost, your son's sacrifice—the son who now implores Heaven, that no latent regret for his cruel exile may embitter that enjoyment! I am resolved to win the name Fate has deprived me of—resolved to force that mother's heart to yearn with love and pride for her outcast boy—resolved to compel that cold stern father to wish, from the depths of his soul, that he *durst* acknowledge me for his son. Oh! how I detest him now, for the benefits so surreptitiously forced upon me—not, from affection for his stigmatized child; but, from that self-deception, which hoped to obtain a *panacea* for a torturing conscience; and yet I thanked him for them, *actually* thanked him,—would my lips had blistered for such a prostitution of the sacredness of gratitude! You think not, in the calm of your quiet Christian spirit, how the more impetuous blood of youth revolts against unmerited injuries; you will also think, perhaps, that these threats to recover my lost position in life, are only the idle vauntings of a hot-headed boy; but, uncle, you will see them accomplished,—they are *oracular*—my soul is fired with an ambition awakened by angels—the ambition of obtaining by virtue and honour, what vice and guilt have deprived me of. The day before I left London, urged by an irresistible impulse, I determined, if possible, to behold my mother once more, if only from a window. I therefore hovered about the vicinity of her splendid mansion, from almost dawn until the shades of night stole on me, with that dogged sort of patience the Italian assassin is said to exhibit when awaiting his victim; and just as I was on the eve of leaving the spot in despair, at not accomplishing my object, a carriage drew up to the door of the house, which being opened shortly afterwards by a servant, I beheld my mother issue from it, radiant in jewels and beauty—her luxuriant hair (which time still respected) hanging in ringlets down her cheeks, glowing with the pride and gratification of a *toilette* the most *recherchée*, and which had been evidently studied for the express purpose of displaying every natural charm to the utmost advantage. Never had I seen her look so lovely, so truly regal—and never had I felt so forcibly the strength of my affection for her. With the rapidity of the golden eagle, I darted to her side, and as she was in the act of ascending the carriage-steps, I bent close to her ear, and whispered, 'My Mother!' then hurried away. I heard a shriek—I saw some confusion, but I stayed not to learn the cause; she had probably fainted: I had satisfied the desire of my soul—I had called her *mother*, that beautiful, angelic woman. Oh! that sound will reverberate in her prayers—in her dreams—in her every thought, breathing around her continual melody,—for it was uttered in the concentrated tenderness of seventeen years of stifled filial affection. She knows *now*, that I bear away the secret of her heart—that I have penetrated the mystery of her life—that between us there is nothing strange—nothing hidden. Oh! will she not often ponder over this bond of union, and marvel, whether it binds my soul in the silken fetters of dutiful affection, or the corroding chains of hatred and detestation? Let her marvel, it will keep me alive in her remembrance. God still bless you, my dear revered uncle; do not forget the wanderer in your prayers, for be assured, you will never be forgotten in those of your ever gratefully attached Nephew,

"Henry Graham Langley.

"P.S.—Tell dear Peggy that 'her boy,' will always be a *boy* for her, and that it would be a dark hour for me, when I should grow out of her humble, but most precious love."

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After Henry had been about two years at Madras, the colonel belonging to the regiment to which he was attached was invalided home, in consequence of a completely ruined constitution; and he was, by one of those remarkable coincidences, which often, in reality, far exceed the finest flight of the Romancist's invention, superseded by Colonel Trevor, an uncle of his *father's!*

Henry's first impulse was to exchange into another regiment; but on more mature consideration, he decided on remaining in the one he was, and to carefully avoid all intercourse with his colonel, save that which was absolutely necessary for a subaltern to have with his superior officer. Poor Henry! occupied but with one idea, that of his unfortunate birth, he naturally concluded—as, indeed, every young person does—that it would be the unique object of Colonel Trevor to penetrate its mystery, and despise him for his base origin: he totally overlooked the fact, that the name he went by afforded no clue to that of Trevor, and that his father, in purchasing his commission for him, had religiously abstained from awakening the remotest suspicion of their relationship. Henry was too unworldly to make such deep calculations; he could only *feel* the torture of self-abasement, and struggle to conceal it. Hence he avoided his new colonel, with even a stronger feeling of misanthropic *mauvaise honte*, than that which had induced him, on first joining the regiment, to seclude himself from his old one, and also from the familiar society of his brother officers.

But it was impossible for a young man, who displayed, like Henry, a real love for his profession, long to escape the notice of a vigilant commander. He showed such an alacrity in fulfilling his duty, such a fearless courage and prompt valour on every occasion of danger, that Colonel Trevor, who was as benevolent as he was brave, took every opportunity of distinguishing the handsome and dauntless young Lieutenant.

Besides, he had been highly prepossessed in Henry's favour, by the liberal commendations bestowed upon him by Colonel Harrison, his predecessor; and the very indifference which Henry evinced to obtain his patronage, only created a deeper interest for him. For Colonel Trevor could not but admire the nobleness of mind, which rendered an apparently friendless youth superior to the degradation of stooping to the petty artifices too many resort to, to win the favours of the more exalted.

Colonel Trevor, then in his fifty-second year, with an unimpaired constitution, presented the *beau ideal* of a British military officer,—of a tall commanding figure, erect in the consciousness of the innate pride arising from an unsullied reputation, with a broad expansive forehead, whose elevation was increased by that partial *chauveté*, so becoming to men in the meridian of life—large clear hazel eyes—and nostrils, which, like an Arabian charger eager for the course, dilated with every emotion of the heart. Bold and energetic in his tone and manner, when giving those orders necessary to maintain that discipline, which is so justly the boast of our army, and the object of servile and envious imitation of every other, yet of a soft and flute-like mellowness in the unrestrained intimacy of colloquial conversation, or when addressing any person especially dear to him, his whole bearing and deportment truly might be said to express, a "chevalier sans peur et sans reproche."

He was the being of all others calculated to woo Henry from his melancholy, and win the love and respect of his isolated heart, pining in the deprivation of every social endearment. By degrees, he allured him into the unceremonious *babil*, which affords such an opportunity for the unobtrusive developement of the well-stored mind, (whose treasures are always locked up in the casket of modesty,) when Colonel Trevor was charmed with his varied accomplishments, and particularly with his skill in music, being himself a performer on the flute far beyond what mere amateurs generally are.

Hence followed invitations to dinner, and afterwards to those more intimate re-unions, where the heart expands beneath the genial influence of genuine kindness; and here a mine was sprung, against the explosion of which, all Henry's forethought had not guarded him. Colonel Trevor, although a widower, had a daughter, an only child,—

"She was a form of life and light,
Which seen, became a part of sight."

It was to accompany this exquisite creature on the piano, that Henry was admitted, by her cautious and idolizing father, into the *penetralia* of domestic love.

Julia Trevor was one of those women, who are invincible from their truly feminine tenderness of character—their beautiful dependence—their "besoin d'aimer, et d'être aime." None could dare to harbour a thought against the angel purity that so distinguished her; but all would feel irresistibly impelled to defend and protect the being, who so sweetly acknowledged her need of man's superior strength.

Slight and elegant in her figure, with a native-born grace in every movement—eyes of so deep a blue, that they appeared as if bathed in dewy extract of the beautiful orchil—with a complexion of that satin-like transparency, resembling the fine cuticle of an egg, through which the warm blood could be clearly traced, which lent the ever-varying colour to her softly moulded cheeks; her forehead, which appeared diaphanous, was shaded by a profusion of that peculiar light auburn hair, which, when reflected in the attempered rays of wax-lights, seem to be blended with threads of pure gold. Her countenance, when not animated by conversation, wore an expression of pensive earnestness, as if she were totally absorbed in the sweet poetry of her own young heart; but it flashed and sparkled with intelligence, when she was roused from her enchanting reveries. Henry was lost in admiration, in *reverence* of this vision of loveliness and innocence. Oh, as his ear drank in the thrilling sounds of her voice, how did he bless his mother for having cultivated that talent, which procured him an entrance into the paradise of such an angel. Or, as their voices blended together in Zingarelli's Romeo and Juliet,—

"Dunque il mio bene tu mia serai,"—

(her father's favourite duet), how did his enamoured soul seem to float in a pure and subtile ether, which transported him above all terrestrial things! That soul had quaffed the inebriant draught of a felicity never felt before, never felt but *once*, from the pure sparkling spring of a first immaculate heaven-inspired love.

Perhaps the greatest charm of a nascent passion is, that imperceptible enchainment of the faculties, that intoxicating bewilderment of the imagination, which surround the heart with all the divine *prestige* of hope, ere it is aware that the mighty wizard of humanity has drawn the magic circle wherein to work the wondrous spell, that is to have an influence over destiny for ever.

Like the unwary little "Trochilus Prasina," allured by the bouquet in the breast of Beauty, it ventures to close its golden-green wings upon it, as for an instant; but, lo! when about to expand them again, to revel in sunny skies, and tepid airs, it finds them fettered by the delicate touch of a hand, soft and velvety as the fibrous linings of its own nest, from which, however, it struggles vainly to escape,—it is a captive for life.

"Il suffit quelquefois à un jeune homme de rencontrer une femme qui ne l'aime pas, ou qui l'aime trop, pour que toute sa vie soit dérangée." —And such indeed was Henry's present situation. He was deeply, irrevocably in love,—not that he knew it—not that he even surmised it. He was conscious that a dreary vacuum had been miraculously filled in his heart—conscious that a sweet and inexpressible yearning had been awakened in it, for something he could neither name nor define—conscious that he considered all of *actual* existence comprehended in the few ecstatic hours allotted for him in Julia's society;—all the rest was a weary blank—a sickening impatience for the approach of evening—and an intolerable disgust at the tortoise-pace of Time. Conscious that he thought of Miss Trevor—deeply, intensely thought of her—recalling every word, look and smile, with the minutest care, and inscribing them on the asbestos leaves of memory, ere he slept. But what of that! was it not natural to think of—to remember—one so kind, so lovely, and so artless? To *wish* to think of her, to remember her for ever?

Henry *felt* that it was most natural.—Yet, most brief is this delusion of the senses! most frail the foundation on which the happiness of these delicious musings rest, that, like the beautiful frost-work, formed during the night on the transparent pane, which the first faintest sunburst entirely dissolves, so the beautiful frost-work of the young imagination as instantly melts beneath the first ray of conviction. Still, did the enchanter wave his ivory wand over him—still, did Julia smile on him—or, if abashed by his too ardent gaze,

"She drooped her head, and *hoped* her hair
Would hide the cheek that blush'd too bright,
Nor durst she raise an eye—for *there*
He would have read her heart's delight."

But why he so gazed, or why she so blushed, he had, alas! yet to learn; which he did but too soon, from the innuendoes of his brother-officers.

"What! he *love* Miss Trevor? Could it be possible, he! that abhorred ingratitude, to reward, with such treachery, the friendship of the man who had literally loaded him with favours? No! he could not have *dared* to love his daughter." But he had only to descend into the depths of his heart, to find that he *did* love her—to find her entwined with every fibre of it.

How fervently did he thank the Almighty, "that no word, look, or action, had ever betrayed that most presumptuous love! How firmly did he resolve to conquer it! It was but another sacrifice demanded of him—he would not shrink from the infliction—he knew how to suffer, he was perfect in the rough school of endurance." His first step was to

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avoid the sight of the beauteous thing who had been as sweet and fatal to him, as the discovery of the pine-hid honey store was to Hacho, the celebrated King of Lapland—to wean her from his memory—to banish her name from his prayers—her image from his dreams.—All this he thought he could do, all this he hoped to do, to retrieve his lost honour, to recover his self-esteem.

For a time, Colonel Trevor received Henry's excuses for declining his charming evening concerts, without suspicion of their cause; still, he missed his society dreadfully,—he was really attached to him, and he had become, from habit, essential to his daily enjoyment.—All this he undisguisedly represented to him, begging him to come as usual. But although the temptation was infinitely stronger to him than that which forced St. Anthony to fly to a desert, Henry heroically resisted it. Then arose a report, "that Miss Trevor was seriously ill,"—this was torture to him;—then another, "that she was ordered to England, to escape an early grave,"—this was to him his own death-blow, but it would release him from much misery!

Day by day his health declined, and his spirits sunk, but he kept his sorrows to himself. "For to whom could he impart them? Who would sympathise in the anguish of his despair? Was not every man a *Levite* for him? Where was the Samaritan to pour oil and wine into the wounds of his heart?"

After a month of indescribable agony, he received a note from Colonel Trevor, requesting to see him, at his earliest convenience, on some official business.

With a palpitating heart, and faltering step, Henry obeyed the summons—he could not avoid it—it was the mandate of his superior. Perhaps, in the course of conversation, he might learn the state of Julia's health—at all events he should once more be under the same roof, inhale the same atmosphere, etherealized with the aroma of her breath; and this was bliss supreme compared to the misery he had lately endured.

As he walked towards her residence, he experienced a combination of nervous feelings, violent and gentle at the same time,—his throat was compressed—his heart swollen—his temples throbbing—he wished to retard his steps, but an invisible force accelerated them, despite of himself. This impetuosity of the senses, excited by a vague hope, every young man has been subjected to more or less, which, dazzling the imagination with a subtile fire, as it were, causes to shine around it that *aureole* of light, with which painters surround the fronts of cherubs.

On reaching the house, Henry was immediately ushered by the servant who opened the door, into the dear and well-known music room, where, reclining in an arm-chair, supported by pillows, he beheld Julia. She had been placed near the open window, through the transparent muslin curtains of which stole the balmy air of evening, loaded with the fragrance of those flowers, that only emit their perfume beneath an Eastern evening sky, such as the Nagacesara, the Jambu or Rose apple, the bending Bayas, that most fragrant of cane plants—the richly-scented Madhavi, and the odorous Cetaca. While on a table within her reach stood fruit,—the anana, the mango, and the araora, to quench the burning thirst of that oppressive climate.

(*To be continued.*)

WRITTEN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY E. E. HAMILTON.

WITHIN these ancient Minster walls,
His proudest conquests *Time* recalls;
Plunging into their vaulted graves,
Anointed Monarchs—sceptred Slaves:—
The ministers of good and ill,
Of patriot's hopes, or tyrant's will:
And victims they have falsely slain,
Freed from injustice—dead to pain:
And here, the Poets, who have shed
Their splendour round the conqu'ror's head;
Kindled with energy divine,
Or breathed the flowing dulcet line—
How proudly stands each trophied name!
Blazon'd by Genius, crown'd by Fame,
On Earth—but what is writ on high?
Where flatt'ry's tongue dares no reply—
Unchangeable Eternity!
Awake, ye thousands! burst the tomb,
And tell us your appointed doom;
Amid the shadowy Cloisters' light,
March forth reveal'd to mortal sight;
Give up the secrets of the grave,
And many a doubting spirit save.—
All silent!—thro' the arches high,
No answering whisper breathes a sigh;
No warning accents tell your doom,
Death keeps his watch, and guards the tomb.—
Turn then my soul to friends above,
The ministers of peace and love:
Angels who round JEHOVAH'S throne,
Thro' all Eternity bow down;
And veil your diadems of light,
Before your great Creator's sight:
Ye Seraphim, and pow'rs supreme,
Chanting the never dying theme,
Messiah's glory, and Messiah's love,
To men below and hierarchies above;
One moment let your songs of triumph cease,
Turn to a suff'ring world, and whisper—"*Peace;*"
Then strike your harps, bid mortal voices rise
And join the swelling chorus of the skies.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen!

FROM

OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS,
December 26, 1842.

CHERE AMIE,—

As a general observation we may say, that for morning *toilettes* a great many robes *en drap* are worn, with tight sleeves; *corsage* tight and high, worked in braid; and for promenade, dresses of *pekin*, satin, *poult de soie*, with sleeves of moderate size slightly full at the armhole, and having jockeys formed of a rounded *biais* braided; the silk braid has been succeeded by that of velvet, but both kinds are generally confined to evening dresses; morning ones are more frequently seen with wide *biais* of velvet.

As short sleeves are very generally worn tight and with little ornament, mittens of various kinds are made; some are of velvet, black, violet, or green, with shaded embroidery on the hand, and lacing from the wrist to the top, finished with cord and tassels; black ones with *cordelières* of jet, or green with *cordelières* of gold, are both pretty.

Very rich materials are worn in dress; *pekins* of every shade with velvet stripes, *pekins agate* and *nacré*, *damas*, with patterns of white silk shot with silver, *brocard Pompadour*, &c.; for the promenade, we have *gros de Chine*, *damas de Perse*, watered and *zébres pekins*, *foulards* of every kind; in *negligé*, *cachemires de Tunis* and double *reps*, *ottoman pekins* and *gros de Palerme*, *levantine d'Ecosse* with black checks on shaded ground, and *levantines* with satin stripes, *reps de laine*, *drap royal*, *velours cachemire*, &c. &c.

A pretty *toilette d'interier* was of *poult de soie*, violet lined with blue sarcenet; the front was ornamented with gimp trimmings, closing at distances with cord and tassels; the *corsage* was high, with fulness on the shoulders and at the waist, and sufficiently open in front to show a lace frill; pagoda sleeves, and *cardinal pelerine* rounded in front; the under skirt was of Scotch cambric with embroidered inlets; to complete this *toilette*, a collar of embroidered India muslin, and *manchettes* of lace falling on the hands, with cap of embroidered muslin trimmed behind with a double row of lace, and ornamented by *choux* of orange ribbon with long ends.

Elegant *redingotes* are made of black satin embroidered in relief; *redingotes* of green velvet are ornamented all round in imitation of *guipure*, with braid of a much paler green, and cloth dresses with the *corsage* open to the bottom of the waist; they are ornamented with broad bands of velvet; for dresses of *demi-toilette* the braid has been replaced by embroidery in velvet; in this style was a satin dress trimmed with broad *biais* of velvet, with square *corsage* tight, and tight sleeves, the armhole finished by a *bouillonné* of velvet, in the style of *Francois I.* A walking dress of brown satin, with tight body and sleeves, was accompanied by a *manteau ajusté*; the sleeves by a peculiar manner of cutting it form one piece with the cloak, trimmings of gimp ornamented the small collar, and all round the skirt the lining was quilted.

In morning dresses we may mention several. One of *cachemire écru*, ornamented with a flounce as deep as a third of the skirt, headed by gimp; the *corsage* high, with *ceinture* and drapery fixed on at the shoulder by a small band of *gros de Naples*, crossing in front and descending to the *ceinture*; tight sleeves with three *biais* forming jockeys. A dress of green *pekin* with plain skirt; high body plain, with three rows of buttons; tight sleeves. A dress of gray *cachemire*, the front of the skirt ornamented with braid elegantly embroidered; tight body, high, without seams, equally ornamented with embroidery meeting that on the skirt; tight sleeves braided on the seams as well as on the cuffs, and *cardinal pelerine* which is short enough to show the waist.

The robes *Louis XIII.* are of the novelties we shall cite at this moment as being so well adapted for *petites soirées*, they are of *organdy*, ornamented on each side the front of the skirt in two *quilles* formed of two inlets of *point de Venise* enlarging towards the bottom, leaving an open space in the centre of *organdy*, on which are placed *coques* of ribbon in the style of Louis XIII.; similar *nœuds* on the sleeves, and *berthe* round the *corsage* of narrow blue ribbon fringed with white, or white fringed with green, have been used for these dresses, and are very pretty for the purpose.

Dresses of black velvet are made with fringe of jet on the two sides of the skirt, and *berthe à jour* of jet. A pretty dress of black satin, which would look equally well in watered silk or *pekin*, was with two *revers* of black velvet trimmed with narrow gimp placed on flat all round; the skirt had also a double row of jet buttons descending to the bottom; tight sleeves, *bouffantes* at the elbow, and trimmed with velvet and buttons as the skirt.

Ball dresses of crape or *tulle* are light and pretty, *bouillonnés* with pink or blue gauze all round, or white gauze with a profusion of *ruches* of pink *tulle*. Ribbon also, with their shaded *coques*, form ornaments for *toilettes de bal*, as well as trimmings formed of flowers. A dress of white crape with double skirt had the edge of the lower one finished with British point laid on plain; the upper one, which was much shorter, was open in front and ornamented *en tablier*, with gold cord terminating with tassels; the *corsage* was with rounded point,

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having *mantille* of *application*, pagoda sleeves raised in front by gold cord and tassels, also trimmed with lace. A dress of black satin was embroidered in floss silk down the front of the skirt, at the bottom it was embroidered the width of front breadth, gradually diminishing as it rose to the point of the *corsage*; very short sleeves with ruffles. A beautiful dress of *guipure* lace was ornamented *en tablier* by three *ruches* of blue satin ribbon attached to the point of the dress by a *rosette* of blue satin ribbon, reaching to the knees and terminating by similar *rosettes*; pointed *corsage* with *mantille* formed of two rows of *guipure*; tight sleeves with *manchettes* of *guipure* raised by a *rosette*, and four *rosettes* ornamented the front of the body. *Coiffure* of blue velvet with pearls and white feathers.

Camails in *point de Venise*, *application* of Brussels, Mechlin, &c. &c., others of lace *Louis XIV.*, are all in vogue, and are worn with all *toilettes de soirées*; they are also seen in black lace; and various new *berthes* have appeared, open in front with square corners and very deep, which are now worn with all low dresses, particularly on velvet with plain *corsage*. An elegant *camail* of black *gros d'Afrique* was embroidered in stripes, this embroidery was executed with floss silk, and the small black velvet collar; the *camail* was entirely trimmed round with black lace, headed by a *ruche* of the same material pinked; another was of satin *bouillonnée* to the armholes and trimmed with velvet.

Very pretty *camails* are made of ermine fur lined with pale blue satin, having a small square open collar showing the blue satin; round the armholes is a gimp trimming, also blue, terminating with a tassel, which corresponds to that on the collar. Sable *camails* are similarly made lined with pink satin. *Camails* of velvet, and *paletots polonais* of deep blue satin are lined with ermine; trimmings of marten fur, sable, and *kolinski*, are also numerous.

The Venetian *manteaux* have been much approved, and have been ordered in velvet, satin, and *cachemire*; then we have the *manteau Armenien* of black cloth with gimp ornaments, the *pelisse veille femme* trimmed with embroidery and lace, the *mantelet Sevigné* with *ruches* of ribbon, the *paletot ezarine* lined throughout with fur. The *paletot* seems to be gaining ground; when well cut it is very pretty, and can be worn with all *toilettes* without thickening the waist; it has been made in satin, velvet, or *cachemire*, the ends being either rounded or square, and they may be lined or edged with fur. The *mantille Marguerite* is generally made of plain velvet, wadded and lined with satin, with no more fulness than necessary, and is surmounted by a *col chevalière*.

There is nothing very new since my last with respect to bonnets; they continue to be worn shorter at the ears; some of brown velvet are ornamented with a long feather, matching in colour, and pink flowers inside; black velvet bonnets have been made of the straight form, ornamented round the edge with two *biais* of velvet, and on each side the crown two *choux* of velvet terminating with silk tassels. A novel *fantasie* are the bonnets ornamented by a *rouleau* of a gray sarcenet ribbon placed inside the front in the form of a wreath, confined on one side by a *chou* of gray ribbon with long ends; this style is becoming, particularly with ringlets. Blond is much in demand for bonnets of *velours de reine* and plain velvet. Veils continue in favour, but less to fall on the face than to ornament the front of bonnets or *capotes*. Pretty bonnets are made of *velours épinglé*, ornamented with *saules*, *marabouts* or Russian *plumets*; there are the comfortable *capotes* for morning wear, with the front wadded and quilted, &c.; but we must add that the embroidered wadded have lost much of their favour, and are replaced by quilted *capotes*, the elegant simplicity of which is relieved by ornaments of lace; very handsome bonnets are made of velvet, trimmed with velvet shaded ribbon or feathers, or the heron feather.

Capotes of pink satin are very elegant lined with a *biais* of pink crape, with branches of acacia in pink velvet. Satin bonnets have the edge ornamented by *biais* of *crape lisse* or *bouillons* of *tulle*. Generally speaking, bonnets are worn a little larger in front, lengthened at the cheeks, and placed on straight. A *capote* of pearl gray satin wadded, and one of light green velvet with a cock's feather, had inside *nœuds* of ribbon of *velours épinglé*. The tube rose of velvet is very elegant for *capotes* of velvet, as is also the wreath of moss intermixed with rose buds for ball dresses; the following flowers are amongst the latest introduced, the *Amaryllis*, *l'assassine*, *acacia*, *pivoine*; with their velvet shades and transparent *feuillage*, they form the prettiest ornaments for all purposes of dress; nor must I forget the *marabout* flowers with leaves of shaded velvet, a pretty novelty for *coiffures de bal*.

We have to announce a rather important change in *coiffures* of hair; the *nattes* falling on the throat are quite in disfavour, their reign appears gone by, they are replaced by *Mancinis*; long hanging curls surmounted by a *rosace* of hair, *coiffés à la neige*, and encircled by small chaplets of roses; the hair is also still worn parted from the forehead to the neck, so that it forms on eacb side of the ears two circles twisting one into the other, and meeting on the summit of the head; the mass of hair is encircled by lace, lightly twisted and confined *en coquille* by two long pins of gold placed right and left. Very elegant caps are made of *point d'Angleterre*, the crown small, entirely covered by two lappets, which fall behind to the waist; the trimming in front is replaced by a wreath of roses terminating on each side by a *nœud* of pink ribbon. *Coiffures* of *cérise* velvet, ornamented with white *marabouts* and pearls have a splendid effect. Hats of *velours royal*, ornamented with *marabouts*, and satin hats with puffings of *velours épinglé*, are also much approved; the *béret de Bearn*, enriched with lappets of black lace, and *la rosière* lightly placed on the plaits which encircle the head, are also pretty.

Small Moorish handkerchiefs are very pretty, used just now to place on the head, confined by two gold pins; they form points of red, black, or gold, terminating behind and at the two ends by Arabian tassels, which just fall on the cheeks, and form a pretty *coiffure*; but the *coiffure Marquise* will be the prevailing favourite this season.

The Armenian turban is a mixture of several shades of velvet, embroidered in gold and silver, and ornamented with rich tassels falling a little backward on the throat. The *coiffures Sorel* of violet velvet, with *torsades* of gold or beads falling on the cheeks, and the little dowager cap of blond and roses, and the *coiffure Petrarque* of black velvet embroidered in coloured stones and beads, are those most admired at this moment. The *coiffure Marquise* is also much in demand; numerous *parures* or turbans are made of *tulle*, embroidered in coloured silk or gold; we have also the *toques Louis XIII.*, &c. &c. Pretty evening caps are composed of lace or blond, ornamented by a *demi-guirlande* placed on the summit of the head; others are without crowns, formed of two lappets of lace raised at the height of the cheeks, on one side by *rosettes* of pink ribbon, and on the other by small roses. Caps *à la Stultz* are composed of a small open crown, and a lappet of point lace rather narrow crossing the forehead, and being twisted round at each side at the height of the ear, forms two little niches, in which a single rose is placed without buds. A new form of cap in blond *Valenciennes*, had a wreath crossing the forehead, composed of rose buds, with small *feuillage* of velvet; a *couronne torsade* of *velours épinglé* encircled the crown, finishing with a *nœud* at the back of the head.

The little *chemisettes chevalière*, *cols Petrarque*, with very pointed corners, *yollandes* almost as high round the throat as a *guimpe*, are the successful novelties of *negligé*; and the *fichu cauchoise* plaited down in the centre of the *biais*.

Bracelets in enamel, and diamonds, torquoise, dead gold, rubies, &c. are very fashionable; the new plan of making them with springs, enabling them to pass over the hand, thus adapting them to every *toilette*, will insure their continuance in favour.

Au revoir.

C. B.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.

No. 1.—*Ball Dress.*—Robe of pink figured satin; the *corsage* is tight with point at the waist, and *berthe* of lace round the top, it is ornamented down the front with five *rosettes* of pink ribbon; the sleeves are composed of a double fall of lace, and are looped up in the centre with a pink *rosette*; the skirt has two lace flounces round the bottom, each headed with a *bouillon* of *tulle*. The *coiffure* is composed of a cap of *point d'Angleterre*, very full at each side, and ornamented across the centre with a wreath of small flowers; the front hair is in ringlets.

No. 2.—*Full Dress.*—Robe of green velvet; the *corsage* is pointed at the waist, has folds from the shoulders, and is ornamented round the top with a rich fancy trimming; the sleeves are rather full and short, having the same trimming as that on the body, terminating in the centre with a tassel; the skirt is ornamented at the side with a *bouillon* of white satin, confined with five tassels and gold cord which crosses the *bouillon*. The *coiffure* is composed of hair quite plain in front and plaited behind with a *toque* of green velvet, ornamented with *marabouts* on one side, and a trimming to correspond with that on the dress across the centre and at the sides.

No. 3.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of *ecru* coloured *glacée* silk; the body, which is pointed at the waist, has *revers* trimmed with velvet braid, put on from the shoulders to the *ceinture*; small collar of *point d'Angleterre*; the sleeves are tight with jockeys and *manchettes* of velvet braid; the skirt is ornamented round the bottom with three rows of trimming similar to that on the body and sleeves, put on in zigzag. Bonnet of *velours épinglé* of a deep blue, ornamented with a wreath of *marabouts* across the top, and trimmed inside with *nœuds* of velvet ribbon.

No. 4.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of purple *cachemire*; the body is pointed, and the sleeves tight with frills of lace at the wrists; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with velvet braid in an Egyptian scroll; *paletot* of black velvet; the sleeves are loose, and are trimmed top and bottom with gimp, as is also the front and collar. Bonnet of *velours épinglé*, ornamented with a *rouleau* of ribbon round the centre of the crown and *marabout* feathers, side view of that just described at Fig. No. 3.

No. 5.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of *velours d'Afrique*, and *manteau* of *mousseline cachemire*, ornamented round the bottom with a deep flounce; it has a small square collar which is ornamented with braid, as also the armholes and front of the *manteau*. Bonnet of purple *gros d'hivers*, with trimmings of the same, and a *bouquet* of flowers on one side; it is quite straight at the ears, and has a *biais* of the same material as the bonnet round the edge.

No. 6.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of *poult de soie*; the body is quite tight and plain, with rounded *ceinture* and small *col à la chevalière*; the sleeves are fulled into the seam and quite plain at the top; the skirt has one very deep flounce reaching nearly up to the waist. Bonnet, side view of that described at Fig. No. 5.

No. 7.—*Morning Dress.*—*Robe de chambre* of *poult de soie*; the *corsage* is full, fastening at the waist with *cordelière*; small *pelerine* of the *cardinal* form; the sleeves are loose *à la religieuse*, with under ones of pink, finishing with frills of lace fall-

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ing over the hands; the skirt opens in front, and has gimp trimming down the centre, which is also round the *pelerine* and sleeves. The *coiffure* is composed of hair quite plain in front, and a *fanchon* of *point* lace ornamented with small flowers at the side.

No. 8.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of *pekin*; the *corsage* is tight *à cœur*, and rounded at the waist with *ceinture* of pink ribbon with *nœuds* in front; small lace collar fastening with *nœud* of pink ribbon; the sleeves are quite plain and tight, finishing at the wrists with frills of lace; the skirt has ten narrow tucks, which ornament it nearly up to the waist. *Coiffure*, front view of that just described at Fig. No. 7.

No. 9.—Bonnet of *gros d'hivers* of the *capote* form, trimmed with pink ribbon and small flowers on one side.

No. 10.—Bonnet of *velours d'Afrique*, ornamented with small flowers.

No. 11.—Bonnet of pink plush, ornamented with *marabouts* and a fall of lace round the edge.

No. 12.—Bonnet of green velvet, with lace veil, similar in form to that already described at Fig. No. 6.

No. 13.—*Capote à coulisses* of *paille* coloured satin, ornamented with ribbon and small roses placed at the side.

PLATE II.

No. 1.—*Walking Dress.*—*Paletot Russe* of green satin; the *corsage* is tight, with plain sleeves; collar, cuffs, and trimming down the front and bottom of the skirt of sable fur. Bonnet of white satin, with veil.

No. 2.—*Walking Dress.*—*Paletot Russe* of brown satin, with trimmings of ermine fur. Robe of gray satin ornamented with velvet braid. Bonnet of pink *velours épinglé*, front view of No. 1.

No. 3.—*Carriage Dress.*—*Robe redingote* of striped silk; the *corsage* is tight, with *brandenbourgs* down the centre, and continued down the skirt, which also has two *biais* on each side *en tablier* edged with narrow fringe; tight sleeves with double jockeys edged with fringe. Bonnet of black velvet, ornamented with lace and flowers.

No. 4.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of black satin with deep flounce of lace. *Camail* of black velvet, trimmed all round with fur, and lined with crimson satin. *Capote* of pink silk, wadded and quilted, ornamented with satin ribbon; the hair is in long ringlets, and no cap or trimming inside the bonnet.

No. 5.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of pink crape; the *corsage* is tight, with point at the waist, and *berthe* of the same material as the dress round the top, trimmed all round with quillings of pink ribbon; the sleeves, which are tight and short, are similarly ornamented round the bottom, and are finished with deep falls of black lace; the skirt is ornamented *en tablier* with *rosettes*, on each side of which are quillings matching those already described upon the body and sleeves. The *coiffure* is composed of hair quite plain in front, and a small *bouquet* of flowers on each side, and lappets of black lace; the back hair is plaited, and confined with an ornamental comb.

No. 6.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of crape; the *corsage* is tight, with point at the waist, and *berthe* of black lace round the top; the sleeves are tight and short, with *bouillons* at the edge, and finished with *sabots* of black lace; the skirt has also a deep flounce of black lace, which ornaments it nearly from the waist. The *coiffure* is composed of hair, plain in front and plaited behind, with a *bouquet* and lappets of black lace on one side, the other has one small flower and a lappet, but much shorter than the corresponding one.

No. 7.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of *organdy*; the *corsage à la Grecque*, ornamented round the top with a double band of crimson velvet, with *ceinture* to match; the sleeves are short and tight, with *revers* turning back, open in the centre, and trimmed to correspond with the *corsage*. The *coiffure* is composed of hair, plain in front, with plait behind, and a *resille* of gold.

No. 8.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of *gros d'hivers*; the body is tight, pointed at the waist, and *à cœur*, with *revers* and small lace frill inside, fastening in front with a *rosette*; the sleeves are small *gigots*, plain at the top, with two rows of gimp and *rosette* in the centre, finishing at the wrists with *manchettes* of lace. Bonnet of *paille* velvet of the cottage form, with small *nœuds* of ribbon on one side, and a long feather which crosses the centre and hangs on one side.

No. 9.—Bonnet of *gros d'Afrique* with *biais* round the edge, and trimmed with *marabouts* of the same colour.

No. 10.—Bonnet of *paille* watered silk; it is edged with a narrow lace, above which is a *bouillon*; small *marabouts* ornament the centre of the crown.

No. 11.—*Capote* of satin covered with *tulle* in *bouillons*, and ornamented with roses intermixed with *tulle*.

No. 12.—Bonnet of *velours épingle*, edged with lace, and ornamented with shaded feathers.

No. 13.—Bonnet of pink *velours épinglé*, trimmed with lace and folds round the edge, and *nœuds* of pink ribbon intermixed with lace across the centre of the crown.

PLATE III.

No. 1.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of *soie glacée*; the *corsage* is plain, pointed at the waist, and *à cœur*, with frill of lace round the neck; the sleeves are tight, finishing with *manchettes* at the wrist; *crispin* of *velours d'Afrique*, lined with pink satin, which forms a border round the *crispins*, and at the armholes; it has a hood lined with pink, which is quite plain, and forms point in front. Bonnet of lilac velvet, with a *biais* round the edge, and trimming to match, terminating with tassels hanging at the side.

No. 2.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of *écru* coloured *levantine*; the body is tight and quite high up to the throat, ornamented with a *ruche* of ribbon from the shoulder down to the waist, where it meets, and continues *en tablier* down the centre, and rounding off at the bottom of the dress, three rows cross it at the bottom, each augmenting a little in size; the sleeves are tight and plain, with jockeys at the top opening in front; the wrist is finished with *manchettes* of lace. Bonnet of blue velvet, front view of that just described at Fig. No. 1.

No. 3.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of green satin; the *corsage*, which is plain, and rounded at the waist, has *revers* from the shoulders ornamented with velvet braid, forming diamond; the front of the *corsage* is similarly ornamented, as also the centre of the skirt, which is *à tablier*; the sleeves are tight and plain, with *revers* at the top. Bonnet of pink *velours épinglé*, of a cottage form, ornamented with a long feather placed entirely across the centre of the crown, and *nœud* of ribbon at the side.

No. 4.—*Evening Dress* of white *tulle*; the body is plain and pointed at the waist, with *tulle* intermixed with small flowers forming *berthe* at the top; the sleeves, which are tight and short, have a similar trimming to that already described round the edge; the side of the skirt is ornamented to match the body and sleeves, and is looped up at the bottom with *nœud* and long ends of pink satin ribbon. The *coiffure* is composed of hair quite plain in front, and a *fanchon* of *point d'Angleterre* intermixed with flowers; the back hair is plaited, and confined by a gold comb.

No. 5.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of dark purple velvet; the body has a collar of the same, which continues in point down to the waist, opens at the shoulder, and is trimmed with *guipure* gimp; the sleeves are loose *à la religieuse*, with under ones of satin, having *bouillons* at the wrists, the upper ones are trimmed round the edge with gimp, the same as on the collar, as is also the centre of the dress. Bonnet of pink plush, with a *ruche* of point lace placed at the top of the crown, upon which is a small rose.

No. 6.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of *paille* satin; the *corsage* is plain, rounded at the waist, with lace *berthe* and *rosette* of *paille* ribbon in front; the sleeves are tight and short, with two rows of puffings, one of which is placed a little above the edge of the sleeve, and the second forms a heading to a fall of lace which terminates it at the elbow. The *coiffure* is composed of hair plaited in front, forming loops down the cheeks, and a *bouquet* of small flowers at each side; the back hair is rather higher, and in *nœuds*, being confined with a fancy gold comb.

No. 7.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of pearl gray satin, and *camail* of purple velvet, with small square ermine collar; it is trimmed all round with a broad band of ermine, which also ornaments the armholes. *Capote* of quilted white satin, ornamented across the centre of the crown, with a falling of lace divided by a band of white satin; *nœud* of white satin ribbon behind.

No. 8.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of pink satin; the *corsage* is plain, with point at the waist, and *berthe* of lace at the top, which is fastened in front with pink satin *rosette*; the sleeves are short and tight, with lace at the edge looped up in the centre by a pink *rosette*. The *coiffure* is composed of hair plain in front, with *ferronnière* crossing the forehead, and fastening in the back hair, which is plaited and ornamented with *marabout* feathers.

No. 9.—*Capote* of *paille* figured satin; it has a narrow lace round the edge, and a *marabout* feather falling at each side.

No. 10.—Bonnet of *gros d'hivers*, trimmed with ribbon, and a wreath of small flowers.

No. 11.—Bonnet of white plush, trimmed with green ribbon, which is in *rouleau* across the centre of the crown, and *nœuds* at the side.

No. 12.—*Capote* of pink satin of a close form, and trimmed with ribbon and small roses.

No. 13.—Bonnet of *paille velours épinglé*, of the cottage form, ornamented with a wreath across the centre of the crown, and *nœud* of ribbon with long ends at the back.

ELVIRA.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed, lest he fall."—1 Cor. x. 12.

"And every woe a tear can claim
Except an erring sister's shame."—Byron's Giaour.

Proudly she stood—for Virtue bade her raise
Her head, and listen to its grateful praise.
Yet, small the virtue that hath ne'er been tried
To swell the bosom with so vast a pride;
'Tis merest arrogance to be elate
Till we have learnt what we *can* brave—or hate.
She was a wife—yet, no affection sway'd
Her heart—it was ambition she obey'd—
She wedded the possessions of her lord,
And the magnificence they could afford.
She was a mother, too, of one glad boy;
Yet, did he not confer that boundless joy,
'Tis said, a mother's heart is *sure* to know,
Brimming the cup of bliss to overflow.—
There was a listless languor in her breast—
A void to fill—to lend to life a zest.
She knew not aught of love, save the base part
That selfish occupies the unshared heart.—
Oh! strange to her the love, so sweet to feel,
Itself forgetting, for another's weal!
She could not comprehend, that to be blest
Joy's fount *must* rise within another's breast—
Thence, with a sparkling fervour rush to ours,

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To call to life Affection's budding flow'rs!
She mock'd as fables, when they warmly spae
Of sacrifices for another's sake,
Nor would believe there was a love so *dear*,
For which all else could be abandon'd here!

A dying widow'd friend left to her care
Her only child: a girl like angel fair,
Quite portionless, but with those gifts of mind
That leave the gifts of fortune far behind;
With one of those warm loving hearts that cling
Like Chilian flow'r* to any shelt'ring thing.
Alas! its tendrils could not interlace
With that cold lady's, in a fond embrace,
And, so their wilding beauties grafted where
The *spist* hid its most insidious snare,
In sympathy, that mutual hearts awake:
Oh no! not *mutual*—there was the mistake—
Hers was the trustfulness, reliance, love;
But baser passions did the being move
Who won her confidence, but to betray,
Then leave her soon, a hopeless cast-away;—
Unguided, friendless, inexperienced, frail,
She fell for *pity*, at *Love's* anguish'd tale.
Then did the glowing lips of charity
Strive to appease the dread severity
That lady felt:—but nothing could abate,
Th' implacability of her deep hate;
She deem'd not youth might palliate, in part,
For the transgressions of an erring heart;
She had not felt temptation's tyrant pow'r,
Nor knew how feeble virtue in that hour,
Unless supported by the hand divine,
Whose strength, Oh! failing mortal, 's ever thine!
Anon, they told her of her penitence,
How much she suffer'd for her one offence—
How humbly she implored to see again
Her mother's friend,—but it was all in vain,
That stern relentless bosom would not yield:
No! to forgiveness—pity—it was steel'd—
So that starved girl died frozen at her door,—
No matter—luckless thing! her griefs were o'er!

Peace was proclaimed!—home came a gallant youth,
Dauntless, and daring, a young Mars, in sooth;
Handsome as Acis, with th' heroic eye
Too sure to prove her star of destiny,
Should woman mark it.—Lit with martial fire,
Yet melting as the hopes of love inspire;
While o'er his cheek, which varied as he spoke,
Blushes, would grace a maiden's, warmly broke;
And curls as glossy cluster'd round his neck
As did Calliope's Apollo deck.
Buoyant and sanguine, redolent of life,
And flush'd with glory from the battle's strife;—
Her husband's friend: Oh! would they ne'er had
met!
Or his strange influence she could now forget!
Oh! would her bosom was as cold—unmoved—
As it was, when *herself* she only loved!
Loves she aught else? Alas! she dares not ask!
No! lost Elvira, like the victim bask
Of dreaded Crotalus,‡ (in those dear eyes)
That gazes fascinated till it dies!
Her subjugated heart thrill'd with delight
In hearing him describe fierce Brabant's§ fight,
Which he did carelessly, nor paused to tell
He *only* fought where foes were most to quell,
Nor how his young form writhed beneath the wound
Which to behold his mother would have swoon'd
E'en in a dream, cursing the cruel steel,
And with her kisses tried the gap to heal.
He heeded not the wrapp'd intensity
With which she listen'd—nor that her large eye
Grew dim with the almost unhallow'd tear
Which proves the *tale* or *teller*, far too dear!—
He used no arts to win her—yet, she fell
Into the deepest vortex of that hell
Unlawful passion's maelstrom eddies make
For those who its Leucate's plunge dare take.
Love, first between them, issued from *her* lips;
Yet, like the arrow which the Indian dips
In the manchinelle,* in his vengeful ire
Whose subtle poison ev'ry vein doth fire,
So the confession of her guilty flame
Kindled each fibre of his conscious frame.
But soon the ardour of that passion pass'd—
It was ignited far too fierce to last.
Satiety succeeded; and he turn'd
To where Love's milder radiance purely burn'd.
Oh! then, oppress'd with grief, remorse, and shame,
When ev'ry tongue felt privileged to blame,
Feeling it hard to bear the world's cold scorn,
She fled away in solitude to mourn.
Then on her mem'ry rose a spectral thing,
With hollow eyes, thin hands it seem'd to wring—
While fancied shrieks disturb'd the startled air
From one who died from famine and despair.
Conscience appall'd cried, "Monster! it is she,
The orphan girl, forsaken, starved by thee,
In thy own day of pride;—how fallen now,
With God's own brand on thy adult'rous brow!"
Fast from her eyes ran the repentant tear,
Oh! she will pray—will the Almighty hear?
Yes, if the spirit of that injured one
Will plead for her, before His awful throne!
And sure it will, for in those realms above
There's no *revenge*, but all is pardon—love!

* The flower of the air of Chili and Peru.—*Vide Gilbert's Wonders of the World.*

† Apis—blight, canker.—*Saturday Magazine.*

‡ Crotalus—rattlesnakes, and other species of snakes who fascinate their pray with their eyes.—*Maunder's Scientific Treasury.*

§ Waterloo, near Brabant, in front of the Forest of Soignies.—*Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge.*

* The juice extracted from the root of the curare, a species of withe, or the juice of the manchinelle, is used by the natives of South America, to poison their arrows.—*Robertson's America*, vol. viii. book 7, page 6.

THE FATAL WINNING; OR A NIGHT ON THE PYRENEES.

It was towards sunset, on a beautiful evening of the month of August, 18—, that a little cavalcade, consisting of a guide, as usual, half soldier, half mountaineer, his swarthy complexion and jet-black hair sparkling in contrast with the eternal berreta or scarlet cap—a man somewhat past the middle age of life, a young officer in naval uniform, and a lively girl of apparently seventeen or eighteen, engaged in familiar chat, and occasionally interrupting their conversation by an outbreak of buoyant mirth, were passing at an easy trot, on the road between Barrèges and Luz, in the department of the Lower-Pyrenees. The narrow gorge, at the farther extremity of which is situated the small town, or rather village, of Barrèges, now widened to their view; and in the distance rose the antique towers of the castle of Sainte Marie, whose ruins, placed on a steep acclivity, overlook the town of Luz. The chronicles of the Béarnais have preserved no record of this spot; and tradition itself is silent on the chapter of that ancient fortress, now falling to decay; the veil of centuries has closed upon the recollection of its sieges, its combats, its disasters, and it may be, of its triumphs; silencing alike its turmoil and those who caused it.

"Father," said the young girl, "I have wagered with cousin Alfred, that I will reach Saint Mary's tower before he does: will you let me win? The road is so very good!"

"Well, then—but mind, no foolish pranks, Marietta! Alfred, I confide her to you, keep a steady eye upon her."

"A fine guardian, to be sure!" said the young girl, with a most provoking toss of her head; and patting lightly on the neck of her spirited little pony, she started off at full gallop. The young man gave the spur to his own horse, and rode close at her side. The ground was hard, and resounded to the feet of the horses, each of them endeavouring to pass the other. Suddenly, the horse of the young guardian, in making a forward spring to pass by his companion, slipped with his forefeet on some round pebbles in the road, and fell: the girths broke, and the cavalier fell forward on the neck of his charger, which was speedily on its legs again. The young lady, who was already far a-head, immediately rode back.

"Come, cheer up, poor cavalier mine,—there's no harm done," cried the lively girl, springing lightly from her horse.

Alfred, without replying, affected to be busy repairing the broken girth.

"Why, surely you are not hurt, Alfred?" she inquired in a tone of tremulous alarm.

"Oh! not in the least, fair cousin," answered Alfred, in a tone half sad, half joking; "but it would seem there are days entirely subjected to the influence of one's evil genius:—days, in which there weights upon one's mind, I know not what fatal presage of misfortune."

"Simpleton!" exclaimed the young girl, striking playfully, with her glove, the hand which Alfred proffered to aid her in remounting her pony—"at your dreams and presentiments again! you will make me low spirited too, and then we should make, you know, but a sorry pair at the Saint-Sauveur ball this evening, that I have been anticipating for the last week;—why, for shame!—and a sailor too,—a pebble rolling beneath your horse's feet ought not to make you so down-hearted." At this moment they were overtaken by Marietta's father, and the guide: in a few words the mishap was explained; Alfred remounted his horse, and the little group shortly afterwards entered the court-yard of the Hotel des Pyrénées at Luz.

Our three travellers might be classed in the first division of Sterne's enumeration;—those who have nothing to do. M. d'Ambray and his daughter were inhabitants of Toulouse, and Alfred, a lieutenant of marines, and nephew to M. d'Ambray, had come to pass with them his six months' leave of absence.

Alfred was to marry his cousin, and looked forward with impatience to the period of his union with the pretty and beloved Marietta. The month of August was *so* fine, the Pyrenees were *so* near! One morning, then, they had set out for the mountains: and it was in one of their customary excursions that the little incident of the race for a wager, and unlucky episode of the stumble had happened. This delightful mode of existence, varied by alternate fatigue and recreation,—so different from the town life of the one, and the monotonous occupations of the other,—had its peculiar charm for the young couple. Marietta had scarcely attained her nineteenth year: her eyes were black, brilliant, and piercing, as is usual with Southern beauties; whilst the rich tresses of her dark-brown hair clustered in profusion over a forehead of the purest white, and on cheeks suffused with a deep roseate tint. Alfred was tall, slender, and somewhat pale; but the ease of his manner, and his countenance, impressed with a certain character of thoughtfulness and melancholy, prepossessed almost every eye in his favour.

It was the height of the season at Cauterez: and Cauterez is the Cheltenham of the Pyrenees, the rendezvous of the fashionable world, the

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Paradise of the affluent lounger, and the refined *ennuyé*. Saint-Sauveur, too, was crowded —that pretty little town, seated on a gentle slope, with the river Gave at its feet; and as the latter place was full to overflowing, there was also an abundance of good company at Luz, a stone's throw further down, on the opposite bank of the torrent.

Now, for every person on the Continent, belonging to what is conventionally styled the fashionable world, and who understands to its full extent the meaning of the phrase, "I am going to take the benefit of the waters"—there are but three spots on the whole face of the globe fit to exist in, during three months of the year:—Baden, Aix in Savoy, and Cauterez. Having once reached the third of these spots, there is left but one resource; which is, to return to the first, and so on in succession, as long as it pleases Heaven that life should endure. That year, the Pyrenees were in fashion; and to the Pyrenees, accordingly, all the world, that is, the fashionable world, repaired. Cavalcades were crossing and jostling each other on the roads, and sedan-chairs in the streets: so much for the day-time. At night-fall, chandeliers were lighted—the orchestra breathed forth its joyous harmony,—quadrille and waltzing parties gathered around; whilst the play-tables were unfolded on each side, and heaps of gold glittered and chinked on the broad green cloth. Play! thou merciless fiend, gliding in with snake-like stealth, wherever there is hand to sting, or victim to devour! thou hideous leprosy on the great social body, bringing into contact with malignant zeal the healthy members with the gangrenous and corrupt, the more surely to spread the fell contagion! A visitor at every party, a guest at every fête, thou hast thy share marked out for thee beforehand; and chosen by thyself! Wherever wealth and youth and beauty are assembled, thither, from his smoky den, repairs the insatiate demon, as the vulture to his destined prey: breathless and haggard—but indefatigable in his dire vocation, he brandishes his hideous rake; and there at midnight sits installed in livid splendour as on a throne, scorn in his eye and sarcasm on his lip: like the Mephistopheles of the German drama, he counts up the number of his guests with their pale, cadaverous looks and sunken eyes—his constant nightly guests, still faithful in their attendance, as the dog grovels to the master that mercilessly chastises him with kicks and blows!

That evening, at Saint-Sauveur, there was dancing on one side, and play on the other. Here, the glare of wax-lights, the sparkle of diamonds on the foreheads of the women, the confused murmur of lively conversation, drowned in the harmonious voice of the orchestra;—there, two or three wax-lights on a table, round which were seated a *coterie* of grave, anxious-looking and thoughtful men,—a few words exchanged at intervals, and, for accompaniment, the metallic sound of the handfuls of gold, which rolled about and tinkled as they fell.

When our pretty Marietta d'Ambray entered the saloon, leaning on Alfred's arm, the crowd made way for her—every one admiring the handsome couple as they advanced up the ball-room to join in the general festivity, and participate in the common happiness. In a short time afterwards, Marietta, beset on every side with invitations, was dancing, smiling, and oblivious of all around her; forgetful alike of her father, who, from a remote corner of the room, was contemplating her graceful figure with paternal pride; and of her poor Alfred, who was following her every motion with a lover's eyes, but was seized with a fit of sadness for which he was at a loss to account, and which he endeavoured, in vain, to banish from his mind.

The dances were all made up, the ball-room filled to suffocation. The young man, fatigued with the glare of light, the bustle, and the heat, entered the adjoining room, and approached the hazard-table.

"Come, gentlemen," cried the banker, "there is still a stake or two to be made up."

The players sat motionless, looking at each other, but made no reply.

"I make the rest, sir," said Alfred, unconcernedly, willing to try whether the sad forebodings with which his mind had been haunted during the day, had the slightest foundation.

And then, without further thought on the subject, he leaned against the door of the saloon, searching amongst the crowd of faded forms, resplendent with jewellery, features heightened with rouge, and eyes sparkling with artificial lustre, for the charming little head, and the sweet look of his lovely Marietta.

The harsh voice of the banker recalled the young sailor from his reverie.

"You have won, sir," said he, in a sharp and grating tone.

And the banker pushed towards him a heap of gold.

"I!" said Alfred, approaching the table, "nay, but that cannot be possible."

(*To be continued.*)

LITERATURE.

Lyrics for Leisure Hours.—By Florence Wilson.—London: Cunningham and Mortimer.—This truly elegant little volume, without any assumption of vanity, might have been called Gems for Every Hour, containing, as it does, many poems of superior merit; indeed, when the age of the authoress is taken into consideration, (barely seventeen,) they show a talent beyond such early years; possessing a strain of thought and reflection not always found in older and more worldly-wise writers; see *par example*—the "Illustrations of Scriptural Subjects;" "The Voice of Conscience;" "A Sabbath Thought;" and the following stanzas—

"Why should we name the dead,
But with a mournful sound?
Like odour from a flower-vase shed,
Their memory scatters round
A sweetness, though they sleep in death,
More fragrant than a living wreath.

From all life's perils safe,
The struggles and the woes
That HERE the vexed spirit chafe
And wreck the heart's repose;
Why should we mourn that they have passed
The stormy wave—the raging blast?

The loss is not to them—
Theirs is the certain gain;
While we are left the tide to stem,
They rest from care or pain;
And o'er their lot we should rejoice,
Nor lift to Heaven a murmuring voice.

No! rather let us mourn
O'er hearts whose love hath changed;
O'er faith that NEVER can return
When once its truth has ranged;
Hearts rent by death rejoin in Heaven,
Not so the hearts that EARTH has riven.

Through long and wearying years
THEY still must linger on;
Sad pilgrim's mid this vale of tears,
When all of hope is gone;
Without a ray to cheer the gloom,
That makes the heart a living tomb."

We sincerely hope, notwithstanding the present utilitarianism, so depressing to the Child of Song, that there is still sufficient taste left among "the discerning few" to render these Lyrics as popular as they deserve to be. Young ladies, in particular, ought to patronize them, for they will not only improve the taste, but the HEART also.

READ'S WINTER FASHIONS FOR 1842-3.—Mr. Read's celebrity, as designer and publisher of the fashions of the gay metropolis, will be greatly increased by his beautiful and attractive print for the present season. It is *unique* in design, and executed in the best style of the art. The scene chosen for representation is the promenade of Madame Tussaud's exhibition, displaying the coronation tableaux in which George the Fourth is "the observed of all observers," with his imperial robes, which are stated to have cost £18,000. As a mere picture, the print is a curiosity to the lovers of art; whilst to "the profession," at this period of the year, when the gay and light drapery of summer is about to be succeeded by the more substantial and cosey articles of Schneiderism, it will be invaluable. —It will be seen that the print is just published.

Cosmetics.—Too much caution cannot be used by Ladies in the adoption of these aids to beauty, many of them being very injurious in their ultimate effects. To point out an innocent and efficacious one, is therefore to render an acceptable service to the fair sex. GODFREY'S EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS has acquired great celebrity as well for its efficacy as for pleasure in its application. It communicates a refreshing coolness and softness to the skin, and completely removes Tan, Pimples, and cutaneous Eruptions, giving to the Complexion a clear and healthful appearance not to be otherwise obtained.

The Weather.—At this season of the year Ladies are apt to suffer much from chapped hands. From time to time various remedies have been recommended, but personal experience convinces us that a parallel is not to be found to the celebrated Ointment manufactured by Mr. DOWNARD;—it completely cures, after a few applications, all affections of the skin produced by change of temperature, &c.

The Linen Drapery Trade.—It appears to us, that it would be more fair and equitable, if assignees to estates under bankruptcy were to dispose of their stocks only by tender to the trade, as the complaints are quite distressing of the ruinous consequences to the fair trader, having to compete with such houses as Nicholson's, 60, Bishopsgate Street Within, now selling off the immense stock of Stephen Telfour and Co., at one third the cost price.—*See Advertisement.*

Cardinal Capes, are the prevailing fashion; but Messrs. Hall and Co., of Wellington Street, in the Strand, have produced a *useful* article in this way, and which is suited for gentlemen as well as ladies. It is simply a silk cape covered by their patent Pannus-Corium process, which may with *perfect convenience* be carried in the coat pocket or the reticule! All those who value health should be prepared with this admirable contrivance, and bid defiance to the storm.

MILITARY ALMANACK.—A most useful and interesting broad sheet under this title has been produced by Mr. C. Mitchell, marking with "white stones" the anniversaries of the most memorable events in our military history, and presenting in pleasing form and with admirable arrangement, an immense mass of information respecting the administration of army affairs (at home, or in any portions of our extensive empire), including everything of utility connected with the managing authorities of all military establishments, colleges, hospitals, asylums, army boards, commanding officers, and staff, &c.—*Times, December* 28.

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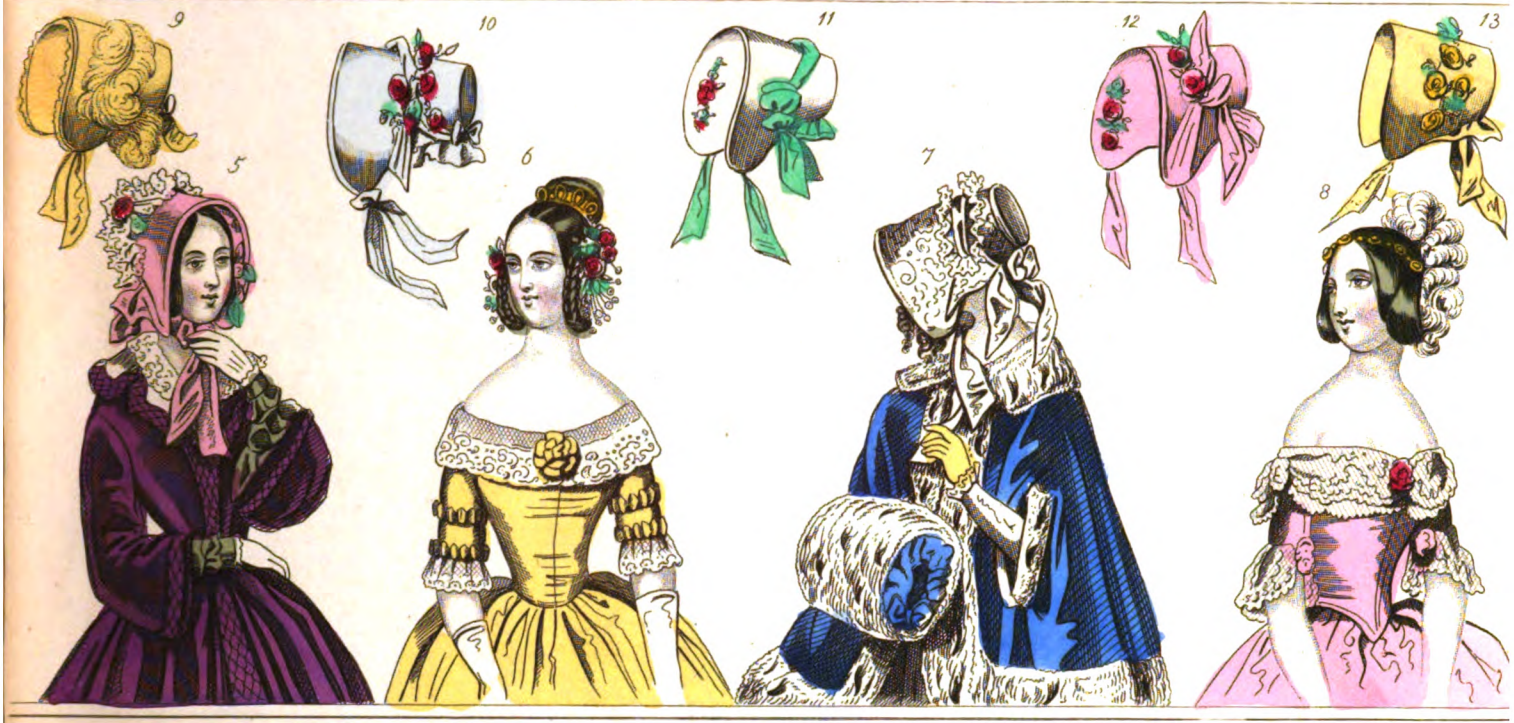




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LONDON AND PARIS.





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THE OLD ENGLISH LADY.

THE POETRY BY THE AUTHOR OF "REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE;" THE MUSIC SELECTED BY SIGNOR LANZA.



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SECOND VERSE.

She wore a sack and petticoat,
With apron white as snow;
A starch'd lace ruff her neck about,
A small bell-hoop below:
A stomacher and ruffle-cuffs,
Lace-lappets long and fine,
With high-heel'd shoes and buckles bright,
Like dames of auld lang syne.

THIRD VERSE.

She had a tambour-frame at which
She sat and work'd for hours,
Or in embroidery or cross-stitch,
Made shepherds, sheep, and flow'rs;
Full many a cordial did she make,
And fine rich Gooseberry wine,
Such as was drank by English dames
In times of auld lang syne.

FOURTH VERSE.

Her wardrobe she has left to me,
Her plate and linen neat,
Besides, in cash, a legacy,
And many an old receipt;
And yet I fear I shall not wed,
The men seem all so fine;
Besides I fear I've caught a look
Of her and auld lang syne.

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THE LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, AND MUSIC.

EMBELLISHED WITH MUSIC, ARRANGED WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, HARP, AND GUITAR.

FEBRUARY, MDCCCXLIII.

THE MISSING ONE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

(*Concluded from page* 4.)

CHAPTER III.

On discovering Langley, the poor invalid uttered a faint low cry, resembling the timid *twitter* of a bird, which the sudden appearance of a lantern at night surprises, and which it instinctively fears to repeat, lest its fondly guarded nest in the old thorn-bush should be rifled of her precious callow brood.

On regaining in some degree her presence of mind, she said, in a voice of reproachful tenderness, "So you have come to see me at *last*, Mr. Langley? I thought you had quite forgotten me, and my poor father too!"

Shocked and distressed at seeing her so dreadfully altered, Henry approached to where she was seated, and scarcely able to restrain his tears, he faltered out some incoherent apologies for his apparent neglect, observing, "that he himself had been very—very ill since they had parted."

"You do indeed look ill," replied Julia, looking up into his face with an adorable expression of anxiety, "why did you not let us know?—we might have comforted you—pity is so blessed a thing in suffering, it is like balm on the heart!" And as she spoke, her divine eyes became dim with its holiest tear.

"I could not presume to obtrude my sufferings on you," replied Henry; "I had no right—silence is the only proper refuge for a being like me. Besides, you were too much indisposed yourself, dear Miss Trevor. Oh! you look worse, much worse, than *even* my fears had imagined you. What can be the cause of your drooping thus?—The climate, perhaps—the loveliest flowers of Europe always find a premature grave *here!*"

"Oh! it is not the climate," said Julia, with the most bewitching innocence; "I was quite inured to that."

"What can it, then, be?" exclaimed Henry, energetically. "What do the physicians say? Have you had the best advice? you must—you *shall* be saved!"

"For what, Mr. Langley?" said Julia, with a melancholy smile: "I have no wish to live—no hope of happiness."

"You! is it possible? in the possession of every luxury—with an idolizing father—with the consciousness of a perfectly blameless life! you not wish to live, who make the secret happiness, perhaps, of hearts you never dream of—hearts, which, without that beatific idea, might curse the universal blight of creation for them. But, *that* makes 'earth beautiful,'—*that* makes hearts, bowed down by despair, 'sing for joy.' Oh! I *do* know such hearts; would they could be read! you would for charity pity them—you would, perchance, love them for what they had endured! O Julia! O Miss Trevor! I could inform your sympathy of *one* such wretched heart!" Overpowered by the excess of his emotion, and the delight of this half-revealed confession of his affections, he flung himself into a chair, and burst into a passion of tears, sobbing with that convulsive agony, which shows the tyranny of grief over man's soul. Julia was inexpressibly shocked at this violent display of anguish; and in the eagerness of that compassion which ever allures woman's heart to console the afflicted, she rose from her chair, and tottering to the place where he was seated, she took the burning hand of Henry, and pressed it, silently and tenderly, between her own.

That touch was electrical! it revealed existence under a new and more glorious phasis—the second avatar of his heart's idol had arrived—hope—for, with the intuition of love, he discovered that Julia, too, loved—loved *him;* all else was forgotten; and in an instant her trembling form was folded to his bosom, in that nervous embrace, which a lover always bestows on his mistress, the *first* time he clasps her in his arms.

Yet was the ecstasy of that moment chastened and subdued by the evident suffering of his beloved.—Indeed, so near did Julia appear to the grave, that Henry scarcely knew whether it was the *woman* or the *angel* his fond arms encircled;—hence his love was purified from all that was terrene, and he felt only a holy and remorseful tenderness within his heart for her.

Overcome with the excitement and agitation of this too trying scene, Julia suddenly became pale as marble, while a cold perspiration impearled her delicate forehead, which Henry wiping off with a hand of maternal gentleness, he carried her back to the seat she had so imprudently quitted, and drawing one close to it, he seated himself by her side, and with her precious hand in his, he poured into her sympathetic ear all he had suffered for her sake—his hopes—his despair—his struggles;—and then with humid eyes, but with a smile of new-born happiness hovering around her eloquent lips, she told him of all *she* had suffered—of *her* hopes, despair, and struggles; and as those dear lips pronounced, "But they are all over *now*, my Henry!" her head sank on his bosom, as if it had long ached to rest its throbbing temples *there*.

Henry's supporting arm stole round her fragile waist, and drawing her closer to that bosom, they both sank into a delicious reverie—and remained *mute*, from a sense of that ecstatic felicity, which is too exquisite for utterance.

Lulled by the unbroken silence, and soothed by the soft balmy air, the languid girl closed her fair eyes, and dropped into a calm slumber on his bosom. Henry literally worshipped her for this divine trustfulness—this almost infantine confidence in him; and with the shield of honour he guarded his heart from any but the purest emotions.

The door of the apartment was gently opened, and on raising his head, from the sweet contemplation of Julia's seraphic countenance, Henry beheld Colonel Trevor;—he was most painfully embarrassed at being thus so inopportunely discovered; but seeing the Colonel advancing with a cautious step and a smile of benignity towards him, while his upraised finger pointed to the lovely slumberer, as to enjoin silence—Henry recovered his presence of mind; and his fears were quite dissipated by the affectionate pressure of his hand, as he too sat down to watch over that rest, which he hoped was winged with the healing of mercy and life for his darling; observing that she slept profoundly, Colonel Trevor said, in a half whisper, "I see you have had an explanation—a *satisfactory* one—I rejoice at it. It was in the hope of such a consummation that I sent for you to-day, my dear Langley,—having discovered accidentally, as I watched my precious child's bed-side, the cause of her malady. Yes, Heaven be praised, a dream fortunately revealed to me the affection she would rather have died than confessed willingly, even to her fond, foolish old father—such is the delicacy of woman's nature in matters of love!

"I knew there was but *one* remedy—but *one* hand to administer it—*your* own, and I knew you would do it, to snatch her from death, for I had divined your affection—your honourable resolves to conceal it—your struggles to overcome it, for a father's eye is penetrating, when the future happiness of an idolized child is involved. But you could not conquer it—no! that is not to be done, my dear boy,—those who love my Julia once, must love her for ever!"

Did Julia slumber, then? *question grave!* her eyes were still certainly closed, but their pearly lids quivered, as if it was an effort not to gaze on her happy lover, her delighted father,—they both remarked her vivid blush—her bright smile—but they *presumed* they might be occasioned by a *dream*. Ah! did she, in that dream, if it were one that caused her visible emotion, not feel the trembling arm of Henry draw her closer to his agitated and throbbing bosom?

The servant appearing soon afterwards with her evening anodyne, afforded her a pretext for waking; but she showed such decided symptoms of languor and fatigue, that her father, alarmed for her, took her in his arms, and carried her into the adjoining apartment, followed by the servant who was in attendance on her, and the prayers and blessings of Henry. Colonel Trevor, on returning, took the seat

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which Julia had just occupied, and resumed the interesting conversation her waking had interrupted. He assured Henry that from the first of their acquaintance it was the secret wish of his heart that a mutual affection should arise between him and his daughter, and that was his only reason for so strongly encouraging the intimacy. "Do not fear for Julia," he added, encouragingly, "ill as she undoubtedly is now, she will soon be as fresh and blooming as a Bengal rose. Women never die for love, thank God, when confident it is faithfully reciprocated!

"There is but one proviso to be observed in a union with my family, which I trust, for my child's sake, you will not object to, for it is imperative in her husband;—which is this, that whoever marries Julia, must adopt the name of *Trevor*,—for such is the command of my respected great-grandfather, who wished the name and property to be for ever unalienable."

Had a bolt been launched by the hand of Vengeance, from Heaven, it could not have prostrated Henry more completely than did the mention of this fatal condition of his marriage with Julia!

"Take the name of *Trevor!*" he exclaimed wildly, while his distended eye-balls glared on the face of the astonished Colonel—"Impossible!"

"Then you do not *love* my child! hence! begone! vile ingrate, or you may find an old man's arm yet too vigorous for you! Hence from my sight, I say, or by the Great God I will summon my menials to chase you from the room, as I would any other noxious reptile that crawled in my path. Oh! my Julia," he continued more tenderly, as if subdued by the recollection of his child's recent happiness, "this will kill you quite! What objection can you have to so high, so respectable a name? Surely it may, at least, compete with your own!"

Although the confession might cost him more than life—the loss of all that made life dear—the loss of Julia Trevor—yet Henry, with the noble candour of his nature, resolved to reveal every circumstance of his unfortunate and degraded birth to his *now* incensed friend;—he owed it to his own honour—to Julia's love—to her father's generous confidence—all, all demanded an undisguised confession.

When he brought his melancholy narrative to a conclusion, observing—"Now, is it not impossible for me to adopt a name forbidden me *even* from my mother's breast?" Colonel Trevor replied with great emotion, "No! it is not impossible! my dear, noble-minded boy, the name of Trevor will be ennobled by you. I am an old soldier, Henry, but I am a true Christian, and I can clearly mark the finger of an overruling Providence in this. Your parents commenced life by committing one crime, which they perpetuated by even a greater, that of not acknowledging the son they were bound by honour and conscience to protect. Such conduct is a crying evil, and calls aloud for vengeance; but it is, alas! the conduct of almost all under similar circumstances;—to gratify their own inordinate desires, they plunge into crime, and then spurn the innocent fruits of it, as if, forsooth, they, the poor babes, brought guilt and shame to them, instead of being the sufferers themselves.

"You might at this moment be festering in the grave, beneath the torrid zone, for what your cruel father and mother would care; but retribution has overtaken them for their banishment of you. Your father, rankling beneath the sting of disappointed hope, and mortified pride, is miserable, for he is *childless*—yes! no idolized young heir has been bestowed on the property, whose possession is a curse to him,—for succession from his own *loins* has been the bugbear of his existence,—hating me, and mine, with an incredible implacability, because that property must be ours.

"His marriage with your mother has been a source of continual misery to him—for that which we do from remorse, does not satisfy the heart like that which we do from affection; and he felt no affection remaining for the object of the evanescent passion of his youth;—her very yielding to that passion destroyed the possibility of his esteem surviving the degradation of her fond weakness.

"She, too, is the prey of a secret, cureless sorrow, which I now can perfectly understand;—she mourns inwardly for her exiled child—the child her culpability forced her to banish;—justly should she grieve, and justly is she punished, by having no other!"

"Oh! do not think so unkindly of my poor mother," said Henry, in a deprecating tone, while his eyes were suffused with tears; "she loved me tenderly, indeed—indeed she did; and, oh! ought I not to bless her for sending me from her,—for had she not done so, should I ever have known you—Julia—this felicity?"

"My dear boy, you are an enthusiast, but I love *justice*, and justice will still be awarded you—the gracious God above be thanked for it! as, after my death, the whole of the estates of your father, should I survive him, will be Julia's, will be *your* wife's, Henry; yes! she will have the supreme, the holy happiness, through divine Providence, of restoring you to your rights. The glorious—the beautiful restitution! the offering of Love to Honour and Virtue!"

As soon as Julia recovered sufficiently from her indisposition, which she did in an incredibly short space of time after *le joli petit Dieu Cupidon*, or rather, his *locum tenens, le beau Monsieur* Langley, became her sole physician, she and Henry were married; and Colonel Trevor having written for leave of absence for himself and son-in-law, for the purpose of conveying his daughter to England, to facilitate the perfect re-establishment of her health, which he entertained no doubt of obtaining, in consideration of his long and meritorious services—Henry wrote to his mother, his still idolized mother, a faithful account of every incident which had occurred to him since his arrival in India, "imploring a place in her prayers, in her heart, for the fair young bride he hoped shortly to have the felicity of placing in her arms. Open them, then, my mother, to receive her," he concluded, "for she comes to you with a soul fraught with holy affection for the *mother* of her *husband*. Prepare my father to welcome—to love her, for lo! she is as the angel of Mercy restoring unanimity to our divided house!"

This letter, couched as it was in all the placable tenderness of a son, who felt but one emotion for the mother to whom it was addressed—love, respectful, enduring, ennobling love—aroused Mrs. Trevor from the apathetic torpor of a blighted existence. Her son knew she was his mother, *knew it*, and still retained his affection for her—ere long he might be pressed to her heart—ere long, he might, when no other ear was by, save his own sweet wife's, call her *mother*, in those thrilling tones, which had once resounded, like the voice of a seraph, to the depths of her inmost soul, and had re-echoed *there* divinely ever since—ere long, she might fall at his feet, to crave his forgiveness, and he would raise her up and weep over her, as only a son can weep over the penitent mother whom he pardons for the injury her crimes had inflicted on him. "Bring her!" exclaimed the excited Laura, extending her arms, and fixing her eyes eagerly on the door, as if she expected Henry and Julia instantly to follow the letter. "Bring your wife to your mother's arms, my Henry! my boy! my precious, *precious*, son!" Then turning her tearful face to her husband, she said, in a faltering voice, "O Trevor! he comes to reunite our estranged hearts—to reconcile us to each other—to speak peace to our upbraiding consciences—to make your poor, broken-spirited wife once more dear to you. Oh! when you see how much my Henry loves me,—he! so virtuous, so noble, so godlike in every sentiment,—you will, you *must*, esteem me again. Oh! does he not bring healing on his wings, indeed?"

"He does, my Laura!" replied her husband, straining her to his bosom with all his youthful ardour, while a large tear rolled down his cheek and fell upon her neck. "He does! and he and his wife, my niece, and her father, my long jealously-abhorred *heir*, will all, all be welcome to my heart, for his dear sake—and I shall now die happy in the heavenly consciousness that the Almighty has disposed of my property strictly according to justice. I have long, long felt, but was too proud to acknowledge it, that, in depriving me of my child in early life, and denying others to our united supplications since our marriage, my dear Laura, He was punishing us for our wickedness in banishing the one who was in every respect so worthy of our love, and who ought to have had the strongest claim on it. But we *have* suffered for our offences, God knows. Let us now rejoice in the prospect of happiness which appears to gild the sunset of our stormy lives!"

The faithful Peggy O'Brien, who was established as head nurse to Barbara's children, and who was, with Charles and his wife, then staying with Laura, was summoned into the drawing-room, to be informed of Henry's fortunate marriage and his approaching return—when, falling on her knees, she exclaimed with the greatest enthusiasm, "O, my lady dear, I always knew that there would be the Angel of goodness to the *fore*, to love the darlint, for his *own* sake,—for wasn't he the boy to be loved all over the world, any how, the craythur?"

"Not only loved, but *revered*, Peggy," observed Charles; "for, abandoned to himself, at an age when the heart is accessible to every seduction—when it requires a giant's strength and a martyr's fortitude to resist and overcome them—when he was oppressed with the consciousness of a stigma attaching to his name, which, like a leprosy, causes our fellow-man to shun us—for, 'Behold he was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did his *mother* conceive him,' yet hath he kept his innocency—his honour—his integrity—yet, hath he, protected by divine goodness,—and man needs no other aid, indeed,—risen to eminence in the sight of men and angels, to show that, when God is for us, who *can* be against us? Yes, my sister," he continued, turning tenderly towards the weeping and humiliated Laura, "your son has achieved noble things—hear his parting words, they were true prophecies!"—then drawing Henry's

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letter from his pocket, he read in a voice of deep emotion—"I am resolved to win the name Fate has deprived me of—resolved to force that mother's heart to yearn, with love and pride, for her outcast boy—resolved to compel that cold, stern father to wish, from the depths of his soul, that he *durst* acknowledge me for his son."

"They were indeed prophetical—those terrible words!" exclaimed the agonized Laura. "Oh! had I known that he had *ever* written such, I should have died outright."

"I knew you would, my sister, and therefore I kept it from you until now. But you have sorrowed enough for your fault; turn *now* to a God of Mercy, and implore him no longer to remember the sins and offences of your youth, for 'gracious and righteous is the Lord, therefore will he teach sinners in the way.'

"Dry then, thy tears, O my beloved sister, and be thou comforted. 'Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' That joy will thy son bring thee! O that I may be near to announce his approach, for 'beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings!'"

THE END.

STANZAS TO EMMELINE.

BY H. J. T.

SHALL I bring thee sweets from the violet beds,
Or a stem from the blushing rose;
Or a bright green leaf where the ivy spreads
Its shadows of mute repose?
Say, is there a tribute from earth or sea,
Thou'lt take as a token of love from me?

Shall I bring thee gems from the ocean deep,
Or a chaplet of golden ore;
Or a waving plume o'er thy brow to sweep,
Or a gift from the Indian shore;
Or wouldst thou a sprig from the myrtle tree—
As the emblem of love and truth from me?

Shall I say thou'rt fair as the virgin snow,
And thine eye like the bright blue bell?
On thy dimpled cheek, on thine ivory brow,
On thy soft, ripe lips shall I dwell?
Or the sun's bright beams in their glow compare
With the golden tints of thy floating hair?

Shall I match thy voice with the silver sound
Of thy lute, when it breathes most sweet?
Or say on thy cheek, so soft and round,
Fresh roses and lilies meet;
And own that thy form is lovelier far
Than the boasted charms of the Graces are?

Shall I sing my love in a loftier strain,
With the generous glow of youth;
And call upon heaven, and earth again,
To witness my passion's truth?
Or wouldst thou that I in a sadder tone
Should offer the tribute of sighs alone?

Oh, 'tis not the treasures of earth or sea,
Nor clamorous vows of love,
Nor the boast of wealth, or of high degree,
Thy gentle breast could move;
But the silent pledge of my heart shall be
Its tribute of changeless love to thee.

THE FATAL WINNING; OR A NIGHT ON THE PYRENEES.

(*Concluded from page* 8.)

"HE refuses!" cried one of the players, leaning his elbows on the table, and grasping, with his eyes, the glittering pile of Louis-d'ors.

"Psha! are such things ever refused?" sneeringly cried another. The young sailor cast a rapid glance at the players, whose eyes were all fixed upon him, and addressing the banker, said—

"This, sir, I take it, is a joke. It is quite impossible that all this can belong to *me!*"

"But it *is* all yours, sir,"—replied the banker in the same cold tone, adding, with a bitter smile—"You held the bank and the cards pay!"

"Then, gentlemen," exclaimed Alfred, "the deal is void!"

A prolonged murmur of astonishment ran throughout the assemblage.

"I was not aware that I was playing for so high a stake," continued the young seaman; "and had I lost, most assuredly I would never have paid."

The banker was a man as yet in the prime of life, but grown old before his time, by care, and frequent watchings, and indulgence in the baser passions; with livid, hollow cheeks, and a restless and cunning, though sunken eye, imparting to his look a character at once false, forbidding and sinister.

"Ah!" said he, leaning back in his chair, his pallid lips curling with a faint laugh of scorn and derision—"Indeed, young gentleman! but you *would* most certainly have paid it, though; and that too in good hard Louis-d'ors, such as these, or in powder from the Royal Arsenal!"

Alfred made a convulsive spring backwards.

"LIAR!" he exclaimed, in a hollow voice.

The banker sat motionless; but his thin lip quivered with suppressed emotion: the same sardonic smile still played on his features, but their paleness had faded to a yet more livid and ashy hue. In an instant the players were on their feet, and grouping round the two actors in this strange and unexpected drama. Alfred was standing up, his hands convulsively clenched, his eye dilated, and his whole figure shaking with rage. The banker, on the contrary, was rocking himself easily backwards and forwards in his chair, and casting round on the spectators a look of self-possession and complacency, at the same time playing with the pile of gold heaped up on his right.

"Sir!" said he, at last, measuring Alfred with his eye, from head to foot, with the coolest effrontery, "it is more than probable you do not know who I am; that, indeed, is to me sufficiently clear. . . And as for these gentlemen here," he added, with a wave of his hand towards the spectators, "I have every reason to suppose that, knowing them, you would not have taken upon yourself to give me the lie in their presence. Pray, sir, what may be your name?"

"Insolent fellow!" cried Alfred, with concentrated rage.

"Just as it may please you"—replied the banker, with imperturbable calmness. "Then you are equally unacquainted with *my* name. I have the choice of weapons, sir. Now 'tis as well you should know, that the Izard-hunter of these mountains is not more sure of his rifle, than I am of my pistol."

This was said distinctly, coolly, and with an air of conviction that caused a shudder amongst the spectators. The man was really frightful, with his measured phrases, and his *sang-froid*. The players listened to him, one and all, with a kind of dread; Alfred himself was scarcely proof against it.

"You have a mind to frighten me!" said he, impatiently.

"I! not in the least," replied the methodical banker, with apathetic indifference, and the same cold sneer and smile of duplicity. "But I cannot find it in my conscience to assassinate you."—And so saying, he felt slowly in each of his pockets, from which he drew at last a small rifle-barrelled pistol, which he placed before him on the table.

A death-like silence pervaded the whole room.

"There, sir!" he continued, turning directly opposite to the young sailor, and crossing his legs, as though he was about entering on the most common-place conversation imaginable: "This is the best thing I have to propose; indeed, it is all that I can possibly do in order to accommodate matters. Bring the dice,' he continued, in the same tone of voice, turning half-round on his chair—"and shut that door."

The door of the play-room was closed, the dice placed upon the table. The sound of the orchestra, and of the festive ball, only reached the room as a suppressed and distant murmur.

"Now, then," said he, "here we have dice and a pistol; the highest thrower kills the other. We shall settle it thus, eh?"

The young sailor approached the table, seized the dice-box in mere desperation, shook it with convulsive energy, cast one furtive glance towards the ball-room door—and threw!

As if bowed by an electric shock, every head was simultaneously bent over the cloth. The action of this terrific drama had passed so rapidly—the *dénouement* was so near at hand, that one could scarcely believe in the reality of the atrocious scene, thus enacting, without noise or interruption, around that accursed table.

The banker in a loud voice reckoned up the points.

"Six and six are twelve, and one—thirteen: a good throw, a very good throw, upon my word, young gentleman!—a good throw!"

He took up the dice, replaced them in the box, and with an air of the coolest effrontery, addressing the spectators—

"Thirteen!" he exclaimed—"a very good point!—but it's always an unlucky number. Come, gentlemen, who bets fifty Louis-d'ors on me?—Fifty Louis on the life of that gentleman yonder?"—he continued, fixing his eye with malignant and deadly glare on the young lieutenant, who quailed involuntarily beneath it.

The players turned pale, and remained silent.

"Well, then," said he, with a smile, "as there seems to be no bet, here's for myself"—and the dice rolled upon the table.

"Fifteen!—You have lost, sir. A pity, too, with so good a point; the affair, gentlemen, was well contested, at all events. So then, sir, your life belongs to me. Are you ready?"

All present drew back in terror. The banker, still stretched out in his chair, was quietly engaged in adjusting the lock and carefully examining the priming of his pistol.

"I am ready," replied the young man, standing motionless before him.

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"A little more room, if you please, gentlemen," said the banker, at the same time bowing to the spectators, and motioning them with his arm to stand on one side. They obeyed mechanically, gazing with mute astonishment, each vacant face paralyzed with a stupid stare, and betraying nought save a feeling of instinctive dread.

The banker, with his arm resting on the table, and his head supported in his left hand, took a steady aim at the young lieutenant.

"FIRE," exclaimed Alfred, uncovering his breast, his countenance beaming with intrepidity and unshrinking resignation.

The banker withdrew his hand, and raised his head.

The spectators breathed once more. This unnatural scene had been protracted too long, and for an instant there was hope.

"We have not chosen seconds," he remarked. "But as for that matter," he added, after a moment's silence, "these gentlemen may serve as witnesses in case of need."

He levelled again and fired. The young lieutenant lay gasping on the floor in the last agonies of death!

"The cards pass, gentlemen," cried the banker, as he laid the pistol, still smoking, on the table.

At the noise made by the report, the folding doors of the saloon were burst open, and the crowd rushed in. There was a piercing shriek —a young girl fell senseless on the bleeding corpse of Alfred.—It was Marietta.* * * *

The physicians say, that she may one day recover her senses: but that is scarcely to be hoped—if indeed it be, for her own sake, desirable. * * * * * * * *

Such as have never wandered out of England may designate this story as improbable. But not so those who are practically acquainted with the fierce intensity with which the passions rage in Southern bosoms. Beneath the cool exterior of the banker was shrouded demoniac hate. That banker lived; that young officer died as related.

M.

FROM

OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS,
January 26, 1843.

CHERE AMIE,—

Among the most fashionable, and one of the prettiest materials for this winter, is satin with velvet stripes, black on black, or in any other colours; nothing is more elegant for evening dresses; it is also made of two different shades of colours, the velvet stripe being shaded in pale green on a satin stripe of dark green; others are in *marron* on green or blue stripes: this style is also used for *mantelets* trimmed with lace; and to form *biais* on plain satin dresses, they should be the same colour as the satin stripe; the effect is beautiful.

As hitherto, dresses continue to be made with deep points for full dress; and for *demi-toilette* the *corsage* is round and with *ceinture*, in velvet both bodies and sleeves are tight, unless they partake more of undress, when they are of the *peignoir* style in front, and the sleeves *demi-larges* without wristband.

Gimp will be fashionable all the season, never has it been more used on dresses, *redingotes*, or *crispins*; many ornaments imitate *guipure*; jet beads or bugles mixed with these kind of trimmings have an excellent effect on mantles of velvet, but nothing is more elegant than gimp *renaissance* of white silk intermixed with white beads on *camails* of azure blue velvet. Lace is the richest style of trimming, and still much in favour for dresses of velvet, satin, *brocart*, &c., but that most prefered is the *point d'Alençon*.

Flowers are made in every variety, clear, and light, and transparent, for trimmings of dresses, or the head; and richer ones, darker and shaded, for bonnets of velvet and satin. A novelty much approved are the *garnitures* of *rouleaux* of *marabouts* in pink, blue, or light green, for ball dresses composed of triple skirts of white or pink *tulle*; chains formed of flowers, in gradual width, are made to raise the skirts at the sides.

I shall now proceed to give you in detail a few of the *toilettes* suitable to the present moment. A *robe de chambre* of blue *cachemire*; the skirt unornamented, lined with *capucine*; *corsage* high *à coulisses*, and *cardinal pelerine* edged with fringe; pagoda sleeves, with *revers* of *capucine* velvet, and *cordelière* of the same colour; a collar of cambric, and cap of *tulle*, short at the ears, with three *rosettes* of red satin ribbon, and wreath of very small ones placed at the back of the cap. In walking dresses a robe of *velours d'Afrique* of pearl gray, plain skirt, and tight high body, and tight sleeves; *camail* of ermine, lined with blue satin; another of ruby velvet was trimmed at the bottom with two bands of marten fur, the space of a band only dividing them; tight high body, with point, and tight sleeves; *pelerine* of marten fur: another of black satin was ornamented on the front of the skirt with gimp and buttons; high body *à coulisses* lengthways; the sleeves tight to the elbow, and moderately full at top, with *fichu à la vieille* of black lace, rounded behind, reaching to the waist, and trimmed all round with black *ruche*; a narrower lace slightly full round the throat.

A dress of watered jonquil silk was ornamented on the front of the skirt by a flounce of British point lace of the width of the front breadth, and two other flounces not so wide were arranged *en tablier*, and attached to the skirt by three bead ornaments; pointed body with *draperie* forming *berthe*, without join on the shoulders; short sleeves with *sabots* of lace ornamented, as well as the front of the body, with ornaments similar to those on the skirt. A dress of white satin was ornamented *en tablier* by a wide band of *guipure*, rounded at the bottom and fastened to the skirt by three *bouquets* of roses; pointed body and tight sleeves. Several velvet dresses lately have been made with *revers*, trimmed with lace on each side of the skirt; these *revers* meet with *coques* of ribbon of a new style; the body, which is pointed, has a *berthe* formed of three rows of lace of different widths, and divided by a small fold of velvet: this style, which forms a variety to the plain *berthe*, is very pretty. Two dresses of *marron* velvet open at the side, with folds forming drapery united at intervals by cameos, were also elegant; the *corsage* was *drapé*, confined at the shoulders and centre by a cameo, as also at the bottom of the sleeves, which are raised up in the centre. An elegant and simple ball dress was of gauze over gauze, having for only ornament a deep *berthe* of *blond*, a flower, a *nœud* of ribbon—its simplicity formed its elegance. Many ball dresses of pink or white *tulle* have four trimmings of *tulle* matching, embroidered in chain-stitch in silver, and placed flat on the skirt; the effect is equal to the richest *dentelles d'argent*; the *berthe* corresponded: one of these dresses of white *tulle* and gold was beautiful. Another style is a dress of *tulle cerise* with three skirts, and all in different shades from pink to *cerise*; the bottom of each skirt formed deep festoons finished round with piping. The *coiffure* was a pretty *résille* of gold, with band of *cerise* and gold. Dresses of *tarlatane*, *organdy*, and India muslin embroidered and ornamented with *pompons* and *nœuds* of ribbon, continue constantly to be made; they are frequently worn over colours. Amongst other novelties, I must name a dress of *mousseline arachnée*, which you will understand indicates the extreme clearness of cobweb; the skirt was open on each side, sufficiently to show the under skirt of green *gros de Naples*; the four sides of the open skirt were embroidered *à jours*; the same embroidery on bands of muslin, lined with green *gros de Naples*, formed three *nœuds* which confined the sides of the skirt, still allowing space enough for the lining to be seen; the deep *berthe* was covered with the same embroidery of a lightness corresponding to the texture of the dress. Embroidery of silk and gold in Arabic designs on brown or green, placed round the triple skirts of *tulle*, are also very elegant for ball dresses. A dress of *paille* crape was ornamented by *rouleaux* of satin of the same colour covering two thirds of the skirt; tight body with point, short sleeves, with *rosettes* of ribbon on the front of the body and sleeves. A dress of *blond* figured in small bunches of roses, was raised on each side by a wreath of small *roses de Mai* attached to the *ceinture*, and raising the skirt in drapery half way up the leg, showing the *blond* flounce placed on the under skirt of white satin, which flounce was also raised at the sides by a *bouquet* of roses from the end of the wreath. A dress of green velvet was ornamented down the front by a row of jet buttons and gimp, arranged *en tablier*; tight high body with rounded point, ornamented by a row of buttons meeting those on the skirt, and gimp in the fan form; the sleeves tight at the top and moderately full at the wrist without bands, with *crevés* of green satin at the elbow, encircled with gimp. An in-door dress of grey *poult de soie* was ornamented down the centre of the skirt by a row of silk buttons; the *corsage*, half high and tight, was with rounded point and tight sleeves.

The *bournous* of velvet lined with ermine, and the Armenian *manteau*, which has been much approved, and is also made in satin, velvet, cloth, with *revers* buttoning to the throat, and sleeves buttoning to the bend of the arm, whilst the scarfs and *camails* are endless in shape and make. *Camails* of black velvet trimmed with lace and lined with pink satin; pelisses of satin embroidered in relief all round, and *bournous* of white *cachemire* finished with cord of gold, are lined with white satin. For young ladies, short small cloaks are with hoods of pale blue satin or pink lined with white sarsenet and trimmed with a ribbon *ruche*, pink and white, reversed fold. A *camail* of deep blue velvet lined with white satin was trimmed with sable, which was headed by a beautiful embroidery of gold and blue.

Capotes of quilted satin are in favour, and are much worn without being common; one of white quilted satin had several tips of *marabouts* united and tied with a *nœud* of white ribbon, with long ends terminating in a deep fringe, pretty pink and *paille* velvet flowers inside. Bonnets of green velvet are ornamented with satin ribbon and a bird of Paradise, or with a long feather placed round the crown and falling at the side; the inside was ornamented with black lace. White satin bonnets are trimmed with three feathers outside, and inside are small roses with *ruche* of *tulle* at the edge, &c. &c. Bonnets of shaded velvet are with trimmings of the same colour, and black velvet bonnets are ornamented inside with *marabouts* on one side and roses on the other.

A variety of beautiful *coiffures* have recently appeared in Paris for full dress. Some are of very pale green shaded, intermixed with small scarfs of *filet d'or*, terminating with handsome tassels of gold or green falling on each side of the throat, and forming what is called a *coiffure Mauresque*: that *à l'Agnes Sorel* is quite another style, formed of folds of *brocarts*, *broché* in gold and silk, and confined by a long white plume, which falls spirally to the shoulder; this *coiffure* is placed very backward on the head.

A *toque Marie Antoinette* has met with suc-

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cess, and several other kinds have been much approved; the *coiffure chatelaine*, the *toque Mazarine*, the *chapeau Louis XIII.*, &c. The little *coiffure Marquise* is an elegant style for persons who are still young, and suits every style of *toilette*; turbans of *drap d'argent* or gold, and hats with *voilettes* of point lace supported by *agraffes* of flowers. A *coiffure* with open crown was composed of a double *rouleau* of French *tulle* confined by folds of ribbon of gold and silk of showy colours; it was not very voluminous, and with dark hair the effect was very good.

Lace scarfs for *coiffures*, and deep square *berthes* open in front, and Venetian sleeves to add to the bottom of short sleeves, were among the novelties for New Year's *étrennes*. Large black lace scarfs are worn in *demi parure*, and magnificent ones are made of white lace for full dress, *berthes*, *mantilles*, *pelerines* of Brussels, Mechlin and British point, points *de Venise* in lappets for *coiffures* with lace *Louis XIV.* and *Henri IV.*

Caps *à la Houtanze*, *Charlotte Corday*, &c.; a *coiffure* composed of a *pointe* of *blond renaissance*, confined under a *couronne* of *crisentaines* left the back hair exposed, showing the ornamental comb of tortoiseshell inlaid with gold; the *Breton* cap of muslin orl ace is lined with colours, as well as the *brochettes Louis XV.* and *berthes* of *application*.

A pretty little cap called *bonnet Babet*, is described by its name, the lappets of *blond* raised above the ears by two pretty *nœuds* of velvet, fixed in the centre by an ornament in coloured stones. An elegant one, all of British point lace, with *rosette* of cherry velvet, had a large diamond in the centre of each *rosette*; another, more simple, was of *blond* with *pompons* formed of small May roses; another, a *bouquet* of violets; another had a quantity of very narrow gauze ribbon, pink and green, which falling on each side the throat hang like large ringlets of hair.

Fichus marquises in British point are very pretty; they leave the throat free, ornament the shoulders without concealing the sleeves, which continue to be made very small. *Pelerines pompadour*, *fichus rubonnés à la vieille* are the newest.

Ornamental combs, brooches, and bracelets are all in vogue at present, particularly the elastic bracelet; the advantage of being able to raise or lower them at will, and there being no fastening and no risk incurred of losing them, adds not a little to their merit.

Necklaces have partially reappeared at the balls this winter, which will cause quite a revolution in jewellery, should they be persevered in. *Bugles* are also much in favour, both black and white, for *coiffures*, *berthes*, ornaments of gloves, &c. &c. The ornamental combs are rather increasing in height with the *coiffures*, which are decidedly higher; the young ladies are mostly *coiffées* in *bandeaux*, without partition; the hair being twisted very simply, and supported by an ornamental comb, a rose or branch on the side, or wreath *à la rosière* are quite *recherchées*.

ELISE DE C—.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.

No. 1.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of *organdy*; the *corsage* is pointed at the waist, and has folds round the top, with *bouquet* of roses in the centre; the sleeves are short and tight, composed of three rows of fluting looped up in front with roses; the skirt has three rows of fluting round the bottom, and the upper one forms a deep festoon, and is looped up at the sides with *bouquet* to correspond with those on the body and sleeves. *Coiffure* composed of hair quite plain in front, and in plaits and *nœud* behind, into which is fastened a wreath of small roses which encircles the head.

No. 2.—*Ball Dress.*—Robe of point lace; the *corsage* is made with point and folds round the top; the sleeves are tight and short, finishing with *sabots*; the bottom of the skirt has a deep richly embroidered flounce. Short cloak of *paille* velvet, it opens in front and at the sides below the armholes with *rosettes* placed nearly at the bottom; the armholes and centre of the cloak are ornamented with *rosettes*; it has also *bouillons*, four rows of which decorate it all round, as likewise round the collar, and from the shoulder down to the bottom, it appears shorter behind, and hangs quite tight in the back. The *coiffure* is composed of hair quite plain in front, with a *guirlande* of velvet leaves which crosses the top of the head, and finishes with a *bouquet* of small flowers at each side of the face; the back hair is twisted, and confined with a fancy gold comb.

No. 3.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of striped silk; the *corsage* is high, with frill of lace round the neck; the sleeves are tight and plain; the skirt is ornamented down the centre with braid, it turns at the bottom, and finishes with a tassel; *cardinal pelerine*, and muff of sable fur, lined with *paille* satin. Bonnet of pink satin quilted and wadded, and ornamented with *nœuds* of pink satin ribbon.

No. 4.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of green figured silk, and *pelisse* of dark blue *velours d'Afrique*; the body is tight, and is trimmed with ermine down the front, which continues down to and all round the bottom, but is narrower towards the top; it has a small *cardinal* cape of ermine, with collar of Brussels lace. Bonnet of blue *gros d'hivers* of an open form, trimmed with lace at the ears, and a *bouillon* of the same material as the bonnet, which crosses the top, with small *bouquet* of flowers at the side.

No. 5.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of *velours épinglé*; the body is with *draperie* at the top, with *nœud* of lilac ribbon, and long ends in the centre; the waist has a deep point; the sleeves are short and full, with *nœud* to correspond to that on the *corsage*; the skirt has *nœuds* of lilac ribbon similar to those already described on the body and sleeves placed all round the bottom one a little above the other. *Coiffure* of hair in *bandeaux*, and plaited behind with *fanchon* of *point d'Alençon*, ornamented on each side with two small *bouquets*.

No. 6.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of white crape; the *corsage* is tight, with pointed *ceinture*, and a *bouillon* with pink ribbon round the top, which is *drapé* at the shoulders; short tight sleeves with a double *bouillon* placed one above the other; the under skirt is of white satin, and is ornamented round the bottom with a *bouillon*; the upper skirt opens in front, is edged with a *bouillon* corresponding to those already described, and rounding at the bottom a little above the under skirt, is looped up with a pink *rosette*. The *coiffure* is composed of hair in *bandeaux* in front, and *nœuds* behind, with a small wreath *en diadème* of flowers.

No. 7.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of green *velours royal*; the *corsage* is high, with collar of point lace, and has a row of black jet buttons in the centre, with gimp on each side; from the shoulders this trimming is continued likewise down the centre of the skirt; the sleeves are long and rather loose, *à la religieuse*, ornamented at the elbows to correspond with the body and skirt; there are under ones of cambric, finishing at the wrists with a frill of lace falling over the hands. Cap of *tulle*, trimmed with pink ribbon across the centre, and terminating with a rose and green leaves at the side; it has lappets which are trimmed with a narrow lace.

No. 8.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of pink *mousseline cachemire*; the body is made high, with folds from the shoulders down to the waist, it is *à cœur*, with a narrow frill of lace inside; the sleeves are *à la religieuse* down to the elbow, with tight ones of the same material as the dress, rather full at the wrists, and finishing with a row of narrow lace. The *coiffure* is composed of hair plain in front, with plait at the back and lace *fanchon*, trimmed with *paille* ribbon placed across the centre, and terminating with *nœud* and small *bouquet* at the side.

No. 9.—Bonnet of *solitaire* coloured velvet, ornamented with *nœud* of the same placed on one side, and with a plume on the other.

No. 10.—Bonnet of green *velours épinglé*, trimmed with green ribbon, and a *bouquet* of pink flowers on one side; it is of an open form, and is edged with a *biais* of crape.

No. 11.—Bonnet of pink satin, front view of that just described at Fig. No. 9.

No. 12.—Bonnet of *paille gros d'hivers*, front view of that already described at Fig. No. 10.

No. 13.—Morning cap of embroidered muslin, trimmed with lace and puffings of pink ribbon round the crown.

PLATE II.

No. 1.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of *cachemire*, with high body and tight sleeves. *Manteau* of black satin, the collar, armholes, and all round the *manteau* being ornamented with a stamped velvet trimming. Bonnet of green velvet, with single feather crossing the crown. Sable muff.

No. 2.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of *rayé* silk, and *manteau* of green satin trimmed with ermine; lace frill round the throat. Bonnet, back view of Fig. No. 1.

No. 3.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe *Pompadour* of orange striped silk; the *corsage à l'enfant*, and pointed, with trimmings of gimp *en évantail*; tight sleeves, with jockeys, finished with gimp, open in front; the skirt is ornamented *en tablier*, with rich gimp trimming; the back of the skirt has two deep flounces, headed by gimp. Cap of *tulle*, with pink ribbons.

No. 4.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of *écru* satin, with double skirt; the *corsage* is high *à cœur*, with lace collar; tight sleeves, with three bands of velvet on the upper part; the two skirts are each trimmed with three bands of, velvet. *Coiffure* composed of point lace lappet, which, crossing the head, turns back, the ends meeting in the back hair, with *rosettes* of ribbon.

No. 5.—*Morning Dress.*—Robe of green *levantine*; the *corsage* is quite high and pointed; tight sleeves with double jockeys edged with gimp; *cordelière* round the waist. Cap of point lace, with wreath of small roses encircling the caul.

No. 6.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of pink *barège*, with pointed body, and long tight sleeves; *pelerine* with three falls, each edged with lace, meeting in front with *nœuds* of satin ribbon to the point. Cap of *tulle*, ornamented with ribbon *rosettes* encircled by lace.

No. 7.—*Young Lady's Evening Dress.*—Robe of pink crape; the body is pointed, and has *berthe* of the same finished with a small gimp trimming, which is also round the waist and bottom of the short tight sleeves, and heads the tucks on the skirts. *Coiffure* of hair in ringlets with flowers.

No. 8.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of *mousseline cachemire*, the body is tight with *ceinture*; *pelerine* of embroidered muslin, trimmed with lace, and ornamented with *rosettes* of pink ribbon. Cap of *tulle à bouillons*.

No 9.—Morning cap of muslin trimmed with lace.

No. 10.—Bonnet of white satin, lined with pink and ornamented with feathers.

No. 11.—Bonnet of *paille velours épingle*, with feathers.

No. 12.—Bonnet of white *velours épingle*, with blue ribbon.

No. 13.—Cap of lace ornamented with flowers.

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PLATE III.

No. 1.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of pink satin; the body is plain and tight, with point at the waist, and *pelerine* forming *berthe* round the neck, it is ornamented top and bottom with *bouillons;* the sleeves are tight and short, trimmed to match the body, with a *nœud* and long ends behind; the skirt is trimmed *en tablier*, corresponding with the body and sleeves. The *coiffure* is composed of a dress hat of purple velvet, with puffings of the same material as the hat on one side, and on the other is a long white feather; the hair is quite plain in *bandeaux*.

No. 2.—*Morning Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of *drap*; the *corsage* opens in front, and is quite plain and tight; it is high to the throat, with small collar and frill of lace inside; the centre of both the *corsage* and skirt are richly braided, as also the bottoms of the sleeves which are tight and plain, finishing with frills of lace falling over the hands. *Coiffure* of hair in ringlets in front, with plaits behind.

No. 3.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of watered silk; the body is plain and *à cœur*, with plain band of velvet round the neck, and *guimpe* of embroidered muslin edged with a narrow lace; the sleeves are long and tight, with *revers* of velvet at the top, and a band of the same round the wrist; the bottom of the skirt has two broad bands of velvet placed at short distances from each other. Bonnet of white satin of an open form, trimmed with pink ribbon, and a long branch of small flowers at the side.

No. 4.—*Ball Dress.*—Robe of white crape; the body is pointed at the waist, and with folds at the top, with *bouquet* of flowers in the centre; tight short sleeves, with flowers round the bottom; the skirt is ornamented in the centre with a wreath of roses placed rather below the *ceinture* on one side; it forms the arch at the side, and is looped up in front, and terminates about half way up the other side. *Coiffure* of hair in ringlets in front, and in *nœuds* and plaits at the back; a wreath of flowers similar to those on the skirt crosses the front of the head from side to side.

No. 5.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of lilac satin; the *corsage* is pointed at the waist with *berthe* of *point d'Angleterre* round the top; the sleeves are short and tight, with lace round the edge; the skirt has two deep tucks round the bottom. *Coiffure* composed of a cap of *point de Bruxelles*, trimmed with *paille* ribbon and roses, and hair quite plain in front.

No. 6.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of green *mousseline cachemire*; the *corsage* is pointed at the waist, quite plain and *à cœur*, with double *pelerine* of *organdy*, the upper one forming vandykes; the second one is trimmed all round with lace, and fastens in front with a *nœud* of green ribbon and buttons; the sleeves are long and tight, without any ornament. *Coiffure* composed of a lace cap *à la paysanne*, trimmed with pink ribbon, and hair in ringlets in front.

No. 7.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of blue *gros d'hivers*; *corsage* plain and tight, pointed at the waist and *à cœur*, with *pelerine* of muslin; it has a small collar forming *cœur* in front, a double *revers* at the bottom, each trimmed with a narrow lace, it is fastened in the centre with *nœuds* of ribbon. *Coiffure* composed of a lace cap, similar in form to that described in the preceding Figure; it is ornamented with *paille* ribbon and narrow lace, with which the lappets are also trimmed; the hair is in *bandeaux*.

No. 8.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of white lace, and *camail* of pink satin, it has a hood with three tassels at the end; the *camail* is trimmed with gimp all round, as likewise the armholes, and fastens in front with *cordelière*. *Coiffure* of hair in ringlets in front, the back hair is plaited.

No. 9.—Bonnet of pink *gros d'hivers* of a cottage form, and ornamented round the centre of the crown with a wreath of roses.

No. 10.—Bonnet of white satin of an open form, and trimmed with blue ribbon.

No. 11.—Cap of point lace, with a rose at the sides.

No. 12.—Bonnet *velours épinglé*, ornamented with wreath across the centre of the crown, and green ribbon.

No. 13.—Bonnet of *pêluche*, ornamented round the centre of the crown with *nœuds* and lace intermixed, and edged with a narrow lace.

THE FIRST AND THE LAST.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"Rosamund Gray was the most beautiful young creature that eyes ever beheld. Her face had the sweetest expression in it—a gentleness—a modesty—a timidity—a certain charm—a grace without a name."

CHARLES LAMB.

I HAD known Gertrude Alymer from an infant,—our parents residing in the same sweet village, Laindon, in Essex,—and being equals, I will not say in rank—that is too aristocratic a term, but circumstances—we were constant associates as children, until the time arrived for us to go to separate boarding-schools, to finish, or rather commence, our educations.

All I remember of her in those early, those dear, fleeting, exquisite days, is, that she was a lovely, rosy-cheeked, laughing little thing, with bright blue eyes, light silken hair which curled naturally, a graceful fairy-like figure, full of animation, and a disposition most prone to innocent "*espièglerie*," warm-hearted, and affectionate, won by a word of kindness to do anything, but distressed to agony at a word of reproof.

O happy age! when the sexes are thus confounded!—when the little boy and the little girl can play and gambol together in the wild gleefulness of untutored nature, unconscious that there exists a difference between them! What more innocent! what more beautiful!—She, ignorant of his native superiority, feels no inequality—no restraint in his society; while he, with every passion yet slumbering in his guileless heart, dreams not that a time will come, when, perhaps, he will terrify her from him by his crimes, or speed her to the only refuge of woman, the grave, by slighting the love too easily bestowed.

Ah! as yet she is supremely blest in him; for she beholds not in the now artless boy, the tyrant man—the arbiter of her destiny—her ruler and her lord.

She had nothing to do then, all the live-long day, but blush like the rose, and sparkle like the diamond, animated by the glittering laughter of childhood. Yes! *laughter*—smiles come after, when the heart has learnt bashfulness, as it expands beneath the first sun-ray of love—but laughter is for the child, ere she is aware that she possesses one. Pain had never imparted that knowledge to her—and pain is the great instructor of humanity. She had never been chidden into reflection—everything around her wore a caressing aspect—her mother's eye beamed a prayer, her lip breathed a blessing, her embrace was a certain shelter—her father never spake save to laud and commend—and every friend who came to the house had some beautiful and nature-suggested expression, "*Pour la jolie petite, si foldtre, si gentille, si belle!*"

Some time after the period above mentioned, my father succeeded most unexpectedly to a considerable estate in the county of Wilts, from the death of a distant relation, to which he removed with his family; consequently, I lost sight of the Alymers for some years—for our parents did not belong to the modern school of letter-writers. My mother was a busy active-minded woman, whose greatest pride was in superintending the domestic affairs of her house, and who always found the day too short for her various occupations. My father was totally absorbed in the then novel system of draining, and other agricultural improvements, being not only a good theoretical but practical farmer: my two sisters were at a first-rate seminary, to be educated in accordance with their future fortunes; and I was too young to even dream of addressing a letter to them, although they certainly ranked next to my own family in my affections—Gertrude, perhaps, before them.

It was precisely the same on their part—Mrs. Alymer, although a woman of much more natural refinement than my mother, still had no time for correspondence, save what was absolutely necessary for keeping alive a fond remembrance of her and hers in the bosoms of her kindred. Her husband being in a most extensive way of business as a maltster, but so averse from personal or mental exertion, that he left nearly the whole management of the concern to his partner, a man who had invested no other capital in it, than a fund of cunning and deep laid artifice; which Mrs. Alymer being fully aware of, did all in her power to counteract, by almost supplying the place of her indolent husband—regulating the accounts—attending to the weekly payments of the subordinates, and watching with the eye of vigilant affection, over the interests of her kind-hearted, but, alas! most unsuspicious Richard—who, so long as the means were found him for his personal enjoyments, was content to trust entirely to the honour and integrity of another; the whole felicity of his existence consisting in the "*dolce far niente*" of Neapolitan apathy. While time, therefore, sped on for me on the wings of never-flagging happiness and prosperity, it brought them to the brink of want and misery;—the partner, as Mrs. Alymer always prophetically apprehended, at last absconded with the bulk of their property. Mr. Alymer, like all persons who have lived only for their own gratifications, was completely overwhelmed with this terrible and unexpected blow—he possessed no innate powers of manly fortitude to rouse him from its stunning effects—he could but bewail it with almost childish sorrow—blaming his wife, servants, every one but himself, for his misfortunes: making no effort to redeem them,—living on the remnant that remained, and when that was gone, going with it to the grave.

Nothing is so certain, yet so imperceptible, as the descent of misery after the first step—with it indeed, *c'est le premier pas qui coûte.*—Sorrows never come singly, but in battalions; and so poor Mrs. Alymer found after her husband's death.

Gertrude, yet a mere girl, was taken from school, to open one on her own account; but after the most exemplary efforts—the most enduring patience—the most extraordinary privations and self-denial,—that scheme was obliged to be abandoned, in consequence of Mrs. Alymer's health totally failing under her accumulated sufferings. Conscious that ere long her

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darling child would be left wholly and solely an orphan, she implored her only brother, a married man, without family, and in excellent practice as a surgeon in the neighbourhood, to promise to take Gertrude home after her death, until she could procure a situation as governess (the reduced gentlewoman's last resource) in a private family; which promise he gave without the privity of his wife—of whom, however, he stood in considerable awe, and not without sufficient reason, having, from avaricious motives, married a cold, formal, selfish, illiterate old maid,—a creature without heart, sensibility, feeling, or one feminine qualification.—Still, his word, pledged to an expiring sister, was sacred; and on the afternoon of her mother's funeral, Gertrude was removed to the abode of her much-dreaded aunt, in an agony of despair.

Nothing could exceed the rage and indignation of Mrs. Robertson, at the "*supercherie*" thus practised on her by her husband; consequently her reception of the young mourner was marked by the most repulsive coldness and cruelty—not one kind word did she address to the poor afflicted innocent—not one look of compassion—one tear of commiseration.

But when overpowered by the recollections of her happy and luxurious childhood—her parent's fondness—even her late miserable, but now regretted home,—she burst into tears of uncontrollable anguish—that horrible woman peremptorily desired her to leave off crying, "for she was not going to have her house made melancholy by the grief of other people's beggars—that if she could not at once make up her mind to be cheerful and grateful for the great kindness shown her, she had better go where she was likely to be treated better."

"Go! alas! where could she go? She had not another relation in the world that she knew of. No! she would endeavour to endure her sufferings, for poverty had taught her that patience was now her most imperative duty. Besides, could they last for ever? she thought not—she *hoped* not."

Mrs. Robertson was the only child of Martha Bristow, a widow, who had contrived, by keeping a small shop, ostensibly for the sale of grocery, but, in fact, dealing in everything wanted in a remote hamlet by its poorer inhabitants, to amass fifteen thousand pounds, which was all for her idolized Patty, whom, yet, she brought up in a state of the most deplorable ignorance, giving her no education save that obtained gratuitously at the Sunday-school—and in a state of the meanest poverty and privation—her sole object being to leave her rich at her death; and fearing lest the slightest display of comfort might awaken the suspicion of her wealth before that event, and deprive her of the means of incurring it by the jealousy of her envying neighbours, she lived and dressed more miserably than the most miserable among them—so much so, as to be an object of pity to them, who considered her not worth a shilling in the world.

Hence, from infancy, Patty Bristow had no other sentiment instilled into her by her penurious parent than the value of money; she knew by rote every aphorism bearing upon her favourite point, and taught them to her child together with her prayers.

At her death—which did not take place til a very advanced period—Patty was five-and-thirty years of age—tall and gaunt in her figure, with hair and complexion of a dead sand colour—the latter rendered a shade darker, however, by immense freckles—her nose was sharp and very red, her lips thin and blue, her teeth odiously yellow, and her eyes small, grey, and of an alarming vigilance of expression.

Finding herself sole mistress of this enormous and, as it appeared to her, inexhaustible wealth, she gave up the shop, bought a pretty cottage in the neighbourhood, set up a pony-carriage, two servants, and endeavoured to conceal the deficiency of personal beauty by the most extravagant dress. For the possession of money had roused a passion until then dormant in her bosom,—*pride*; but it was the repelling pride of upstart arrogant ignorance and vanity—the vanity of hoping that it would enable her to obtain a gentleman for a husband. But her heart grew sick with hope deferred, so long was she suffered to languish without receiving the commonest marks of civility from any of the beaus around;—her age and extreme ugliness completely antidoting the dazzling effects of her fortune,—until Charles Robertson, coming down to Laindon to visit his sister, after leaving the Hospitals, where, like the generality of medical students, he had dissipated his own fortune, which was not large, thought her's would repair that loss, and also enable him to start *comme il faut* in his profession: he, therefore, lost no time in offering his hand and really handsome person to the repelling creature, and was accepted by her with an avidity which would have been quite revolting to a man of more delicacy, or rather less necessitous; but Charles thought that if charity covereth a multitude of faults, money had a more potent power still to envelope them with an impervious veil. Previous to the ceremony which was to transform the humble and despised Patty Bristow into Mrs. Charles Robertson, a *lady*, and consequently make her supremely happy, with true mother wit she took the precaution of having the whole of her property settled on herself, "not knowing," as she mentally observed, "how things might turn out." Hence, her husband's deference for her—fearing, lest in offending her, and she should happen to die first, he might find himself as poetically circumstanced as he was when his empty exchequer induced him to sacrifice all the better and nobler feelings of his nature by uniting his fate with that of such a being's—for he was no stranger to the amiable vindictiveness of her disposition, whose salient point was utter implacability.

Was it likely that the tenderly nurtured orphan could find happiness, or even tolerable comfort, under the roof of such a woman? She had not the generosity to feel "*Il y a de la cruauté à faire péser l'autorité sur celui qui ne peut défendre.*" No! every moment was Gertrude pained to the soul by the indelicate allusions of her aunt to the dreadful and ruinous increase of her housekeeping expenses since she had become her inmate, or her evident want of gratitude for the vast obligations she was under to her. It was in vain that the poor oppressed thing resolutely stifled the anguish of her heart, assuming a cheerfulness when it was actually breaking, devoted her whole time and attention to her, and studied in every way to soften the asperity of her temper, and win her to something like kindness, by the sweet and innocent fascination of her naturally affectionate manners—manners, it required a heart of marble to resist—"*Les expressions caressantes de cet ange étoient reçues comme des grimaces, les roses d'affection qui s'élévaient si fraîche, si gracieuse dans cette jeune âme, et qui voulaient s'épanouir au dehors, etoient impitoyablement écrasés.*" Mrs. Robertson hating her because she was young, beautiful, and the child of *another*; had she been her own, she might have gone to the other extreme, perhaps; but she have a child!—Oh, no! Nature never intended her to be a mother,—the springs of maternity would have frozen in her obdurate breast, and chilled the innocent lips that nestled to it for sustenance!

Having chosen the army for a profession, much against the inclination of my kind parents, who, still acting on the very reasonable supposition, that if a youth is thwarted in the first ardent aspiration he conceives, he never settles to his heart's content to anything else, a commission was purchased for me, by them, in a regiment about to leave for that certain field of death or promotion—the South of Africa.

Previously to leaving my native country for an indefinite number of years—perhaps, indeed, never to return to it—I was seized with an irrepressible desire to revisit my birthplace, to bear away to a foreign clime a renewed memory of the dear and precious scenes of a remarkably happy childhood, and also to behold once more the sweet, artless, companion of them.

As my time was limited, and the journey tedious, my friends, naturally anxious to have my society to the last moment, endeavoured to dissuade me from such romantic folly. But what was at first only a vague wish, became, by opposition, an unappeasable appetite, which must now be gratified at any cost—"a literal *mal du pays.*" So off I set for dear, *dear* Laindon.

On reaching the well-remembered inn, where the coach stopped, my first pleasure was to find the same kind-hearted landlord, who, with his wife and family, was quite well, and prosperous. After a few hurried questions on both sides, I hastened to the shrine I had undertaken such a pilgrimage to bow down before—the house in which I was born—and inexpressible was my delight to find it the same in every respect as it was in those days of blissfulness—days, I felt more forcibly every moment of my life, were to be sincerely and deeply regretted—days of innocence and peace, never, never to return—days of *infancy!* The sacrilegious hand of improvement had not reached that beloved dwelling; the colour of the door and window-shutters had not been changed—the same sort of flowers, common enough, but rare exotics in the parterre of remembrance, were growing in the front garden—the old elm trees were trimmed as sprucely and formally as ever before it, and the *one* palisade was still missing which I had chopped away with my little hatchet, in the mischievousness of infantile ignorance—what ought to have cost me a tear of penitent sorrow *then*, wrung from me a tear of the sweetest pleasure *now*, for I wept over that relic of former times long and fondly. Then casting my eyes up to the chamber windows, I said,—

"That casement arched with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of Heaven conveyed."

All looked, in fact as if I had only gone to bed on the preceding evening, to be awakened by the early sunbeam, or my mother's kiss, both equally warm, bright, and exhilarating. Yet a lapse of five years had intervened, not much out of "threescore years and ten"—man's allotted period,—but immense in vastness in the imagination of a mere boy.

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After this delicious survey of the house I oved so infinitely more than our present baronial mansion—the only one I should ever esteem as *home*—I, naturally, from the association of ideas, bethought myself of Gertrude Alymer, and, from having found no alteration here, expected to find none in her; I forgot that I had changed myself.

A short time served to destroy this almost childish allusion! On inquiring for her, at her uncle's, I was ushered into a handsomely-furnished drawing-room, where she and her aunt were seated at needle-work. She knew me in a moment. I had had no griefs to sharpen my features—rob my cheeks of their bloom, nor my eyes of their brilliancy. But, alas! how was she altered! Instead of the laughing seraph I had left, I beheld a tall, thin, melancholy-looking girl, who had evidently outgrown her strength, and whose large hollow eyes filled with tears at my sudden and unexpected appearance, and who yet seemed unaccountably afraid to display this very natural emotion, allowing them to steal noiselessly down her pale face, and drop into her bosom.

"You have been ill, dearest Gertrude!" I exclaimed, taking her hand with the fondness of a brother—"very, *very* ill, I am confident. Oh! why did you not inform my mother of it? She always loved you."

"Don't fill her head with such nonsense, young man," exclaimed her aunt angrily, ere the poor timid thing had summoned resolution to reply to my kindness—"she can't be very ill with such an appetite, I'm sure, and so you would say, if you saw her eat."

Without condescending to answer the horrid creature, whose character I instantly divined, I said, "Put on your bonnet, Gertrude, and let us take a stroll together—it is a lovely afternoon, and the walk will do you good. Besides, I long to talk to you about old times, and our dear mothers."

She cast an imploring glance at her aunt, who, understanding it, observed, with a malicious grin,—"O! pray go, miss, if you're not ashamed of gadding about with a parcel of strange young fellows.—But, recollect, if you're not home in time, you'll get no tea here."

Like an emancipated bird, Gertrude darted out of the room, leaving me with her detestable persecutor, who, as soon as her niece was out of hearing, said to me in a tone meant to excite sympathy,—"Ah! Mr. Gordon, you don't know the expense and trouble that poor useless thing is to me. Parents ought to be ashamed of themselves to bring such paupers up with the pride and fantasticalness of fine ladies—those who *have* large fortunes don't give themselves half so many airs and graces. If Mr. Alymer, indeed, had come into a fine property, like your father, or even taken proper care of what he had, he might have been pardoned for bringing up his daughter in idleness—but I have no patience to be forced, out of my own money, to find food and raiment for a creature who can't mend a stocking."

Gertrude's return fortunately prevented my giving vent to the burst of honest indignation which almost choked me, as it would only have recoiled fourfold on the defenceless orphan.

Affectionately linked arm-in-arm, we walked with a slow thoughtful step over every scene endeared to us both from infancy. There was the same identical, *apparently* rotten plank, forming an apology for a bridge, over the little brawling brook, with its shining white pebbles lying at its bottom, which had so often tempted us to wet our hands, even in winter, too, to secure for ducks and drakes; and which, for the sake of dear by-gone days, I offered to assist Gertrude over. She smiled faintly at my attention, observing,—"Ah! George, I have crossed it, since you left, a thousand times without assistance, but never without augmenting its beloved stream with a tear."

Trying to inspire her with some of my own enthusiasm, I recalled many, many childish anecdotes to her recollection, connected with this little insignificant stream, which appeared to us to be a perfect cataract in our young imaginations, rushing over its large stones with a snowy foam. But, alas! her spirits had been too long and cruelly subdued, to rise elastic at the wish of even the fondest friendship. And sympathising in her depression, every thing gradually became changed and gloomed around; and sitting down pensively in a retired part of an old hazel copse, on the same knoll on which we had sat hour after hour together, in the summer afternoons, wreathing wild flowers, I learnt the saddest tale of unmerited suffering it has ever been my hap to listen to.

(*To be continued.*)

DRAMA.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

This theatre, in its time, has witnessed many changes—Comedy, Opera, Tragedy, Farce, and now, though last, not least, "the riders, the riders!" As the American Amphitheatre of Dramatic Spectacle and American wonders, it bids fair to become very attractive; the united efforts of Van Amburgh and Mr. Carter, the Lion King, being called into requisition. Here the brute creation are taught civility, and the fiery Pegasus docility. The equestrian wonders we were wont to witness in years gone by cannot soon be forgotten by those who had witnessed them; nor would it be easy to obliterate in comparison the dramatic spectacles that were nurtured and sent forth from the same school. The attempt of the American masters, therefore, as successors, must necessarily be attended with no small difficulty to establish a respectable impression—and that, too, in a building not originally intended for such purposes. But their efforts have been wonderfully successful as regards the performances they have produced, and the performers, biped and quadruped, they have engaged. The spectacle, *Aslar and Ozines; or, the Lion Hunters of the Burning Zaura*, was, in matter, superior, and was much better played, than we have at all times been accustomed to witness. The scenery, decorations, processions, and all the *et ceteras* of the spectacle character were of the first order, and the feats of familiarity of man with the wild beasts are introduced in the most astounding form. The business of the arena for the feats of equestrianism, is very clevcrly constructed on the stage, after the dramatic performance has been concluded. In the interim, Mr. Sweeney, the celebrated Virginny Banjo player, performs wonders upon his rude instrument, accompanying himself in two comic nigger melodies; and Mr. Derious does a curious trick which he calls "La Truncka Hispaniola." The horsemanship was very excellent, and altogether the night's entertainment seemed very much to gratify a most respectable and crowded audience.

"THE LADIES OF ENGLAND," says a celebrated German writer, "are more amiable, lovelier, more industrious, and therefore better wives than any other; and I impute no small share of their superiority in these respects to their skill in the domestic accomplishments of ornamental and useful needlework."

Nor can there be now any excuse for inadequacy to these delightful occupations, since the publication (by Mr. Mitchell, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street,) of the Work Table and Embroidery Frame Companion—a Manual of all the accomplishments dependant upon the Needle—a splendid work—

—— "rich in its rainbow hues
And garmented in gold!"

The illuminated title, and the Arabesque scroll cover, are among the *chef d'œuvres* of decorative art. We commend this work as one of those few PRESENTS which will be always acceptable to the fair sex. Assuredly the namby-pamby verse and inane stories which so frequently form the staple of works presented to the younger branches, can neither yield them a high opinion of the giver, nor of his or her estimation of themselves; but that a compliment to elegant and industrious accomplishment is reflected from a work like this will be admitted by all. Extreme moderation in price is another characteristic of this work which it were unjust to the enterprising publisher to lose sight of.

Polytechnic Institution.—We recommend all ladies, either resident in London, or if only visiting the metropolis, to inspect Mr. Beard's process of photographic portraits at this Institution, or at either of his other establishments in Parliament-street and King William-street, City. The great improvements which have been made, at an immense outlay, render the likenesses so perfect, that they must afford complete satisfaction. The operation takes only a few minutes, and thus all the tedium of "sitting for one's picture" is avoided.

The Respirator.—It is melancholy to contemplate the amount of prejudice existing with regard to the efforts of science; but when those efforts are directed to alleviate the sufferings of humanity, and that prejudice results from self-interest, it amounts to wickedness. Why do not the faculty recommend the ingenious and scientific invention of Mr. Jeffreys? If they do not actually condemn it, why so reluctant to advise its adoption by those whose acute sufferings, from affections of the chest, &c., would be removed by its use? An examination into the construction of this curious instrument will be sufficient to convince most persons of its utility. Science has long since provided climate for vegetable life, and different modes of sustaining delicate plants in the unequable temperature of this country, have much engrossed the attention of men of research—the improved methods of heating our hot-houses testifies to their success. But it remained for Mr. Jeffreys to conceive the grand idea, and to provide a plan for adapting climate to the delicate plants of the animal kingdom; not, as in the other case, by heating a building to a certain temperature, but by giving the individual an atmosphere suited to his constitution, and which he could carry with him wherever his business might demand his presence. This was the more difficult task, and this Mr. Jeffreys accomplished. We speak not of the merits of this scientific and beautiful instrument from mere hearsay—we are in constant communication with a gentleman who owes his life to its use, and whose feeling of humanity for persons suffering as he did, prompts him at all times to give the Respirator his unqualified recommendation.

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PLATE I

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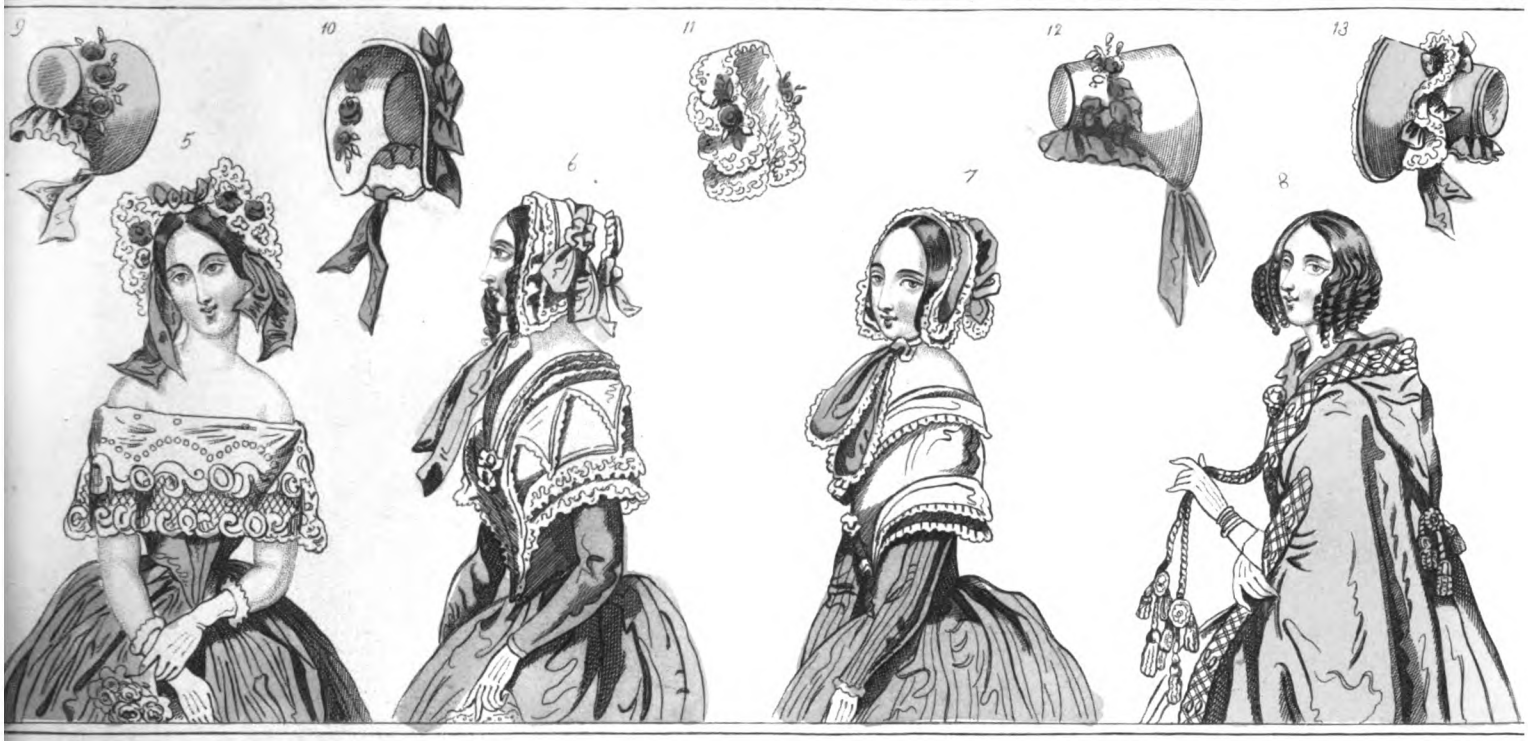




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SERENADE.

THE POETRY WRITTEN BY T. H. JUN.; THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY DAVID LEE.

Allegretto moderato.

p *cres.*

8va. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *loco.*

The glas - sy a - zure of the lake, Re-

pp

flect - ing ha-los from the moon, The glass - y a-zure of the lake Re - flect-ing ha-los

from the moon, Re-flect-ing ha - los from the moon, Seems anx - ious lest my

pp

lentando.

song a - wake the slumb'ring peace of vesper's noon.

8vas. ad lib.

morendo.

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SECOND VERSE.

The still serenity of heaven,
The placid stars that deck her sky,
Say, that my Rosa's voice was given
To charm this hour with melody:
Then sing, my love, some grateful strain,
And Oh! ne'er cease,—but sing again.

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THE LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, AND MUSIC.

EMBELLISHED WITH MUSIC, ARRANGED WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, HARP, AND GUITAR.

MARCH, MDCCCXLIII.

THE FIRST AND THE LAST.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

(*Concluded from page* 16.)

"Oh, George!" she continued, after having detailed her misery, from her mother's death, "if the mere necessaries of life were all that persons requisite to render them happy, how few would be objects of commiseration!—Yet even those are dealt out to me with a grudging hand. But there are a thousand things besides bread and meat requisite to make existence tolerably comfortable, setting aside any too exalted idea of terrestrial felicity,—the kind word—the endearing smile—the glance of sympathy—the consciousness of mutual interest;—the want of these makes my soul heavy within me;—my heart is like a scroll shrivelled in the fire, lacking the limpid stream of affection to refresh and irrigate it.

"Ah, me! few are my joys, and scanty are my smiles; yet I sometimes have a short gleam of happiness dart over my gloomed mind, as a sunbeam will steal occasionally into the darkest cavern; but, like a seedling in the shade, it languishes and fades for want of the fostering rays of kindness, until it vanishes for ever.

"*You* cannot think what it is to open the eyes of a morning, after having dreamt of your mother; nay, felt her very kiss, and heard her voice in a soft whisper blessing you, and seen her eyes smiling upon you, so that their light struck to your heart, it was so glorious—to find that a phantasy had mocked you,—to find your mother was cold in the grave—that her voice was mute—her eye dim; and that there was none now to kiss you, or bless you, or to look fondly on you; but all that was left for you was to exclaim, in the bitterness of your soul, 'Oh! another day am I kept from her, and heaven; Lord, give me patience to bear it!'

"I do not know of what advantage sensibility may be to the rich and fortunate, but I do know, alas! that it is the bane of the poor and dependent. My aunt says I have no business with *nerves*, sensations, emotions, *resentments;* that they are luxuries only for the wealthy and idle. But if the wealthy feel them as acutely as I do, then are they to be pitied indeed: for I never knew I possessed them, until her barbarity called them into play. Hourly do those cold, unfeeling lips profane the memory of my sainted mother, violate her dust and ashes, and torture her spirit in the grave, by taunting me with the errors of my childhood—my happy, deplored childhood; declaring it will take years to eradicate the remembrance of my early, and most absurdly foolish education, and make me a rational being. But, George, the grave will close over me, too, ere she effects such a transformation—ere she teaches this forlorn heart to think ever of my parents save with adoration. Yes; the grave must hide me first. Oh, would that it did!

"You will, perhaps, say, why submit to this tyranny? why not complain to your uncle? It would be useless; he has neither the inclination, nor the power, to redress the wrongs of his sister's orphan child. Absorbed the whole of the day with his professional avocations, and for the most part of the night in those convivial enjoyments he is driven from an unsocial home to seek elsewhere, he has no time to give ear to my complaint. My sighs would go up before him in vain.

"Besides, she is less unkind to me in his presence; her words are less bitter, her voice less harsh; she even tries to cheer the spirit she has *broken*, and tempt the appetite she has *destroyed*. And, God pardon me, if I judge wrongfully, for great sorrow makes us unjust; but I think he fancies, while she has me to vent her spleen upon, (for the rancour of her heart must have an outlet,) he will be spared its malignity.

"Then you may say again, why not seek for a situation, according to your original intention? I have implored them to allow me to do so; but their worldly pride, and avarice of soul, will not suffer them to consent. My uncle says it would injure his reputation in the eyes of his wealthy patients, if his *niece*, his *only* near relative, were to quit his comfortable and luxurious mansion, to seek a precarious subsistence under the roof of a stranger; and my aunt declares, that I might as well become a menial at once—for she never could see the difference between a governess and a servant, for her part, and that she should be ashamed to own her husband had a relation so low in the world. Yet, I know I am a nuisance to them both; and they would rejoice if death burst the bonds they so unwittingly imposed upon themselves by my adoption.

"I feel every hour, for I am made to FEEL it, that I am, what Charles Lamb describes, with a sort of humour that makes me sorrowful—'A Poor Relation—the most irrelevant thing in nature—a piece of impertinent correspondency—an odious approximation—a haunting conscience—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noon-tide of our prosperity—an unwelcome remembrancer—a perpetually recurring mortification—a drain on your purse, a more intolerable dun upon your pride—a drawback upon success—a rebuke to your rising—a stain in your blood—a blot on your 'scutcheon—a rent in your garment—a death's-head at your banquet—Agathocles' pot—a Mordecai in your gate, a Lazarus at your door—a lion in your path—a frog in your chamber—a fly in your ointment—a mote in your eye—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends—the one thing not needful—the hail in harvest—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.' And I am all this; all, *all!* I, Gertrude Alymer! the idolized, the adored! O, George, is it not terrible to think of! most, *most* terrible?"

As she thus poured the torrent of her long pent-up feelings into the ear she knew listened with deep and holy sympathy to her heart-rending recital, her face was upturned to mine, and as I silently marked its ever-varying expression, I saw how very sweet it was—it was a face, indeed, on which "the dove sat visibly brooding." Mild, seraphic, and resigned, she looked as if she had communed with something higher than the gross beings of earth, and her glance upraised to heaven had caught the pure and divine look of its angelic inhabitants. While I yet gazed in the speechless admiration superior beauty always awakens in the boyish heart, a soft moonbeam, just rising from a dark cloud, and falling full upon that beauteous face, lent it an additional charm; and unable to resist its fascination, I bent my head and impressed a passionate kiss on her eloquent lips! It was the *first*—that is, the first that ever caused my heart to throb with the consciousness of exquisite delight. As infants, we had exchanged kisses every moment in the day; but that was done in the wilfulness of exuberant gaiety,—this, in the solemn seriousness of a grieved and pitying spirit.

Gertrude blushed painfully, and withdrew her half-reclining form from my embrace. She, too, felt that *that* ardent kiss bore no resemblance to the kiss of our childhood, Yet was I, alas! too inexperienced then to comprehend why we were both so agitated by so innocent an action—why I trembled, and felt my heart bounding, as it were, from my bosom—or why a flush should overspread that fair girl's face, vivid as the hue the evening sun flings over the snowy Alps—Nature's own mountains of alabaster.

Oh! if I had been only a few years older, I might have understood it was the first expansion of the germ of affection Love had implanted in our infant bosoms. Oh! that white-winged Pity had but whispered it to my quickened soul, how much more efficaciously could I have consoled that desolate girl!—what a field for rapturous professions her own artless confessions afforded!—for hopeful and sunlit promises of future happiness!—of exhortations to patience!—of certain felicity, when I should return to claim her as my own, and dry for ever the tear in her melancholy eye! I might have inspired Hope once more in that despairing heart—won its smile to her lips—its light to her eye—its warmth to her cheek, and its animation to her drooping figure,—had I

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only divined at that moment the hidden meaning of that thrilling kiss!

But, as it was, I uttered merely the most commonplace expressions of sympathy, in reply to her eloquent grief, a boy at the awkward age of sixteen alone understands; I wonder how she could weep, and thank me, and bless me as she did, for such barren pity!—I wonder how she *could*,—but woman's nature is so beautifully grateful!

When I had conducted her back as far as the gate of her uncle's house, "Dearest Gertrude," I exclaimed, clasping her hand tenderly between my own, "I really shudder to leave you to such sufferings, but it shall not be for long—my mother shall make a home for you,—I will not rest until she has obtained your uncle's permission for you to come to us,—he will not refuse so rational a request to the earliest, the oldest friend of your mother;—you shall eat of her bread, and drink of her cup, and lie in her bosom, and be unto her as a daughter;—my sisters will be your sisters—my father your father—and while I live I will be a brother to you—trust me, I will, sweet persecuted girl.

"With them you will soon regain your bloom and beauty, and laugh once more in the wildness of a buoyant heart. Come," I continued, wishing to banish her overpowering despondency, and also to delude myself with the idea that I had left her somewhat cheerful, "do not part with an old friend with those tear-brimmed eyes,—give me one smile to illumine remembrance when seas separate us, Gertrude!"

This allusion to my inevitable departure from England was the most unfortunate I could have made, for the tears, which she had until then suppressed with the greatest difficulty, now burst from her choking heart, and fell in torrents from her eyes, which to conceal, she threw her face on my bosom. I *feel* her there now,—I hear her convulsive sobs of agony,—would to God I had taken her to my mother's arms then!

On reaching home, after a most miserable journey, I recounted to my family the wretched state of slavery and dependence in which I had found Gertrude Alymer. I described her wasted health, her broken spirits, and implored my mother to hasten to release her from her misery, for the sake of the friend of her youth. To my great joy, all agreed that not a moment ought to be lost—that it was but a common act of mercy to rescue her from such oppression; and my father added, with an expression of sublime benevolence irradiating his fine manly countenance, "Thank God, that I am enabled, through his graciousness, to offer an asylum to the orphan! I never knew the value of money before. Oh! its possession is indeed a blessing, when it enables us to befriend the destitute. Remember," he continued, more immediately addressing himself to my sisters, "when Miss Alymer comes amongst us, let it be your religious study to make her feel at home and at ease in every respect—set a watch over your lips, my dear girls—neither boast of your jewels, your wardrobe, nor your expectations; for, to the reduced gentlewoman, whose feelings have been sharpened on the grindingstone of adversity, the luxuries of the wealthy appear a reproach to her poverty: but talk with her on music, literature, and every feminine accomplishment, and then you will find she is rich in all the superior treasures of the mind, indeed; yet, be not you *jealous* of them neither, for it is in the power of us all to derive and impart mutual instruction and improvement."

Never had I loved—never had I venerated—my father, so much as at that moment. What a fund of good sense and godlike charity was concealed under the exterior of a plain, happy-looking country gentleman! How many such characters may England boast of at this moment. Every rural district throughout the land possesses, at least, *one* such almost patriarch.

On my mother's promising to write to Mr. Robertson the first thing in the morning, I went to bed perfectly happy, and dreamt I beheld Gertrude strolling in *our* garden, linked in the embraces of my sisters, as fond, lovely young girls love to do, resembling the Graces in their sweet entwinements, and I was actually awakened by their imaginary light and joyous laugh. Alas! that dream was never realized—Mrs. Robertson would not resign her victim, and my mother was refused! This I only learnt some time after, for ere she had received an answer to her letter, I had sailed for Africa.

In the bustle of a camp—the dissipation of quarters—night or day, in whatever scene I was engaged, the pale, angelic, sorrowful face of Gertrude Alymer was present. Yet, such was my fatal procrastination,—the extraordinary ignorance of the real state of my feelings respecting her, and the too easy facility of youth to yield to every present seduction,—that I neither wrote to her, nor even very anxiously alluded to her in any of my letters home; although in the first I received from England, I had learnt that she was not allowed to visit my family.

I lived in a dream of riot and folly, and suffered *time* to glide on imperceptibly, without conceiving it was possible for it to be working me evil in its insidious noiselessness.

At the expiration of three years I was invalided home, having been wounded in the shoulder, which, together with gaiety and excess, had completely undermined my constitution. It is astonishing, when removed from the scenes of thoughtless indulgences, how rapidly all my former affections and purer ideas came back upon my heart;—during the whole voyage, every faculty of my soul was absorbed with the recollection of the young girl I had left struggling with such terrible misery. On the vessel reaching the Downs, I was put on shore at Deal, and, without intimating my arrival to my friends in Wilts, hurried off as fast as four post-horses could carry me, to Laindon.

I cannot express my anxiety during the journey—the sort of cruel foreboding that tormented me—the vague and indefinable apprehensions which swelled my heart almost to bursting. It appeared as if a thick mist had been suddenly swept from my mind, by some supernatural agency, and showed me, in all its fearful and startling clearness, my worse than folly, in so long delaying to inform myself of the welfare of a being on whom I *now* knew all my future happiness depended;—did not such culpable negligence merit a severe punishment?

Should she be dead!—I had left her so ill—so persecuted,—could so fragile a plant bow to the storm, and not be snapped asunder by its violence?

On the chaise reaching the gate, I beheld her aunt seated in an arbour in the garden—*alone;* for it was the middle of August—the same time of the year as my last visit,—strange coincidence! I leaped from the chaise, and without announcing myself to her, exclaimed, trembling with a dread presentiment, "Where is Gertrude Alymer? is she dead?"

"Good gracious! Mr. Gordon," she cried, recognizing me instantly, "where in the world have you come from, to ask such a question? my niece, *Mrs. Simpson*, was alive and well this morning."

"Good God! she is not—*cannot* be married!"

"She, is though, I assure you, and very well, too—wants for nothing now; and so generous to me, bless her!"

"Where is she to be found—for see her I must! Pray—pray tell me where she is living, for mercy's sake!"

"Well, really I don't know what her husband will say to all these vagaries in another man, about his own wife. I know Robertson wouldn't like it by no manner of means."

"Oh! if you do not tell me where she is, I shall die," I exclaimed vehemently, actually falling on the ground, from over-wrought feelings.

"Good lack, young man, how violent you are. But if you must see her, you *must*, I suppose; you'll, therefore, find her at her father's old house, down the village; but it's all done up quite new, and beautifully furnished,—you won't know it, I'm sure."

I stayed to hear no more, but tottering to the chaise, ordered the driver to take me to the house; for, short as the distance was, I felt it utterly impossible to walk there, my strength being perfectly prostrated by this stupendous blow.

On arriving, and asking for Mrs. Simpson, I was shown into the parlour—the *old* parlour which had so often resounded with our infant mirth,—where, seated by the open window, I beheld Gertrude, alone—*that* was a blessing!

She started up on my entrance, and clasping her hands together in an agony, exclaimed, "O George! you have returned *too late;* I am married!"

"I know it, alas! Gertrude," I replied, sinking into a chair beside her. "It is all my own fault—I shall never, never forgive myself—*never!*"

"I thought you must be dead," she resumed; "as I could not conceive it possible that you could so entirely forget the companion of your childhood, and be alive. But, perhaps your letters miscarried."

"No, Gertrude, no! I never wrote—a demon possessed me. I trusted to your early prepossession,—I thought you would *wait* for me—*remember me*, as I have you. For, Gertrude, notwithstanding my strange silence, your sweet image has ever been present with me—to be adored—yes," I continued, bursting into tears, "I love you—have ever loved you—must love you as long as I exist."

"Dear George," she replied, in a voice nearly inarticulate from emotion, while tears flowed in torrents unheededly down her pale face, "I do not know whether I am about to commit a sin in the confession your grief extorts from me, but if so, God pardon that, as I hope he will my many other offences.—But from infancy I have been attached to you—it was *that* shed a warmth over the wintry sorrow of my heart—it was *that* enabled me to bear up against oppression and tyranny—it was *that* furnished me with hope, amid scenes of despair that would have broken many a stouter heart.—But woman is so sanguine—so trustful—so full of sweet imaginations—fancies—

"'For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place:
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.'

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Look! I had my talisman, dear George," and she drew from her bosom a miniature of myself, painted from memory after our last interview. "I have worn this as a memorial of the *dead*, but must now wear it no longer; what was *then* a sacred remembrance, would *now* be a culpable indulgence;—I must not forget that I am a wife—that I have other duties to fulfil—other thoughts to encourage; and that with respect to *past* hopes—*past* affections, I must pray to have them cancelled from memory—erased from my heart. I have been thus candid with you, because I abhor falsehood and affectation, and because I know your *honour* and my own *strength;* as Gertrude Alymer, you might, and did love me—but you could not love the sullied Gertrude Simpson!"

"O Gertrude!" I exclaimed, "you surely will not endeavour to forget me—you cannot do it—all around you is pregnant with sweet and haunting memories of the past. Changed as this room is—I see it in all its pristine neatness and comfort—*there* hung your father's picture—*here* stood your piano—and in that *corner*, out of the way of our romps, was your mother's little work-table; I see her seated at it now—with her elegant form, and sweet face—with the shake of the head at our noise which was not reproof—

"'Twas here we chased the slipper by the sound;
And turned the blindfold hero round and round.
'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy ring;
And Fancy fluttered on her wildest wing.
Ye household Deities; whose guardian eye
Marked each pure thought, ere registered on high;
Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
And breathe the soul of inspiration round.'

And yet you hope to forget me, Gertrude—here, in this beloved room! Oh! you will find it impossible! your heart will rebel against such cold dictates of conventionalisms."

"I must try, George," she replied mournfully. "I MUST, indeed, try—and the Almighty may strengthen the endeavour." After we grew a little more composed, she entered more fully on the circumstances connected with her fatal marriage. She said, "she had no reason to complain of her husband,—that he was kind, affectionate, and considerate to a degree,—that she owed him every gratitude for rescuing her from such misery—which he had done as an atonement for his father's having occasioned it; he being the only son of the man who had wrought the ruin of her family; and who on his death-bed, amid the horrors of the most sincere repentance, revealed the source of his wealth to his noble-minded and miserable son—miserable from the reflected disgrace of a parent's dishonour,—exhorting him to fly to England—to seek us out, and make all the reparation in his power to beings he had so cruelly injured. Alas! they were beyond the reach of his contrition—happily beyond it, save unfortunate me. I, therefore, became the unique object of his solicitude, and never was a dying injunction so strictly, so religiously obeyed! Never was a buried father's turpitude so sweetly purified by the tears of a son! I do my husband but justice in this commendation—barely justice. Perceiving the state of slavery and destitution in which I was dragging on a wretched and blighted existence, he, from mere pity, and conscience, offered me his hand and ample fortune.

"Long, long I resisted—yea, while a spark of hope glimmered in my bosom for your return; but at last, goaded to desperation by the increasing cruelty of the beings I lived with, I took the dreadful step which for ever places an impassable gulf between us in this world.

"Yet, were it not for the early and deeply rooted regrets I have gnawing at my very soul, I might be tolerably happy with him: but they are only to be eradicated in the grave—to which I only wanted this unlooked-for return to propel me, with a fearful and irresistible violence;—my foot was on the verge of the dread abyss ere you came—you will see with horror the rapidity of my descent to its awful and untrodden bottom. My husband bought the dear old house, in the hope that familiar associations might restore my health and spirits—but they are the canker of my heart's bud of bliss—they only minister to the silent and incurable grief which is day by day, and hour by hour, consuming me—

"'There comes a day, when thought is like the steed,
The pale and phantom steed bestrid by death,
That rides o'er corpses;—
When memory is the curfew of the mind,
That only speaks to tell the hour of glooms;
Or—with the maniac whom "no man could bind"—
Makes all its dwelling in the place of tombs.'

That *day* has come to me, George!—And all my hope now is to rejoin my sainted mother in the realms of bliss." I listened to Gertrude without interrupting her, in the silence of a breaking heart. What, alas! could I say to her? I saw she was doomed to an early death—it was written on her wan countenance too legibly to dare to hope the contrary—it was in the look of her eyes, the sound of her voice—her every movement betokened it,—death was hovering round her—inevitable, *dreadful* death.

As a last favour, the very, *very* last she would have it in her power to grant, or I to solicit, I begged her to let us once more stroll together over the old haunts. Her husband was from home, but she thought he would not be angry with her complying with such a request.

Again we revisited every glen, valley and nook, where we had strayed so many, many times before. How did we loiter at the old bridge!—how did we linger at the stile ere we had courage to cross it, conscious that it was for the *last time* we should do so together! At length we reached the well-known hazel-copse, where seating ourselves in the hush of overpowering emotion, we simultaneously burst into a passion of tears. Not a question was asked—not a condolence proffered—we knew the cause of our mutual anguish, and knew it was out of the reach of consolation. I drew Gertrude to my bosom—her head dropped on my shoulder, and once more I gazed on that pale, seraphic, upturned face. Once more a young moon-beam lent it a supernal expression of glorified beauty, and resignation—and once more, overcome by a crowd of tumultuous feelings, I impressed a long, fond, passionate kiss on her lips—*it was the last!*

In a few months after she died in giving birth to a daughter. Finding I could not overcome the disappointment of all my dearest dreams of earthly felicity, and that my constitution was for ever shattered by regret and sorrow, my spirits for ever broken, and the fire of ambition extinguished in her grave, I sold out of the army, and, despite the expostulations of my friends, went and settled for the remainder of my days at Laindon, hoping they would not be very far advanced into the vale of years, to cast the lengthened shadow of misery over my blighted path; but, alas! grief does not kill—the heart is stubborn to yield to its stroke—it *bows*, but will not *break*. Eloisa survived Abelard for more than twenty years, but she never forgot him—she wept for him incessantly, and deplored him for ever,—finding almost a sweetness in her bitter woe—a blessedness in accursed wrong.

The only thing that rendered existence endurable to me was the almost paternal pleasure I felt in watching over the infancy of Gertrude's child. I cultivated the society of its father, for the darling's sake, and found him worthy of the warmest friendship. He was not jealous at the undisguised regret I showed for his departed wife—he even appeared to have a stronger regard for me in consequence of it. Her virtues, her beauty, and her early fate, made the constant theme of our conversation.

We met every afternoon, when, with Gertrude's baby on my knee, I used to recount to its father its mother's happy infancy, and endeavour to trace in its young face her own loveliness at that age.

"Ah!" he would frequently exclaim, with deep and shame-awakened emotion, "and *my* father blighted all that felicity!—*my* father sped her, and her father and her mother to the grave.

"Oh! if they have met above, have they pardoned their murderer? dare I hope that they could meet in that Heaven where all is forgiveness? O, my father! dare I indeed hope it?

"God knows, I did all in my power to atone for your crime—all, *all* I could to save the sweet creature. But the axe was laid to the root of the tree before I snatched her from those fiends—those worse than savages. Yet, yet if you had but returned before, a little while before, the drooping flower might have revived, might have rebloomed, nourished by the *dew* of your bosom, Gordon!

"It was only just previous to her death, that she confessed her long and secret attachment for you—yours for her—your last visit—your last walk together, and your last kiss. 'For,' she said, and despite the *paleness* of death, found still a *blush* from the invincible modesty of her nature, while she spoke, 'that until she told me all, and was assured that I forgave her, she felt as if she should bear away a sin beyond the grave, to cause her parents to feel a shame, even in their bowers of perfect purity.'

"Oh! if I had only known of your mutual affection before our fatal marriage, I would have undertaken a pilgrimage to the East in search of Gertrude Alymer's love—too, *too* happy at so small a sacrifice to offer retribution for my father's perfidy. But, alas! I only learnt it with her expiring breath.

"Almost her last words were to me, as I wept over her in utter despair, 'My dear husband, you have been most kind to me, most kind indeed, and I ought to have been more grateful to you for it. But God and your own conscience will be your reward. Be assured of this, however, if I had known you from infancy, as I did George, I should certainly have loved you as fondly. But it is in vain to deny it—to struggle against it—

"'I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanish'd from my life.
For O! he stood beside me like my youth,
Transform'd for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortune waits my future toils,
The *beautiful* is vanished—and returns not.'

"To you she gave her *last* earthly thought—her *last* earthly prayer; and, had you been

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near her dying bed, would have given her *last* glance—her *last* sigh; I, therefore, marvel not at your grief, at your despair, nor at your love for her infant,—cherish it for its mother's sake, for you have also an *atonement* to make to her watching spirit, for the procrastination which prevented her knowing that *love* which would—which must have snatched her from the grave, for it was her life—her vitality—its want her DEATH."

I could only clasp the infant closer to my heart, in silent contrition for my blind folly, as Simpson concluded, and register a vow in heaven to protect that babe, which I have *kept*, for I am now an aged man, bordering on the grave; and Gertrude Simpson, long since become my whole and sole care, is a lovely young woman, heiress to all my fortune, and is to be united to-morrow to one whose worth makes his sole possessions, but whom she loves, as, alas! her mother once loved me. I have consented to the marriage—I have given up all to make them happy—I have even deprived myself of the last remnant of earthly felicity, the heart and affections of Gertrude Alymer's daughter;—then, surely, surely I have made the atonement to her mother's watching spirit, her father said I must—writing those words with a pen of flame on my soul!

RURAL SONNETS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REGULUS," "THE CATHEDRAL BELL," AND OTHER TRAGEDIES.

FEBRUARY.

NEAR the "pale primrose," and, in long array,
Lifting their flags of truce to Winter rude,
Like marshall'd vestals of the older day,
Or white-rob'd nuns amid their solitude;
Lo! where the modest snowdrops deck the ground
With dove-like promise of serener hours;
In young and old, the late-chill'd pulses bound,
To greet these herald-chastities of flowers.
But flakes descend—or frosts, with spangling sheen,
Feather the boughs—or spread along the land—
Soon, the South winds revivify the scene,
And crops and meadows verdantly expand.
The birds now pair—the foremost germs unfold—
Mezereons blush in pink—the crocus peeps in gold.

MARCH.

Winter departs—as one whose swoon is o'er
Shows a faint smile where all of late seem'd dead,
So the awakening Earth, benumb'd no more,
Her earliest growths in Nature's lap doth spread.
Like plumps of verdant spears, above the soil
Bulbs, plants, and shoots, in elfin beauty, rise;
In garden-ranges busy labourers toil;
The day is fine—his task the sower plies.
The buds now swell perceptibly—the air
Softens—the forward lambs are in the field—
To treetop nests the clamouring rooks repair—
Gushes of freshness woods and pastures yield.
All creatures, now, the quickening Spring invites
To drink new draughts of health, and seek her pure delights.

Inner Temple, J. J.
Feb. 20, 1843.

ORPHEUS IN KENTUCKY; OR THE FORCED FIDDLER.

"Often our seers and poets have confest
That music's force can tame the furious breast—
Can make the wolf or foaming boar restrain
His rage—the lion drop his crested mane."—PRIOR.

CHATEAUBRIAND has a pleasant story, which we would not for worlds believe to be pure invention, however in our cooler moments we may suspect it, about the very gentlemanly behaviour of an amateur rattle-snake with whom he brushed up a passing acquaintance beneath the cataract of Niagara. In consequence of his great powers of tongue, his stinging sarcasm, and backbiting propensities, Chateaubriand and his friends very much dreaded too close an intimacy with this very showy-looking denizen of the woods; and as he was beginning to manifest signs of displeasure at the abrupt intrusion of an European party upon his privacy, it was the most fortunate circumstance in the world, quoth Chateaubriand, that one of the gentlemen in his company bethought him of pulling a flute out of his pocket, and trying the effect of a tune. Lo and behold you! this most cultivated of rattle-snakes forthwith manifested a very admirable *dilettante* taste for music—became charmed into quietude by the sweet strains poured from the Frenchman's *flauto magico*, and repaid the gentleman's double-tonguing by abstaining from any tonguing of his own, and suffering the party to proceed without molestation. We propose to hang up as a pendant for this fanciful sketch of Chateaubriand's a real fact which occurred some time since in the backwoods of America.

Ephraim Elbow, a Kentuckian of the genuine breed, possessed a talent which made him very popular in a thinly-inhabited country. He was an accomplished player on the fiddle; and at the dances with which the settlers cheered the long winter nights, each giving a rude but truly jocund entertainment in succession, Ephraim was sure to be an invited guest. He was a good fellow, and a merry fellow, and a capital hand at spinning "a tough yarn," a quality for which most Kentuckians are conspicuous; and when to this was added the rare talent of playing dancing-tunes very respectably on the violin, it will be readily inferred that he was judged no small acquisition to these rustic parties.

Upon one occasion it happened that Ephraim staid for rather a longer period than usual at one of these dances, partly detained by the potency and other excellent qualities of the liquor which was served by the proprietor of the log-house, partly by a little flirtation, verging upon matrimony, in which he happened just then to be engaged. As he was wending his way homeward, the first grey light of morning was beginning to peep over the Eastern hills. Ephraim had just arrived at an old clearing near the edge of the woods, upon which stood the withering frame of a dilapidated log-hut. Here he sat down for an instant to rest his wearied limbs, for he had danced and played all night, and to muse on the beauties of face, form, and mind, which centred in the future Mrs. Elbow.

Suddenly a terrific howling came from all sides on his ears, and imagine his horror when he found himself beset in every direction by an immense pack of wolves!

They had scented him from afar, and on they came at full speed, excessively pleased with the prospect of so savoury a breakfast. A flying assault of Platoff's Cossacks never produced greater consternation in the breasts of Napoleon's *militaires* at the retreat from Moscow.

Ephraim remained for an instant horror-chained to the spot: the next, he bounded up from the block on which he was seated, like a man struck through the heart by a musket-ball, and rushed into the interior of the hut; the door stood wide open, and he made a violent effort to close it, but its rusty and treacherous hinges gave way, and it fell to the ground. Here was a new consternation!

Ephraim had not an instant left for reflection. The foe was fast closing upon him. They howled, as it were, in his very ear, and with terrific loudness. Ephraim thought he had never heard sounds so loud before. He sprang upon a beam with a degree of agility which would make the fortune of Hervio Nano, the Man-Fly. The wolves were now in the log-house.

Ephraim sprang to a second and still higher beam; but the foremost of the pack had already reached the first. They were evidently bent upon breakfasting in the log-house.

Great as had been Ephraim's consternation, and hurried as his retreat had been into the interior of the hut, he had not deserted his beloved fiddle. It was partly through instinct that he had held both fiddle and bow firmly grasped in his left hand, partly through the esteem in which he held it, for it was a very capital violin, and a new purchase. To that violin, strange as it may appear, its owner was indebted for his life.

Ephraim was not much of a scholar; but as Tom Moore says in his cutting address to Sir Hudson Lowe, "perhaps he'd read or heard repeated," the well-known line:—

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast!"

At all events the thought struck him—and a lucky one it was—that it might be of use, and could do no harm, to try the effect of "the concord of sweet sounds" on the furious beasts by which he was surrounded. *Hey presto!* he struck up, with a nervous twitch of the elbow, the briskest tune in existence—to wit, *Yankee Doodle!*

The effect which it produced was truly miraculous. All the stores of the art-magical could accomplish nothing like it. The wolves gave over their howling in an instant. A while ago they were bristling with rage—apparently untameable as hyænas, and the frightful monotony of their howls was only varied here and there by an angry bark, as one of the most forward of the pack bared his gleaming tusks. In fact, the party became pleased and attentive listeners.

It was a curious audience for which Ephraim was developing the precious mysteries of his art. A Swiss at the loved sounds of the *Ranz des Vaches*, a Scotchman at hearing *Robin Adair*, an Irishman at the inspiriting strain of *Garryowen*, played in a foreign land, would not sympathise with the melody more deeply.

But the wolves were only too attentive, and too anxious to witness the manifestation of Ephraim's powers. The thing became frightfully tiresome, an "awful" pain took possession of his elbow and fore-arm, and the limb itself was ready to drop off. He found that his capabilities of endurance had never been so pinchingly taxed by a party of fifty country-dancers,

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as by a single pack of wolves. He could hold out no longer—he stopped playing for an instant. Growl! growl! jump! jump! One of the longest-tusked of the animals came within two inches of his leg at that last bound. Here was certainly a pressing call for the renewal of his orchestral labours.

To the diabolical fatigue of his elbow, a new grief was added. The morning was exceedingly cold; and Ephraim's fingers at length became benumbed—almost frozen. "Stopping" was out of the question—in two senses. He wisely continued scraping the strings; and the music which he elicited, though Ole Bull would scarcely have acknowledged it for legitimate, was considered very passable by his audience. Probably none of them had a correctly educated ear, there being no Italian Opera in all Kentucky.

Ephraim's visitors were resolutely bent upon having either the fiddling or the fiddler, and with the Kentuckian it was evidently a question of being eaten up, or continuing the music. Snap went string after string. Catgut is not indestructible asphaltus, and horse-hair will not last for ever. Another crack! Good lack, there is the third string gone, and the bass alone remains. That single bass-string was more valuable to Ephraim than even the illustrious bass-string of Paganini. But the few gruff notes which Ephraim was able to elicit from this string, were evidently dissatisfactory to their worships the wolves. Their ears were spoiled by the superior music which they had heard in the early part of the concert, when all the strings were perfect, and Ephraim's elbow almost "as fresh as a daisy." An occasional growl from his long-tailed critics made Ephraim start, and scrape upon his single string with vastly increased emphasis.

Just at this important conjuncture, when the party were beginning to show their teeth, and snarl pretty freely, like other concert-critics, and when the conclusion to which they had arrived, seemed to be: "We've had enough of it," a party of Ephraim's neighbours, armed with axes, on their way to the woods, made their appearance, and the wolves, to this luckiest of fiddler's great relief, affrighted by the sight of a number of men in company, made a precipitate retreat to the woods.

"I guess," was Ephraim's remark, when he had descended, "I guess I played a tarnation deal more this mornin' than if I had been playin' for a wager!"

PŒTUS AND ARRIA.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"It is not painful," Arria said,
As forth she drew the reeking blade
From out a breast, whose whiteness vied
With snow drift, ere the crimson tide
Of life lent it a sanguine hue,
That from her heart impetuous flew.—
(And sunset oft will shed a glow
As ruddy, on that stainless snow.)
"It is not painful, Pœtus, dear;
Fancy investeth death with fear;
Look on my firm unshrinking eye—
And learn of Arria to die."

"My wife! (Great God! and can it be,
There's mercy yet in tyranny.)
But for his doom,* I ne'er had known
Thy love, and thou hadst never shown
How deep affection's hid from sight;
That only death can bring to light.
My Arria! 'tis not pain, indeed—
Thus sweetly taught by thee to bleed!"
He said—and plunged, as if in haste
His heart deliciously might taste
The blood that tinged the dagger's tip,
Warm, ruby, bright as cherub's lip.
His Arria's blood! oh! thus to die,
He felt was perfect ecstasy.

Oh! does it aye require *such* deed
To controvert man's sceptic creed,
That woman's love doth never glow
Save when she is exempt from woe—
Save when she's lapp'd in luxury,
With not a tear to dim her eye—
With not a care to wring the breast
Where passion's pulses languid rest.—
More sudden not volcano's birth,
That long hath labour'd in the earth,
Unwotted of, nor smoke, nor spark,
Revealing the grim furnace dark
Where Nature, in dread mystery
Worketh her wondrous chemistry,
Than doth a woman's love outbreak
When dire misfortunes overtake
Her husband—how does she arise
Like Angel then before his eyes,
To speak of peace, of faith, of hope—
Teaching him dauntlessly to cope
With sorrow, anguish, and despair,
Want, misery, distress, and care;
To rise superior to his fall;
And find that there is *good* in all!
Adversity alone can show
The fervour of affection's glow,
Striking the rock to wake the spring,
Whose water, sweet and nourishing,
Sustains the fainting, sinking heart,
And strength and vigour doth impart,
When it elastic springs again
Above the pressure of each pain.
When man most needs her saving love,
Each wife will then an *Arria* prove;
And that is when all else doth fail,
And Fortune's sun begins to pale,
She bids him look beyond this world,
Scorning the dart that sorrow hurl'd,
And fix the wishes of his breast
Where all is joy, and peace, and rest.
Oh! more than Roman Arria, she
Who thus guides to Eternity.

* Claudius the Roman Emperor.

NATIONAL JOINT-STOCK LINEN COMPANY.—The Directors of this Company, whose operations have for a considerable time occasioned alarm in the linen trade, have at length adopted a step calculated to crush effectually the opposition they have had to encounter. A short history of the Company, which is not very generally known on this side of the Irish Channel, may prove interesting to many of our readers. The National Joint-Stock Linen Company was founded in the early part of the year 1816, by a number of merchants and gentlemen in Ireland, who had been connected with the linen trade, for the purpose of purchasing the finest yarn that could be procured, and the manufacturing linen of a superior fabric, on an extended scale, for the British and foreign markets. Extensive premises, with machinery of the latest improvements, were erected at Lisburn, in the adjacence of grounds beautifully adapted for bleaching; a part of Ireland which, for a long period, has been noted for its linen fabrics. This scheme was, however, met by a determined opposition from the Irish manufacturers, as the Company's articles were found to be so superior in quality, that competition against them would be fruitless. Finding this to be the case, many of the old mill-owners turned their attention to imitating the fabrics of the National Linen Company; and by introducing a large portion of cotton into their goods, were enabled, for a time, to undersell them in the markets. Several of them even went so far as to copy some of the designs of the Company's table linen, which had cost the proprietors a large outlay of capital to produce; and by this means they were enabled still to hold possession of the retail trader, who, for the sake of large profits, was not over nice as to the genuine character of his goods. This species of opposition could not last against the large capital with which the Company were armed; and in order to put an end to it, the Company determined to open warehouses in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, for the disposal of their goods at the wholesale prices, and in quantities that would suit every class of purchasers. In doing this their object has been not so much for present gain, as to bring their linen into notice; and for the superiority of the yarn, and peculiarity of manufacture, there can be little doubt their goods will very shortly supersede all other fabrics of the kind. The Company's London premises are at the bottom of Fleet-street, opposite Waithman's, where they are at present exhibiting the largest stock of linens ever brought together in a single warehouse; that being the principal article to which their attention is directed. The prices are such as to excite astonishment, even in these days of cheap manufacture, at the low ebb at which the value of human labour must be reduced in Ireland.

FROM

OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS,
February 24, 1843.

CHERE AMIE,—

In materials the most elegant are *brocarts* of gold or silver, watered *lampas*, watered silks *glacé* with silver, and velvet *Benvenuto Cellini*, which surpasses in richness all others; *damas* of every description, particularly those of blue or pink ground, with silver flowers; satins with velvet stripes, with all kinds of *brochés*, *veloutés*, and *satinés*, with silks and gauze of all descriptions. Great numbers of ball dresses of muslin or gauze are embroidered *au crochet*; some as headings to four deep tucks, others edging triple skirts. Satins, white *brochés* with gold or silver, some of which are intermixed with coloured embroidery, have met with much success for ball dresses; watered silks, in pink or blue, are *glacé* with silver; *pekins* embroidered in lively colours, resembling artificial flowers, with beautiful *point d'Alençon*, are among the elegant productions of the moment. Muslins and gauzes, also embroidered *au crochet* in pretty patterns; some heading four deep tucks, others edging the triple skirts; and a still lighter material is made for young ladies, called *le vent tissu*. Two young ladies recently appeared in this aërial material, which was spotted with silver; a silver *cordelière* confined the folds of the Grecian *corsage*, and the bottom of the skirt, which was full, had three rows of silver cord; short sleeves with jockeys edged with silver, and a wreath of blue *camellias* with diamond centres completed their *toilettes*.

Figured materials are worn, but plain *tissus* are preferred. We have also seen some satin dresses with double skirts in two shades, the upper one, for instance, of azure blue and the lower one white, the upper one being raised a very little by a large moss rose, or *camellia*, with diamond centre, *corsage* with *revers* corresponding, and sleeves confined in the same style, and rich trimmings of lace. Some dresses have *berthes* on the *corsage*, of the same material as the dress, fluted.

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In full dress robes are being made still long both in body and skirts, the former, particularly, have very deep points in front, and the bottom of the back is rounded and long, which gives them the name *à la Marie Antoinette;* the *corsages à la Chatelaine* are very long waisted, and those *à la Montespan* are with point both before and behind.

Skirts are not worn so much extended by the under one; the happy medium is now the object to accomplish between the flat and the very *bouffant* which has lately been fashionable.

Ball dresses of pink satin are ornamented at the bottom of the skirt with three rows of gimp trimming; the body is pointed, with small *pelerine* forming *berthe* edged with gimp, and short sleeves; dresses of blue satin have trimmings down the skirt of *chenille* and bugles; tight bodies with *berthe* of *chenille*, short sleeves, tight at top, and the lower part *à la religieuse*, raised in front by an ornament; dresses of very pale pink satin are also trimmed *en tablier*, with *nœuds* of satin ribbon, pointed body with *berthe* of satin, edged with point lace; sleeves *demi longues*, rather wide at the bottom; and to complete these *toilettes*, *coiffures* of point lace, ornamented with roses or white feathers; rich turbans of white *cachemire*, ornamented on one side by a *bouquet* of roses, and the other with two lappets finishing with gold fringe.

Many dresses of gauze *lisse* are in two colours, such as green and pink, blue and yellow and even blue and pink have recently been made for ball-dresses. Many had the skirt trimmed with *ruches* of *tulle*, or quillings of ribbon, in reversed folds of two shades, which has a very novel effect; a *nœud* of ribbon with long ends raises on one side each of the skirts.

A dress *de demi soirée* was of green velvet, with high body open in front, so as to form *revers* lined with pink satin; the cuffs of the *Amadis* sleeves were also pink, and on each side the open skirt a double ribbon of green satin crossed, showing the under skirt of pink, terminating with a *nœud*. A *coiffure*, formed of a blond lappet, was attached to the back hair by a double pin of diamonds.

A fashion much in favour, particularly for weddings, is the dress of embroidered muslin, having the effect, from the embroidery intermixed with lace, of two or three skirts or tunics, or robes *à quilles*. The druidical trimming is very pretty for ball-dresses; leaves of velvet in all shades of purple, gold, and emerald, such as the autumnal forest tints; *tulle* dresses with triple skirts are finished with *dentelles d'argent*, and gauze tunics are encircled with cord, gold, brown, or *ponceau*, and crape dresses have *bouillonnes* of *tulle* intermixed with pink *pompons*. A very handsome and elegant style of dress is of watered or pink satin, with three or four flounces of *point d'Alençon*, increasing in width from the hips to the bottom of the skirt, attached to three separate skirts of lace.

Walking dresses of black satin are embroidered *en soutache* (braid) in front of the skirt, the body tight and high, with rounded point and tight sleeves; dresses of fancy materials are ornamented *en tablier* with *bouillons* of satin, and a flounce of black lace slightly full; *corsage* high, with point ornamented by a *bouillonne* forming *pelerine*, commencing from the front, and following the side seam and armhole, descends behind to the waist; the *bouillonne* is finished at the edge with black lace; the *bouillonne* is repeated on the tight sleeves, with jockey of black lace. All these *toilettes* are accompanied either with a *camail* or pretty cloak or *paletot*.

A new kind of *tulle*, termed *à la Fontange*, is very clear, at the same time that the pattern on it is rich, having the effect of fine lace; it is used for double and triple flounces on dresses of pink watered silk; there is also lace of silver and pearls made to place round a tunic dress of white crape, or at the bottom of a double skirt of *brocart* in blue.

Bugle trimmings on black dresses are very much worn; several of velvet and satin have *berthes* and *montans* of bugles, or bugle fringes of three different widths placed as flounces; and blond, which latterly has been so little used, is now reappearing at the Parisian balls, either for *berthes*, *engageantes*, flounces, &c. A new style of *fichu*, termed *fichus tournants*, are made of *tulle*, in the hem of which a pink ribbon is passed; the ends, which are very narrow, pass behind, forming, as it were, a jacket, confined to the waist by a satin runner.

With respect to the fashion of dressing the hair, we can hardly give any one as exclusively the style. Ladies generally arrange it as best suited to the countenance; *bandeaux*, plaits, *clotildes*, and ringlets falling below the throat, all are admissible when becoming, but they are usually now dressed high and wide, the back hair twisted and confined by ornamental combs; wreaths are much worn, and are of much variety, with *bandeaux;* they are narrow in the centre, enlarging at the ears, and again diminishing behind; large flowers are rather in favour this winter, and the ornaments for the hair are flat and wide at the sides.

Caps continue to be made small, of lace or blond; violets, or lilac and *aubépines* mixed with roses being the favourite flowers. A pretty cap forming *toquet* was bordered with wide blond, and ornamented by small *choux* of roses.

Coiffures for *soirées* and balls now occupy much attention; pretty turbans of pink *velours épinglé* have *resilles* and fringes of beads; turbans of blue crape *lisse* are made with two scarfs trimmed with point lace, and turbans of red velvet and *drap d'or* or *Mauresque;* and those of green velvet and *damas* have *resilles* of the same shades. A *coiffure* composed entirely of ribbon, the ends fringed, fell on each side the *chou* of hair, which was worn very backward on the head; the pretty *toque Lamballe* of black velvet in folds, on a crown of beads *à jours*, has on one side a *bouquet* of three roses, placed very much on the side of the head, but high.

The *coiffure Blanche de Castille* is composed of lappets of lace, placed on a crown of gold embroidered in beads, and raised on each side by two *nœuds* of beads.

The *coiffure Anne Boleyn* of violet velvet and *resille* of beads falling like lappets on each side of the cheek; the *coiffure Sevillienne* formed of a network of black bugles, the lappet of which being of the width of a ribbon, formed a *nœud* on each side, confined in the centre by a rose; the *coiffure Marie Stuart* has also reappeared, and the *toque Lavalliere*. The little *coiffures Ninon* are composed of three narrow trimmings of lace, attached to three small wreaths of pink *pompons*, united by a pretty *nœud* of precious stones at the height of the ears.

In Paris, where fashion does not enforce the dark bonnet for winter, as *de rigueur*, *capotes* of white satin with a single flat feather are much liked, as well as the brown velvet bonnet, also with flat feather or satin ribbon, and pink flowers inside. For young ladies, *capotes* with full crowns and close runners are ornamented with quillings of ribbon; bonnets of watered *paille* silk are ornamented with acacia and watered *mauve*, with a double poppy in *mauve* spotted with black, and green watered silk with bunches of many-coloured roses. Bonnets of coloured velvet are ornamented with *plumets russes;* and white satin bonnets are lined with pink satin, and have a single long white ostrich feather.

The *paletot russe* of *grenat* velvet is of the length of the dress; the *corsage* marks the waist, and is open in front with *revers* and small collar of ermine; the skirt is edged with ermine, and the long tight sleeves finish with ermine cuffs.

Since writing the above, one or two dresses have come under observation, that it may be useful to you to mention; one was of *drap vert*, embroidered *en soutache* (braid) on the front of the skirt, and ornamented by a row of silk buttons; the *corsage* was high, closing with buttons, and also embroidered *en soutache*, wide on the shoulders and diminishing to the waist, where it is rounded off like a *ceinture*, small collar also embroidered, tight sleeves worked at the wrists, and cuffs of lace falling on the hands, *col musculen* of cambric and little green silk cravat: little lace cap very short at the ears, trimmed with *choux* of pink satin. Another was of black watered silk ornamented on the skirt by two wide *biais* of black velvet, high body with *ceinture* and *revers* of black velvet, tight sleeves with double jockeys and cuffs of velvet, *ceinture* of velvet and small collar of *valenciennes;* bonnet of white satin with roses. An elegant ball dress was of pink satin, the skirt was trimmed at the bottom with three pinked satin *ruches*, *corsage* with point also ornamented with *ruches* on the shoulders, and short sleeves; and a small *ruche* is also placed at the edge of the sleeve; a turban of *gaze d'argent*, with lappets terminating with silver fringe, a pink crape with three skirts, vandyked and edged with *rouleaux* of pink satin; the under dress was of white satin, the crape skirts of unequal lengths are of different shades of pink blending one into the other; the *corsage* with point and *draperie* without join on the shoulder, formed *berthe*, short sleeves ornamented with *bouillons* of crape; roses and *nœuds* of lace in the hair.

Another was a tunic dress of plain *tulle* over skirt of the same, both of which were trimmed with ornaments of white bugles *à jour;* a *bouquet* of roses was placed at each corner of the tunic, and a rose confined the drapery on the body. Robes *à écharpes* are also much admired, and tuckers or *coulisses* of *tulle* or lace are frequently added to the *corsage*; they are sometimes finished with a row of pearls at the top.

A novelty, quite in character with our present fashions, are the *filets bouffants;* these *filets* are of white silk, of extreme fineness, used for the folds or drapery of ball dresses; *en demi toilette* is used a *demi fichu* in the style of the *fichus menteurs* of our ancestors.

The *coiffure Josephine* is in so pretty a style that it must not be omitted; it is composed of a gold or silver ribbon, forming a diadem in the centre, which may be worn more or less over the forehead; the ribbon is continued round the head encircling the plait, uniting at each side the throat the tassels which terminate it. Another pretty *coiffure* is composed of three *bandelettes* dividing on the head, and uniting above the ears with a tassel these *coiffures*. In pearls they are pretty with a rose placed above the tassels.

Au revoir,

E. B.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.

No. 1.—*Promenade Dress.—Redingote Amazon* of green *drap cachemire;* the body is tight and high, with small cambric collar *à chevaliere*, ornamented down the centre with buttons, with which it is fastened all the way down the skirt; sleeves are tight, finishing at the wrists with lace falling over the hands. Bonnet of *velours épinglé*, trimmed with *nœuds* at the side, and a long cock's feather, which crosses the centre of the crown.

No. 2.—*Ball Dress.*—Robe of pink satin, the body is pointed with drapery from the shoulders, with a fall of lace, and *rosette* in front and on the shoulders, and with deep point at the waist; short tight sleeves, with frill of lace round the edge; the skirt is ornamented *en tablier*, with lace laid on rather full on each side of puffings of blue ribbon. *coiffure* composed of a cap of lace, ornamented with small *rosettes* of pink ribbon; the hair is quite plain *en bandeaux*.

No. 3.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of *organdy*; the body is pointed at the waist, and has folds round the top; the sleeves are composed of *bouillons* round the top, and long ones *à la religieuse* looped up in the centre to the top of the arm; the skirt has four narrow flounces round the bottom, and loops of ribbon. The *coiffure* is composed of a *toque*

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of blue velvet, with long *marabouts* at the side; the hair is quite plain *en bandeaux*.

No. 4.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of *écru cachemire*; the body is tight, with frill of lace round the top, and *brandenbourgs* down the centre, which also continue down the front of the skirt; the sleeves are tight, with *manchettes* at the wrists. Bonnet of pink satin, ornamented with ribbon and a feather trimming which crosses the centre and hangs on the side.

No. 5.—*Ball Dress.*—Robe of pink watered silk; the *corsage* is tight, with deep point at the *ceinture*, and folds round the top; the sleeves are short and tight, with *sabots* of lace looped up with a rose; the skirt is ornamented down the centre with roses and *bouillons* of the same material as the dress, intermixed and put on *en tablier*.

No. 6.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of blue *mousseline cachemire; corsage à cœur*, tight and pointed at the *ceinture*, with small *pelerine* of *tulle*; it has a small square collar trimmed with lace, and fastens with buttons down the centre, is fulled in on the shoulders, and finishes with a double row of lace round the edge. The *coiffure* is composed of a cap or *fanchon* of lace plain across the forehead, rather full at each side of the face, and trimmed with *paille* ribbon.

No. 7.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of *paille* satin; *corsage à cœur* and quite plain, with point at the waist; *pelerine* of muslin, trimmed with lace, and forming folds on the shoulders; the sleeves are long, tight, and quite plain. Caps of lace, with three rows of lace laid on nearly plain, amd trimmed with lilac ribbon.

No. 8.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of watered silk; the body is plain and tight, with pointed *ceinture*, and *berthe* of lace, opening in front with puffing of ribbon; the sleeves are short and tight, with *bouillons* round the bottom, and finishing with a narrow lace; the skirt is open half way up the centre, with *revers* of lace connected by puffings of ribbon. *Coiffure* of white *cachemire* edged with gold lace, and falling at the side, is ornamented with a deep gold fringe. The hair is quite plain in front, and plaited at the back.

No. 9.—Bonnet of *paille* satin, ornamented with a *rouleau* across the centre, finishing with *nœud* and long ends at the side, and small flowers.

No. 10.—Bonnet of white silk, the crown is of green silk, and trimmed with green ribbon.

No. 11.—Bonnet of white satin, of an open form, trimmed with pink ribbon and feathers.

No. 12.—Bonnet of blue *gros d'Afrique*, trimmed with *nœuds* of ribbon, and lace veil.

No. 13.—Bonnet of pink watered silk, trimmed with ribbon.

PLATE II.

No. 1.—*Ball Dress.*—Robe of *tulle* with triple skirts over pink satin; each skirt is looped at the sides by a rose encircled with *tulle; corsage* with point, and short sleeves with *bouillons*, confined in front by a rose. *Coiffure* of hair in ringlets, with a rose on each side.

No. 2.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of grey satin; the *corsage* is pointed and ornamented with a trimming of *chenille* and bugles, which meets at the waist and ornaments the skirt *en tablier*; the sleeves are tight to the elbow, and loose lower ones, drawn up by a cameo. Turban of white *tulle*, the ends are fringed with gold.

No. 3.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of *paille* satin; the *corsage* is tight, with *berthe* of the same, finished with blond; half-long sleeves, rather loose at the lower part; the skirt is ornamented *en tablier* by *nœuds* of satin ribbon. *Coiffure* composed of lace, ornamented with flowers and *marabouts*.

No. 4.—*Ball Dress.*—Robe of pink crape; the *corsage* is pointed with deep *berthe* of rich lace; the skirt is open at the side-seams, and ornamented with an elegant trimming of beads and tassels. *Coiffure* of velvet, with lace and flowers.

No. 5.—*Coiffure* of hair in *bandeaux*, with *natte* across the head, and fancy comb with flowers. *Paletot* of green satin, with collar, *revers*, &c., of ermine.

No. 6.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of pink crape; the *corsage* is with rounded point and *berthe* of lace, short tight sleeves with *sabots* the same as the *berthe*. *Coiffure* of hair ornamented with *cordon d'Alger* and tassels.

No. 7.—*Young Lady's Evening Dress.*—Robe *à écharpe* of *tarletane*, the *corsage à la Grecque*, with scarf fastened on the shoulders by coral cameos, and meeting at the waist, is drawn together by a large cameo, the ends reach the bottom of the skirt, being finished with tucks, each edged with silver fringe; the skirt is ornamented with five tucks, each edged with silver fringe. *Coiffure* of hair in *bandeaux*, with bands of *cerise* velvet, ending in loops at the ears.

No. 8.—*Dinner Dress* of blue silk; the *corsage* is pointed and ornamented with lace *berthe*; short sleeves in *bouillons* with lace *sabots*. *Coiffure* of hair in *bandeaux*, and wreath of small flowers, cross the summit of the head.

No. 9.—Cap of muslin, with inlets and lace trimming.

No. 10.—Bonnet of gray satin, with trimmings of ribbon of the same colour.

No. 11.—Bonnet of pink *velours épinglé*, with wreath of small *nœuds* across the crown.

No. 12.—Bonnet of *paille* satin with feathers.

No. 13.—Dinner cap of *tulle*, with narrow trimming round the face, and *feuillage* crossing the head, with roses at the side.

PLATE III.

No. 1.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of *brochée* silk; *corsage* tight *à cœur* and pointed at the waist, the top is trimmed with sable; the sleeves, which are short and tight, have two *nœuds* of ribbon in the centre; double skirt, the upper one is open at the sides, and is trimmed with fur, fastening with three *nœuds* similar to those on the sleeves; the bottom of the second skirt is likewise edged with fur. *Coiffure* composed of two long ringlets at each side in front; the back hair is twisted, and confined with a fancy gold comb, and *cordon d'Algers* crossing the summit of the head, with tassels at the side.

No. 2.—*Fancy Ball Dress.*—Under dress of green satin; the *corsage* is tight, and trimmed round the top with a silver fringe, as also the bottom of the skirt, a little above the edge; tunic of purple velvet; the *corsage* is open to the waist, and ornamented with a gold fringe; the skirt opens in front, is rounded off at the bottom, and is likewise trimmed with a gold fringe; the sleeves are tight, with pendants edged with gold fringe and tassels. *Coiffure* composed of a *turban Grec* of purple velvet, with *Algerien* tassel at the back; the front hair is in *bandeaux*, confined with gold pins, and the back is in long plaits falling below the waist.

No. 3.—*Fancy Ball Dress.*—*Corsage* of scarlet velvet, with fall of black lace round the top, and deep point, with satin scarf, and gold fringed ends at the waist; under skirt of satin, with black lace flounce, and upper one of *paille* satin looped up at the sides with fancy cord from the *ceinture*, it is also put on below the waist and round the bottom of the skirt. The hair is in ringlets in front and in *nœuds* behind, with fancy dress hat, and *marabouts* placed at the side of the head.

No. 4.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of purple velvet, made quite plain and high, with frill of lace round the neck. Cardinal cape of ermine, and bonnet of *gros d'hivers* ornamented with trimmings of the same round the centre of the crown, and *bouquets* of velvet flowers.

No. 5.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of green satin; the *corsage* is plain and tight, with point at the waist, and *berthe* of point lace; short tight sleeves, with *bouillons* at the bottom, and lace *sabots*. *Coiffure* of hair in ringlets in front; the back hair is plaited, with *nœud* confined with a gold comb, and small *bouquet* at each side of the head.

No. 6.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of satin; *corsage* with stomacher formed of bands of velvet and gimp; the sleeves are loose, with jockeys similar to the *corsage*, as also the front of the skirt, which is ornamented *en tablier*. *Coiffure* of hair, back view of that just described at Fig. No. 1.

No. 7.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of pink satin; the body is plain and tight, with deep point at the waist, and *berthe* of lace; short tight sleeves, with *bouillon* and fall of lace. *Coiffure* of hair, plain in front and plaited at the back, with gold cord round the head and double tassel at the side.

No. 8.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of *paille* satin, similar in make to those already described at Figs. Nos. 5 and 7; the *corsage* and sleeves are trimmed with ermine. *Coiffure* of hair, plain in front, with *nœud* and plait behind, and *bouquet* at each side of the hair.

No. 9.—Bonnet of *paille* satin, with trimming of the same, and edged with lace.

No. 10.—Bonnet of pink velvet, ornamented with feather and ribbon.

No. 11.—Bonnet of *velours épinglé*, of an open form, with small *bouquets* and *ponceau* ribbons.

No. 12.—Bonnet of white satin, ornamented with small flowers, and *marabout* placed on the centre of the front.

No. 13.—Bonnet of pink satin, of a cottage form, ornamented with *nœud* of ribbon at the side, and small flowers.

THE NEEDLE:

ITS MERITS, IMPROVEMENTS, AND GENERAL HINTS FOR SELECTION.

A SUBJECT of by no means secondary importance is the *Instrument* wherewith the various kinds of work, heretofore enlarged upon, are to be achieved. This remark would be unnecessary, if in the qualities of NEEDLES there were little difference; but this is far from being the case. The original intention was to produce a means of simply and rudely uniting substances together; but the later improvements must have contemplated an imitation of the *sting of a bee* in its strength, combined with an exquisite and graduated tenuity.

In a manufacturing country like this, the efforts to perfect an article of such extensive domestic use and application would be sufficiently numerous, of course; but it is astonishing that so few have at length arrived at a desirable result, and that, in reality, only *one* has accomplished that which is of general adoption. To Mr. Walker, of Maiden Lane, Cheapside, we owe, beyond all comparison, the best make of Needles, and we now purpose giving the benefit of our experience by recommending their use. We find them to possess a remarkably smooth and brilliant surface; the points are beautiful, and are fashioned and finished on strictly scientific principles; and the temper is so fine as to surpass anything that has come under our notice.

By a singular accident, Mr. Walker was, we understand, enabled very much to improve the eyes of his Needles; and the circumstances are highly honourable to him. With the benevolent wish to assist the poor inmates of the *Blind Schools*, he made some Needles for them with Elliptic Eyes, on a plan which appeared to him to afford them facility in threading; but after a careful trial, they were rejected as unsuited to their use: this apparent failure, however, suggested to him an improved large ROUND eye, which, on trial, he was gratified

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to find, could readily be thrid by the blind pupils, even when the needle was of the smallest size (No. 12); and being found fully to answer the purpose, the article has been used since in the London and other Schools. These improved Needles were next characterized, to distinguish them from his other qualities, at the cost of, we are told, 1000*l.* for a set of dies, which produce labels with likenesses of the Queen and Prince Albert in relief, on coloured grounds, in the style since adopted for the postage envelopes. They were subsequently submitted to the Queen by her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland, then Mistress of the Robes. Her Majesty was so much pleased with them as to direct that they should be called the "Queen's Own" Needles, and at the same time most graciously forwarded to Mr. Walker a royal warrant specially appointing him Manufacturer in Ordinary to the Queen. These Needles have since received a greatly increased patronage, and they are shipped to all parts of the globe. To sum all into a brief estimate, the advantages of these Patent *Silver Polished* Needles are certainly most important. They act with mathematical accuracy: by a process, known only to their inventor, a brilliant silver polish is affixed to them; and their temper is perfect. It is impossible to say more in their praise.

The Elliptic Eyed Needles, although a failure in the first instance, are not without their uses, as they are found to be particularly suited for infirm elderly ladies, many of whom, eighty and even ninety years of age, after giving up sewing for some length of time, have been enabled to resume the pleasing occupation we so much advocate.

Mr. Walker's varied lengths we find suited to any and every purpose: for instance, we have Darning and Double Long Darning; Straw Needles for Milliners, Cap-work, &c.; Double Long Straw for Lace running; Sharps and Short Sharps; Ground-downs, which are still a little shorter; Betweens, with stronger points, a little thicker and shorter than Ground-downs; Blunts, still thicker and shorter than Betweens; Short Blunts; besides every other description of Needle, large or small.

Walker's *Hooks and Eyes* will be found well worthy of public notice, being made from such materials as will render them strong without being clumsy, and they admit of high finish. They are likewise manufactured by his improved machinery, either Gilt, Plated, Japanned, Lacquered, Tinned, &c., for military, or other purposes, from plain, figured, flat, or round wire.

We will conclude with a few general remarks.—The Needle is to be found in the palace and in the cottage, and is alike useful to the lady and the maid. It assists to clothe the infant and the aged; waking or sleeping, we are still surrounded by its labours. The warrior, the pleader, and the preacher, are alike indebted to it. In our dress, furniture and books, its effects are visible; and records of past generations have been preserved by it. It would be curious to calculate the distance which a good needle may travel for the service of its owner, or the number of miles of thread it may guide through its devious path!

And it would be further curious to form a rough estimate of the numbers of this apparently insignificant instrument in hourly use! The conclusion is obvious, that if it were no longer found in female hands, we must return to a state little elevated above the aborigines of Greenland or the Cape. All honour therefore to the Needle, and to those who dedicate their talent, time, and resources to render it, as far as practicable, *perfect.—Mitchell's Domestic Needlework and Baby Wardrobe Guide.*

LOVE NOT!

I.

Love not! alas, the fatal sound
I would recall again,
Or since 'tis breathed, would echo round
That word with cold disdain.
I fain would seek the young, the fair,
Who bound life's bubbling stream,—
And paint to them the anguished care
That crowns their transient dream!
Love not!

II.

Love not! affection's wreath will die,
Its fairest flower will fade!—
Dwell not on beauty's sparkling eye,
Its brightness time will shade:
Dream not of truth, for that hath passed
To gild some fairer sky;
A mockery sad, too bright to last—
Is Love's delusive sigh!
Love not!

M. C.

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

Glyphography, or Engraved Drawing. Edward Palmer, 103, Newgate Street.

The pamphlet before us, at the small cost of Eighteen-pence, gives a clear insight into one of the most interesting discoveries of the day. By the use of Glyphography, persons who can *draw* require no further instruction to enable them to *engrave the productions of their pencils at the same operation*, and from that engraving (as the matrix) any number of impressions can be worked off at a common printing press. While this invention holds out immense advantages in a general way—but which our limits do not allow us to particularize—there is one to which we must especially refer. We allude to the facility with which authors can illustrate their own works, and at a cost which will benefit the public considerably. There is no labour in the process; and the delight which we now experience in the works of the fair part of the creation, will be increased, by their being enabled, without difficulty, to embellish them in future with their own drawings; thus calling forth our enthusiasm by a display of combined genius.

The pamphlet contains a series of beautiful illustrations, as examples; together with full instructions for artists, amateurs, &c.; and we recommend the perusal of it to all who feel an interest in the subject.

London Friendly Union.—We foresaw the success that must attend this Society upon its formation, and cordially approving of it as we do, it gives us much pleasure to find our predictions confirmed by the Report just published. A Society for the promotion and encouragement of industry amongst our artisans, providing them with work, and thus enabling them to support their families without "the humiliating aid of charity," deserves to be upheld, and the high and noble patronage it has received must be peculiarly gratifying to the projectors. We see by the Report, that in 1841, £3,565 12*s.* was received for goods sold, &c.—while in 1842, £11,777 8*s.* 6*d.* was taken. Where so much good must accrue, we can only say,—go on and prosper.

The Saloon of Fashion, Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, is likely to attract great attention during the next, and following months of the season. The spirited Proprietor spares no expense to possess himself of the most approved and fashionable designs in costume which French taste can furnish. For this purpose he is now residing in Paris, but he intends to return about the end of the present month to arrange for the opening of the Saloon in April.

We are truly rejoiced to see, for the sake of suffering humanity, that the dangerous operation of Melanoid Tumor of the Eye can be, *at last*, performed with perfect safety. William Cooper, Esq., Surgeon at the North Ophthalmic Institution, recently removed one of considerable magnitude from the eye of a female, in a most skilful manner, the patient going on perfectly well ever since the operation. Mr. Cooper is, we understand, a nephew of Sir Benjamin Brodie, and he certainly possesses an ample portion of the extraordinary talents which distinguish his most eminent relative.

What shall I Present? are words often used by husbands, fathers, lovers, and brothers, with reference to those who are dear to them, and hitherto very difficult to answer. But now, the publication of Mitchell's Work-Table and Embroidery-Frame Companion, a manual of all the accomplishments dependent upon the Needle, resplendent in beauty of outward adornment—

"Arabesque and gold,
And every floral hue!"

and equally valuable for its contents, sets the dilemma at rest. This is the only successful attempt at rendering the subject interesting as well as intelligible. Not only in respect to the descriptive portion, but also the engravings (nearly 100) are explanatory, as well of the make as the form, and may be referred to in the Domestic Circle, and in Schools, as *patterns*, and therefore sure and lasting Guides. The price, for its moderation, is really marvellous. The publisher, Mr. C. Mitchell, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street, London, will send the work to any address, per *post*, *free*, on receipt of 3*s.*, or postage-stamps of equal value.

Artificial Flowers.—We have been highly gratified with the lovely display of these beautiful simulants of nature in the show rooms of Messrs. Ball and Co., Foster Lane, near the New Post-office. The choicest productions of French and other artists have been selected for the season with the superior taste for which this house has been so long renowned. The *tout ensemble* may be compared to the floricultural exhibition of Chiswick gardens.

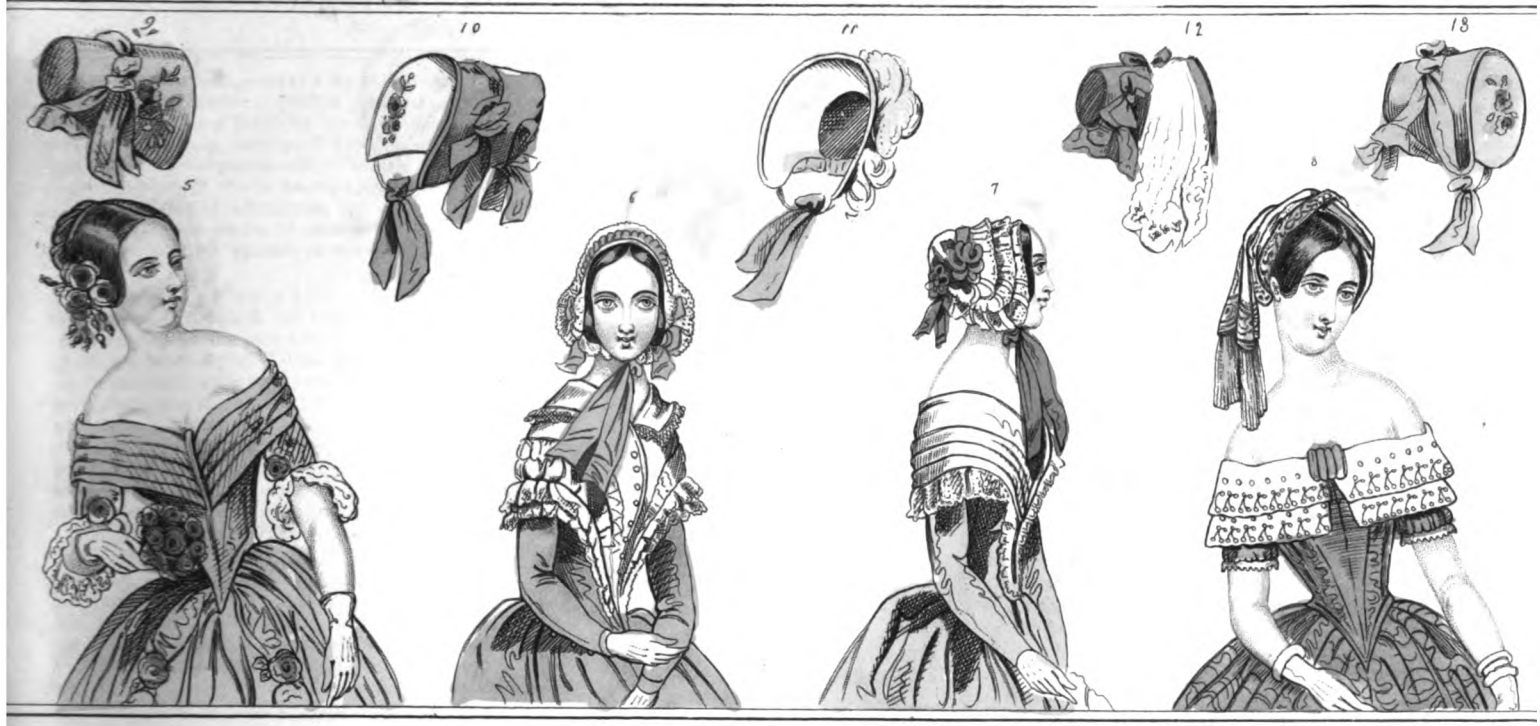
The Centrifugal Railway.—Talk about speed and travelling! Why, there is nothing in the world that can be compared to the extraordinary exhibition in Windmill-street. One hundred miles in an hour *without a stoppage!* Every stranger who visits London at this season should not return without seeing this wonder; and, at Dubourg's Hotel, in the Haymarket, they will meet the best accommodation, and be very moderately charged.

The month of March is, of all others, the most trying, as regards the skin. The rough winds to which our climate is subject at this season, causes chaps on the hands, and a very painful feeling on the skin of the face. As a preventative, there is nothing yet discovered to equal the Ointment invented and sold by Mr. Downard.—For its *very agreeable odour*, we should think the celebrated "Ointment of Spikenard" could not rival it.

The Patent Three-cord Linen Thread, manufactured by Messrs. W. & R. Smith, is recommended by every Lady who has worked with it. To say nothing of its superior strength and durability, the easy way in which it follows the needle, without the least twisting or knotting, makes its use a pleasure,—the invention is fast superseding all other kinds of thread for Ladies' own use.

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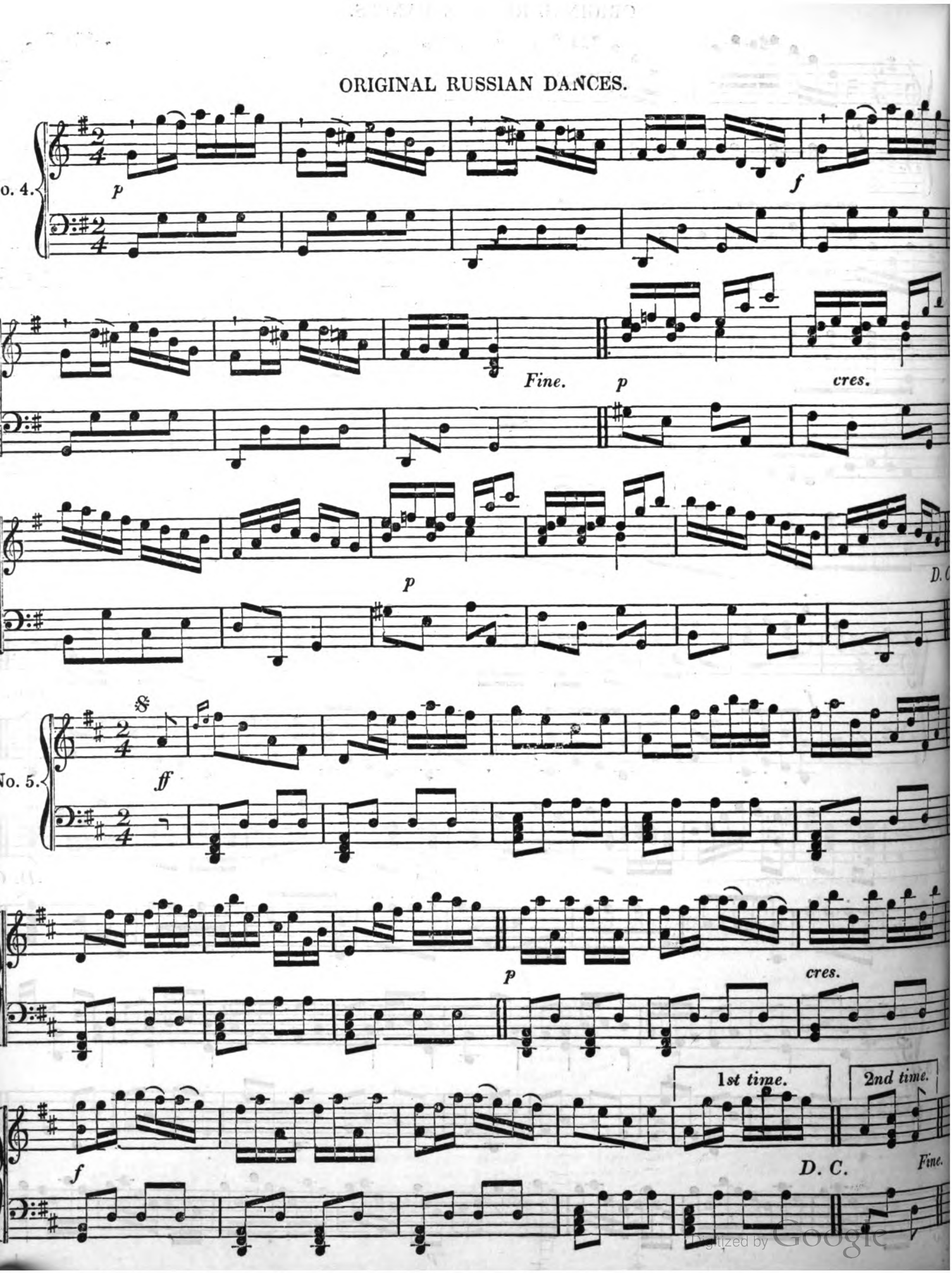


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THE LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, AND MUSIC.

EMBELLISHED WITH MUSIC, ARRANGED WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, HARP, AND GUITAR.

APRIL, MDCCCXLIII.

THE DUPLICATE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends."
MERCHANT OF VENICE, *Act* 3, *Scene* 2.

ONE morning, early in the spring of 1832, soon after the departure of a young nobleman who had been "sitting" to him for the last time previously to leaving for the Continent, Mr. Monson, an artist of great celebrity, residing in Orchard Street, was considerably astonished by the hasty and unannounced entrance of a lady into his studio.

He immediately quitted his easel, and awaited in respectful silence until she explained the purport of her somewhat mysterious visit. He had, however, but one idea respecting it in his own mind—she has come to "sit," of course; perhaps to present her picture to some favoured and clandestinely encouraged lover—one, in all probability, obnoxious to her more prudent and calculating relatives, who having survived the period when affection is everything to young hearts, she had had recourse to secrecy to avoid the cruel detection of their unpitying vigilance; by no means an uncommon occurrence with gentlemen of his profession.

That she was young, he felt convinced; not from her countenance, however—that being carefully concealed beneath an enormous poke bonnet, assisted, moreover, by a black crape veil, through whose envious folds it was impossible for the curious eye to penetrate, and which she never once raised during the whole time she remained. But he judged from her figure, which was tall, *svelte*, and graceful—her hair, one or two ringlets of which had escaped from that odious bonnet, and lay, like masses of tangled threads of gold, on her elegantly turned shoulders—he had also another, and to an artist, more positive proof still, that she was young, *her hands*, (for in the agitation of the moment she had unconsciously drawn off her gloves,) they were eminently beautiful, displaying to the greatest perfection the full, round, ivory fingers, with the roseate hue of the damask rose shining through the almond-shaped nail—tinting the soft, velvet palm, and rendering its snowy whiteness absolutely dazzling by the lovely contrast. While Mr. Monson made these observations with the rapidity of a connoisseur, the stranger continued standing in a state of painful irresolution; at length she observed, with a voice trembling with emotion, "I am not come to *sit* to you, Sir, as you doubtless expect I am, but on an errand of much deeper interest; I know that you are now engaged on a miniature of Lord Arthur Granville, and I want a COPY of that miniature." This was said in that quick, broken tone, which implies the speaker is fully aware of making an unreasonable request—one that almost provokes a refusal, and yet one on which so much real felicity depends if obtained.

"Is his Lordship acquainted with your wish in that respect, madam? Of course, he knows—"

"He know!" she exclaimed, interrupting him, in the most visible agitation, "Heaven forbid! not for the universe would I have him know it! Oh! no, no, no; he would indeed despise me then."

"In that case," observed Mr. Monson, kindly but firmly, "much as I lament giving pain, I must decline complying with your request. It is a breach of confidence I dare not commit—a picture is a sacred thing, generally intended as a mark of affection for one beloved being, and one ONLY—a mother, a sister, or a betrothed wife—"

"Oh! no, not a wife, not *his* picture," she exclaimed, in heart-thrilling anguish, "it is for his sister, only his sister, I swear it before Heaven. Arthur is not engaged; he will not marry—he could not marry, and I not know it, for I know every secret of his soul—I have read its every thought."

"If you are so intimately acquainted with his Lordship, why come here in this mysterious disguise, to tempt an old man from his duty? What would his Lordship think if ever he should learn that I had bestowed his resemblance on another—perhaps one he detests, one who may expose it to the gaze of every common eye? why, that I was a villain, unworthy of patronage, and a disgrace to that art which ought, and ever does, ennoble its true votaries. No, madam, no! I am nearly threescore — I have quite outlived the fever of ambition, the pride of emulation, the love and desire of wealth, the wish for worldly honours and aggrandisements—but I have not outlived, I never can outlive, the precious conviction that an unsullied reputation is dear to us, even to the grave; and the nearer we approach to it, the stronger that conviction becomes. I am within a few steps of Paradise—I behold its ivory gates—already is the hand of Gabriel raised to open them to the way-worn and weary pilgrim; oh! urge me not, then, by an act of base, unpardonable treachery to force the guardian of Heaven to close them with indignation and wrath against me."

"O Sir," exclaimed his agitated companion, deeply affected at the solemnity of Mr. Monson's tone and manner, and also the dread of a disappointment to her dearest wish, "I shrink as much as you can possibly do from the remotest idea of crime—but there is no guilt attached to my present request—it only springs from a grateful sense of obligations received from Lord Granville's family; and if you will but grant it, I will give you the most positive assurances that no eye save my own shall ever, *ever*, see it. Indeed, I dare not reveal to a human being the treasure I should possess—such a confidence would be my ruin. Then do not refuse me, I implore you—my life, my happiness, depend on obtaining that picture—I must, oh! I MUST die without it!" Here she burst into a passionate flood of tears, and clasping her beautiful hands together—the hands he admired so much—until their rose-tipped fingers became of the most violent crimson from the agonized compression, she fell on her knees before him, exclaiming in a voice of heart-thrilling pathos—

"'If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.'

"I am an orphan, poor, friendless, destitute; but I would starve, beg,"—then sinking her voice into a hoarse whisper—"STEAL, to pay you for that blessed resemblance."

"My dear young lady," said Mr. Monson, soothingly, completely subdued by her extreme distress, "why not ask his Lordship for it at once? he could only be flattered by such a request—and must grant it instantly—how, indeed, could he deny such a petitioner? It is the only way, if you really must have the picture, to spare us both the pain and humiliation ever attendant on deception; for, supposing we are fortunate enough to escape detection, can we stifle the secret reproaches of our own consciences? Can we banish the fear which would incessantly torment us, of being discovered? Think of the mortification—the disgrace, of its revealment! In you, young and inexperienced as you are, it might perhaps be pardoned as an act of folly—but, with these white hairs—with this feeble frame—it would be considered a crime past redress and past extenuation. None can imagine, until plunged into guilt, the horror that succeeds even the slightest deviation from rectitude—it is to spare you future misery that I reluctantly inflict the present pain. A time will and must come when you will bless me for the unkindness you now abhor; for the Almighty will not overlook the sacrifices made for virtue's sake, but will as infallibly reward you for them, as that I now stand before you exhorting you to rely on His goodness alone to attain whatever is best for you.

"But, good God!" he continued, with greater energy, "you are still prostrate at my feet. Ah! am I not old indeed, to be thus insensible

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to the common courtesies due to your sex? Rise, I abjure you, to spare me further regret for the loss of that youth which would have been so keenly alive to your present too humiliating position. Rise! rise, therefore."

"Never, never," she replied, clinging convulsively to his knees, "*never* till you have compassion on me—*never* till you promise me the picture, I implore at your feet."

"You have conquered—you shall have the picture, and for nothing, too; I should be less than man to resist your entreaties; I have not yet to learn—

"'When maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.'

"I combatted with your desire as long as it was possible—nay, assumed a greater degree of sternness than I really felt, hoping, by so doing, to turn you from your purpose; but, alas! I am only too rejoiced *now* to have it in my power to contribute in any degree to the alleviation of what I am convinced is a hopeless and unrequited passion for the young nobleman in question. I did not consider the request, from the first, in any severer light than an error; but that is the first step to crime, for you will obtain it by *deception*, and retain it by a *shameful concealment*. May the weakness I have committed in yielding to the commiseration which subdued an old man's heart, for the young and loving, never, never recoil on you, but may you either be virtuously blest in the object of your attachment, or learn to stifle an affection whose encouragement may lead to despair. Go! and be assured, that although I know you not by name or sight, my prayers will follow you, for this day you have created a warmer sympathy than I thought it possible my time-chilled heart *could* feel; and for that genial revival of past years I must take a deep and lasting interest in your welfare."

"Thank you, and bless you a thousand times," exclaimed the young girl enthusiastically, ardently pressing his hand between her own. "Oh! you can never, *never* understand how supremely happy you have made me."

She left an address for the picture to be forwarded when finished, enjoining the artist to the most profound secrecy respecting it, and departed without his having once seen the lovely face hidden beneath that huge poke bonnet.

In a few days the miniature was faithfully copied—dispatched to its destination, and its receipt duly and gratefully acknowledged by one of those elegant and graceful little notes, replete with feeling and sentiment, which only a woman can pen; and the romantic adventure, in the multiplicity of more serious avocations, gradually faded from the mind of the benevolent artist, when, one day, about a year after the occurrence above recorded, as he was seated in the same apartment, and precisely in the same attitude before his easel, absorbed deliciously in his subject, the portrait of "The Great Captain" of our glorious times, the Duke of Wellington, the door was suddenly flung open by a servant, and Lord Arthur Granville entered, conducting a young lady of exquisite beauty, which was considerably heightened by a natural and unaffected timidity of manner and deportment. After the usual marks of friendly recognition had passed between his Lordship and Mr. Monson, "I am come," said the former, taking his lovely companion by the hand, "to have the pleasure of introducing Lady Granville to you, as I wish her to *sit* for her picture—a miniature, the exact size of my own, as I want them to match; she will make a striking picture, I fancy, her countenance is so expressive."

"Most expressive, indeed, my Lord," rejoined Mr. Monson, bowing respectfully to the lady, whom he yet scrutinized with the eye of a true admirer of nature in her loveliest form, a charming and coy young girl. "But, really, I never beheld such a vivid complexion; I have no colour that can do justice to its brilliancy, I fear."

"It is very dazzling, I admit," replied his Lordship, gazing with looks of unqualified admiration on his blushing wife; "but it is more than usually so just now; it is the *first* time she ever sat for her picture, and she is a little confused,—come! you foolish thing," he added, turning fondly towards her; "there is nothing to be so bashful about; Mr Monson is most kind and patient, and takes most correct likenesses, as you know, from mine, love."

"Oh! I have no fear about *sitting*, dear Arthur, but—"

The sound of her voice actually appeared to have an electrical effect on Mr. Monson; who, starting back in undisguised astonishment, completely overturned his easel, and sent colours and brushes flying in every direction; whilst his palette fell from his trembling hand, and was shattered into a thousand fragments.

Fortunately the confusion occasioned by this unexpected accident, diverted Lord Granville's attention from his agitated wife, who perceived by his manner, that the Artist had recognized in her his mysterious visiter of former days, and was almost fainting with shame and distress.

Pitying her embarrassment, and also curious to learn more of her history, he observed to Lord Granville, "I think, my Lord, that if you were to leave us together for a short time, I should be able to sketch her Ladyship more satisfactorily, having always remarked that ladies *sit* with much less constraint, when alone with me, than when any friend remains with them; the too anxious desire to please destroys the natural expression of the face, and gives a stiff, formal turn to the figure."

Seeing his Lordship rather hesitate to comply with his request, he added, "I trust your Lordship will not consider me impertinent in making such a proposition; it is founded on long experience; and Lady Granville will be perfectly safe, I pledge my sacred honour."

"Oh! I have no doubt of that," replied Lord Granville laughingly, "vous n'est pas l'homme à faire des jaloux! But, remember, I wish her taken '*au naturel*,' with only her beautiful hair for her sole ornament; "On n'aurait pu voir une tête plus belle, plus noble, plus virginale. Phidias, pour sculpter sa Minerve, n'aurait pas désiré un autre modèle, n'est pas? mon cher Monsieur."

"It is exceedingly lovely, and *bien posée*," replied Mr. Monson, re-adjusting his easel; "I hope to be able to do justice to such perfection, my Lord."

"Oh! I am confident you will,—so, for the present, I will leave you. It was not my intention to remain after the embarrassment of a first introduction had subsided; but you were such an entire stranger to Bertha, that I thought it better to stay until she regained her composure." Here another crimson blush suffused the face of the conscious girl, which Mr. Monson perceiving, hurried his Lordship off.

As soon as they were alone, Bertha entered on her simple narrative with the utmost candour and ingenuousness, in the following words:—"I perceive, my dear Sir, that in *me* you have discovered the humble supplicant for a duplicate of Lord Granville's miniature; and I can, also, easily imagine your being somewhat curious to learn how I have since become possessed of the wealthy, titled, handsome and adoring original. I think it but due to your former kindness and generosity to inform you of every particular of an event which has elevated me to such an enviable position, trusting to the interest you promised to take in my welfare, to endow you with patience to hear me to the end.

"When I made that extraordinary application to you, I had never seen his Lordship but once—but that *once* was sufficient to decide my future fate; important events often requiring only a single moment to determine them!

"It was at the death-bed of his mother, to which he had been hastily summoned from Germany; whither he had gone in accordance with his father's will to complete his education, and it was the deep and unaffected anguish and affection he displayed on that mournful occasion, that awoke in my young heart, the strong, the unconquerable passion which tempted me to be guilty of the act of dishonour for which I blush before you—as an honest and and upright man—*now*.

"It is most certain that his mother amply deserved the regret and agony her approaching dissolution caused him, and the rest of her grief-stricken children; for never had parent devoted herself more religiously to form the minds of her offspring to piety and goodness; but is the harvest always so abundant in gratitude and love for the seed sown with the lavish hand of maternal tenderness? Is it the lot of every amiable, anxious mother, to reap the blessed assurance that her precepts and example have taken deep root in the souls of her children; and that her memory will be cherished and revered by them, long after the watchful eye, the admonitory voice, and the guilding hand shall have yielded to the tyranny of Death?—In fact, even from the grave she will have power to warn from evil—and to incite to virtue!

"Being a perfect stranger to him, and naturally timid, I did not obtrude on his despair; but, after her decease, shut myself up in my own room until the day of the funeral, which, contrary to the custom of the great, was attended by every branch of her family, every domestic, and every dependent.—Oh! the tears of the widows and orphans that *that day* consecrated the dreary vault which received their beloved benefactress! Oh! the groans of despairing agony that blended with the solemn tones of the organ, as the requiem rose for the departed spirit of the just made perfect in Heaven! Oh! the sorrow of my sorrow, as, kneeling on the cold floor of the sacred pile, I wept for the beloved being who had indeed been a mother to my motherless youth.

"The day succeeding the melancholy ceremony, I quitted Granville Manor for the less splendid mansion of my only relative, a maternal Aunt, who offered me a home for a time, not considering it decorous for me to remain under the roof of an unmarried young nobleman; and, in strict justice to her, I must admit that my kind, affectionate Aunt did all in her

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power to render me comfortable and happy; and truly rejoiced am I, that I fully appreciated her efforts, and most gratefully testified my sense of them at the time. Indeed, there is no mistaking a really kind and heart-inspired attention; a *crust* of bread may be bestowed in such a manner, as to assure the recipient, that *gold* would be bestowed with equal alacrity, if possessed by the donor of that humble gift.

"She saw that I was a prey to a secret anguish, and exerted herself in every way to banish it, by procuring me every possible amusement; but all was in vain—nothing could destroy the impression Lord Granville had made on my heart;—it became the one thought by day—the one dream by night,—the subject of the most extravagant hope—the most distracting despair.

"About a month after my arrival at Islington, in a letter I received from his sister, Julia, she mentioned, as a thing of no moment to me, as she thought, but merely as a matter of course in the detail of every other circumstance connected with beings so dear to me, that her brother Arthur had left Granville Manor again for the Continent; but that he was going to remain in town for a short time for the purpose of having his miniature taken as a present for her; and, with the undisguised freedom of a long and intimate intercourse, she expatiated on the delight she felt at this gratifying proof of fraternal affection; and actually named the artist selected for the occasion,—little dreaming of the ecstacy the account afforded me. From the instant I received that letter, until we met, I thought of nothing but how to obtain a copy of that miniature—how well I succeeded you already know,—but how grateful I am, and ever shall be, for the almost paternal manner in which you behaved to me then,—I can never, never make you understand."

Mr. Monson assured her, that he could fully comprehend her feelings on that point, and begged her to continue her story, which most deeply interested him.

"After her brother's departure, I received a most pressing invitation from Julia, now left sole mistress of the Manor, and guardian of the younger children, to spend the entire winter with her, in the country; an offer I readily and joyfully accepted (with the full permission of my Aunt). She received me with the most cordial affection; and in her agreeable and elegant society—and in the intoxicating reveries I indulged in while wandering in unrestrained freedom over the birth-place of Lord Granville, the scene of all his infant happiness—his boyhood sports—his youthful schemes of ambition,—the time glided away imperceptibly and delightfully; and, ere we were aware of its lapse, the early flowers of spring once more wooed us to resume our rambles in the woods and forests, in the neighbourhood of the Manor.

"In May, Lord Granville was of age; but there had been no intimation from him to any of his family, whether he intended to return to England to celebrate the event, when Julia unexpectedly received a letter from him, dated from Dover, requesting her to get things in readiness for his speedy arrival; 'for I am heartily wearied,' he observed, 'with the vain attempt of seeking happiness in frivolous pleasures,—young as I am, I am completely satiated with dissipation—disgusted with the hollowness of worldly friendship,—and am thoroughly convinced that true felicity is only to be found in the bosom of one's own family—by one's own fireside: nay, that it is a serious duty imposed on every man of wealth to reside on his estate, and do whatever good he can, by distributing it in his own immediate neighbourhood; and not drain his paternal acres to squander the money in a foreign country.—Do not imagine, Julia,' he continued, in a gayer strain, 'that I have become either a philosopher or a misanthropist, or that I am driven home broken-hearted by the scornful glances of some disdainful beauty. No, *Dieu merci!* I am *heart-whole*—my dear sainted mother, and charming sisters, having inspired me with too decided an Anglican taste, ever to bestow my valuable affections on aught but a fair-haired, blue-eyed, gentle English maiden.'

"'Ah!' exclaimed Julia exultingly, 'I always knew Arthur possessed a mind superior to the seductions of fashion; and despite my father's almost culpable endeavour to ruin his national feelings, by insisting on his having a foreign education he will yet become a steady, respectable country gentleman—than which I know no more admirable character; and I thank my God, he is also a sincere and humble-minded Christian, too, untainted with any hateful German *mysticism*, although so long exposed to its pestilential influence. But, by-the-bye, Bertha, where shall we find this golden-haired maiden?' she added laughingly, glancing at mine maliciously, which caused me to blush prodigiously; 'we must positively set about making *une catalogue raisonnée* of all *les belles blondes* we know, to submit to him on his return, and you, *ma chère*, shall head the list!'

"'Me, Julia? not for worlds! Indeed, I think of returning immediately to my Aunt, if you will allow me.'

"'Nay, do not think of going just at the moment of my brother's return, Bertha; it would look so very unkind. You know Arthur slightly; and if you do not exactly like him *now*, you soon will, I am convinced, for he is exceedingly amiable—an enchanting *beau* you must allow.'

"Could I deny that last assertion, feeling my heart palpitating rapturously against his very picture concealed in my bosom? Alas! I only knew too well how handsome, how fascinating he was! I thought I should have expired with anguish and disappointment, when, on his arrival, he showed not the slightest mark of recognition. I had not made the smallest impression, then! or, if I had, it was totally and for ever obliterated from his memory. No, no—I had been swept away, in the current of all indifferent things, from it, never, never to be recalled! O! would to Heaven I had gone ere I beheld him again! ere I had felt his cold glance of curiosity chill the blood circling round the heart that adored him! It was not the petty mortification of wounded vanity which caused such a sudden sickness of the soul, and drove me from his presence, to weep alone in agony and despair. No, it was the total and irrevocable annihilation, as I thought, of long-cherished, although most unfounded hope! How, on my knees, did I recall your parting words then—your exhortation to conquer a passion that might lead to despair. Not one effort had I made to subdue it—I had nourished it in every possible way—and now I was punished for it—for it had brought me to the despair you, with the foresight of age and experience, had predicted; at least, so I most fully considered at that miserable moment; and grateful I am, at having, by the sufferings I then endured, expiated in some degree for the offence of my act of deception.

"'Who is that very beautiful girl?' he exclaimed to his sister, as soon as I had quitted the room.

"'Why! Bertha St. Julian—have you really forgotten her?'

"'Forgotten! I have no recollection of ever having seen her until this moment.'

"'She was here,' replied Julia, sinking her voice into that holy and subdued whisper, which any allusion to the revered dead ever inspires bereaved affection to mention it in, 'when our blessed mother expired; she it was whom you desired, with the inconsiderateness of grief, so abruptly to move out of your way, when you wished to embrace her for the last time on earth. For it was poor Bertha who was weeping in such uncontrollable agony near our mother's pillow,—have you forgotten all that, dear Arthur?'

"'No—I do remember something of a young girl in tears, now you remind me of it, whom, however, from her close and unwearied attendance of the precious invalid, I really took for a mere domestic. How absorbed must I have been in my own grief, to be so utterly insensible to her surpassing loveliness! And to have spoken harshly to her, too!—to have chidden her for her sorrow; she! who was shedding her precious tears for my own *very* mother. How I abhor that selfish distress which renders one callous to the sufferings of others!'

"'Nay, do not deal with yourself so severely, dear Arthur,—the death-bed of a beloved parent is no presence-chamber, where people have leisure to note the beauty of another, or to observe the ceremony of courtly etiquette. It would have been marvellous indeed, if Bertha, beautiful as she undoubtedly is, had made any impression on you then. Oh! no, my brother, had "angels officed all" on such an occasion, you must have disregarded their sweet ministerings, in the mightier anguish of your soul at their powerlessness to save the idolized being to whom they ministered!

"'Had Bertha's tears been Orient pearls, she was bound to shed them over that Heaven-summoned parent, for she had most truly been a mother to her, poor forlorn girl,—rearing her, and educating her as her own child, and encouraging the warmest feeling of sisterly affection between us; she blessed her as fervently—she kissed her as tenderly, night and morning—as if she really had been her own. Indeed, I only learnt a few weeks before our mother's death, that Bertha had no claim on us, save what Godlike charity inspires to the beneficent; that she was the only child of that beautiful lady we once saw in our childhood at the Manor, and who used to weep so much, as we then remarked with infantile surprise. She was then the widow of Captain St. Julian, whom she had suffered so cruelly from her haughty parents for marrying; and she died in giving birth to her daughter. The parents of Mrs. St. Julian carried their implacability beyond the grave of the poor victim of their persecution, barbarously refusing to see the little orphan she left, and actually deprived another daughter of her rightful fortune, for pleading its cause—the kind Aunt with whom she has been staying. My mother, with her dying lips, exhorted me solemnly, to protect still her beloved *protégée* with the same generous and tender care which she had ever displayed towards her. "and, Julia," she continued, "Bertha is lovely, very, *very* lovely—guard her,

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therefore, from danger and temptation, and keep her especially from your brother; for if he were to injure the innocence of my friend's child, I should rise from the tomb, to breathe the malediction of an outraged mother against him. It was entirely on his account that I have brought her up with such mystery, and kept them so apart from all familiar intercourse; for something seemed to whisper to me that they might love; and did I not know that my hour was come for me to go hence and be no more seen, never, never would I have discovered that they might love without sin,"

"'I trust I have religiously observed my mother's dying injunction; or, if I have deviated from it, in exposing the loveliness I was pledged to conceal, it is, O my brother, because something also whispered to me that you and she might love *without sin*; yet, do not imagine for a moment, because I have been thus disobedient, that I shall be less vigilant, or that I should not withdraw her for ever, if I saw the remotest chance of danger threatening her—but *my* brother is an honourable man.'

"'Oh, my mother!' exclaimed Arthur, pathetically apostrophizing the memory of that beloved parent; 'did you really die with the idea that your son, under any temptation, could become a seducer? Did you imagine that the precepts and examples of your own beautifully pious life had made so faint an impression on his heart, as to be obliterated by the first contact with vice? No, my mother, no! your lovely charge is as sacred from my attempts to injure her, as if your eye still watched over her virtue! And Bertha,' he continued, 'does she know these terrible sentiments of my mother's? has she been taught to avoid me as a villain? what does she think of me? what did she think of my barbarity to her? what has she ever said about me? do tell me all, dear, dear Julia!'

"'I really have no *all* to tell—for to the best of my recollection I never heard Bertha mention your name.'

"'Not mention my name!—that shows her impression of me—her utter contempt and abhorrence. But I deserve it.—Yet, I would rather she had lavished the most opprobrious terms on me, than have observed such a mortifying silence; that is indeed beyond endurance.'

"'You certainly are the most finished specimen of a self-tormentor I ever met with,' rejoined his sister laughingly. 'Why should she have made you the subject of her conversation, any more than you yourself making her the theme of your own? Pray how often, until this moment, have you ever bethought you of the sweet creature?'

"'True! but I tell you I had no recollection of her.'

"'Well! and in all probability she had none of you.'

"'It may be so, indeed—yet would to Heaven it had been otherwise.'

"Yes—for the cruel gratification that you had made an indelible impression on the heart of an unsophisticated girl, merely as a triumph of that odious vanity which all young men of the present day possess; for shame, Arthur, for shame—I thought you superior to such folly!'

"'You judge me too harshly, Julia, the *wish* proceeded from a more exalted motive than vanity, I assure you.'

"'If that is the case, Arthur, you must lose no time in endeavouring to atone for your past indifference, in which be assured of my warmest co-operation: Bertha is grateful and susceptible—with a heart, I fancy, totally disengaged, and most prone to love our mother's children.'

"This conversation, Julia repeated to me some time afterwards, and which I have minutely detailed to you, dear Sir, as it connects my little narrative; and from the desire, also, to conceal nothing from you, blushing, however, at the personal commendations I have been obliged to recapitulate in it.

"When I met Lord Granville on the following morning, I was much struck with the respectable *empressement* of his manner towards me, and the glances of intelligence exchanged between him and Julia, who, soon after breakfast, quitted the room under some pretence, with a promise of an immediate return. As soon as we were alone, he reverted to his mother's death, speaking of that melancholy event with the most regretful tenderness. 'But, why,' he continued in a voice of strong emotion, 'should I *now* assert the agony, the despair I endured at that moment, to you, my dear Miss St. Julian, you! who were such a victim by my absorbing anguish?'

"'Me! my Lord, I really am at a loss to understand your Lordship's allusion.'

"'Why,' he exclaimed, fixing his eyes ardently on my face, which glowed beneath his gaze, 'did I not, when you were actually weeping for that adored mother, order you, savage that I was, to quit your kneeling posture, to leave space for my outrageous sorrow? How must you have despised me for my unmanly and brutal selfishness! Do not deny it! I will not, *cannot* credit anything you may, in charity, aver to the contrary. No, no, I must have appeared a complete monster in your eyes!'

"'So far from it, I assure your Lordship, that I have never recalled that affecting scene, without the holiest sentiment of admiration and respect for the affection you displayed—the anguish you evinced.—Oh! it was beautiful to behold such a picture of natural feeling—of natural sorrow, in a gay, fashionable young man!—to see the gauds of luxury despised—the vanity of life confessed,—and hope only derived from its true source—*religion!*—You did, indeed, go heavily as one who mourneth for his mother. Ah! could you have thought of *me* then, or any one, save that angelic mother, you would have sunk in my estimation irretrievably—nay, perhaps have been considered the barbarian you wrongfully designate yourself. But *now* I can proudly think of you as a son worthy of such a parent.' The warmth of my feelings had carried me beyond the bounds of prudence, of which I was instantly painfully convinced, by his Lordship eagerly seizing my hand, exclaiming, with the extremest vivacity, 'Generous, adorable girl, you *have* thought of me, then? You did not consider me unworthy to hold a place in your dear remembrance? O Bertha! sweet Bertha, for that mother's—for Julia's sake, will you promise to cherish that remembrance of me—to strengthen it by pity—by *love?*'

"'For your own sake, my Lord,' I replied, 'which is paramount to all, I promise never to forget you. Can the grateful Bertha, indeed, ever banish from her memory the son who was so precious to the only friend she ever had on earth—the only mother she ever knew? Can she, indeed, ever banish from her memory the brother so beloved by her idolized Julia—her more than sister? No, my Lord, no!' I continued, taking a sprig of rosemary out of the bouquet I wore in my bosom, and giving it to him, 'that's for *remembrance*—I always wear it.'

"'And,' said he, plucking a full-blown rose, and a sprig of myrtle, from the stand in the window, and giving them to me, 'those are for beauty, friendship, and love,—henceforth wear them instead, until you allow the happy Arthur to replace them with the bridal orange wreath. O Bertha! if you *can* love me—if you will bless me with your hand, my mother—the mother who loved you so much, will rejoice at it, with the angels in Heaven.—I think, by making her son's felicity, you acquit your debt toward her! Oh! can you—can you ever love me then?'

"Here was a question to one who had loved hopelessly, frantically, for more than a year! I trembled lest my heart should betray its ecstacy! Oh! the anguish, the self-abasement I endured, when Lord Granville took my hesitation—the hesitation of conscious *guilt*, for innocence, for maiden coyness, and protested my *bashfulness* added a charm the more to his worshipped Bertha! How did your almost prophetic words flash across my agonized memory!—"You will obtain it by deception, and retain it by a *shameful concealment.*" Oh! as my heart literally knocked against that unsuspected picture, did I long to snatch it from my bosom and avow all!

"Julia coming in, however, whether fortunately or unfortunately, prevented the humiliating confession. She saw, in an instant, how matters stood between me and her brother; and embracing me with the warmest affection, she exclaimed, raising her eyes to Heaven, 'My mother! look down upon your happy children. Bertha and Arthur have learnt to love without sin! thus have I obtained the dearest wish of my heart, in securing the child you loved so fondly for a *sister* indeed!'

"In a few fleeting weeks after this eventful morning, I became the wife of Lord Granville, with the full concurrence of every branch of his noble family; and, but for one thing, I should have been supremely happy, the untold possession of that fatal miniature. But the idea of the deceit I had practised to obtain it—the horror of its discovery lessening me in the estimation of my adored husband, threw a cloud over the sun of my bridal felicity, destroying my health, my enjoyment, and haunting me in my very slumbers. Oh! the internal misery and self-reproach I have endured. I can safely say, that since the hour I first received it from your hands, I have not tasted real tranquillity of mind—that it did not contribute in any way to the furtherance of my affection—for it was never even surmised to be possessed by me. And that if I had only had patience, or rather proper reliance on the Almighty, I should have had the resemblance of my beloved Arthur, in a manner for a fond wife to glory in.—For, on the morning of our nuptials, Julia, with all that affectionate preparation which a warm heart feels, when it imagines it is about to confer an inestimable favour, presented me with her own miniature of her brother. She imputed my overpowering emotion on receiving it to excessive gratitude, and I dared not undeceive her! But it was shame, remorse, compunction at depriving her of a treasure she so much valued, and which was superfluous to me, and yet which I was obliged to accept with a feigned delight. Surely, surely the tears I then shed over it—the tears of heart-wrung contrition—

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have atoned in part for the atrocious dissimulation I have and *must* still practise towards those idolized and unsuspecting beings!

"This is our first separation, even for an hour, since our auspicious union, and most truly grateful am I to you for having procured it, as it has afforded me an opportunity of unburthening my mind to one who knows the extent of that duplicity, which renders me miserable in the midst of happiness, and makes me shrink like a culprit from the encircling arms of my adored husband. Oh! that I had moral courage enough to avow all—I shall never taste unalloyed felicity until I do—yet it is so painful to degrade one's-self in the eyes of those who endow us with every earthly perfection! But something must be done, and that soon, to restore my peace of mind; for latterly, a more terrible idea has taken possession of it, which is, the dread of losing my husband's affection, and that from my own conduct alone—he being fully aware of the restraint and embarrassment of my manner;—and I fear, that what he imputes *now* solely to the natural timidity of a young bride, may, in time, be considered to proceed from coldness of heart, and thus estrange him from me—he! for whom I only live! he for whom I have so sinned! Oh! what anguish and suffering does crime entail on those seduced to its commission! How have I suffered for mine!—but it is right that so grave an offence should bear a heavy punishment!"

"My dear young lady," said the kind-hearted Mr. Monson, when she paused to dry her tears, "allow me to observe, that I really think you view your little innocent stratagem in too serious a light; and that your bitter self-reproach for it evinces a degree of morbid sensibility, which springs more from the luxuriance of a romantic imagination than from, pardon me, a well-controlled judgment;—exaggeration is the common fault of young minds, and I should advise you, as a friend, to endeavour to curb and subdue the evident over-exaltation of yours, as it may affect your happiness in far more important concerns in life. Repentance is an imperative duty, but even *that* may be carried to excess. The efforts of virtue, to be permanent and effectual, must proceed from a healthy and vigorous state of mind, and not a sickliness of sentiment."

"I know, dear Sir, that crime as well as virtue is comparative, and that there are those, who having descended its degrees from one step to the other, are sunk so low in the depths of infamy, as to ridicule all minor offences against rectitude. But mine is the only serious fault I can tax myself with, consequently it is felt with all the keen upbraiding of a wounded and susceptible conscience; and, God forbid that it should ever become so callous as not to feel exceeding contrition for even such a trifling breach of integrity—a breach which you cannot conscientiously justify, I am convinced."

"Certainly not—very far from it,—still, I am not one of those rigid moralists who magnify a slight act of youthful indiscretion into a heinous offence, and by the severity of their strictures drive the poor penitent to absolute despair. I do maintain, that had you not been guilty of such an act, you would have felt all the happier, from the innate consciousness of an irreproachable and unspotted heart—but, I do also maintain, that your contrition far, very far exceeds the enormity of your fault, and that the pangs it has cost you is a sufficient atonement for it, and I hope a certain guarantee against your ever committing heavier. For, alas! unfortunately, in this world, it is only by the *knowledge* of sin, that we learn to avoid it. Happy indeed! when, as in your case, a small deviation from uprightness teaches the bitterness of repentance! How many a death-bed would then be easy, welcome, and instructive, which is so often the scene of torment, horror, and despair, had a first offence been as sincerely expiated as yours!—I can *afford* to encourage you to forgive yourself—to hope for Heaven's forgiveness," continued the benevolent old man, "because I am persuaded, from the susceptibility of your disposition, that you are never likely to err again."

"Oh! never, never," exclaimed Bertha, her eyes swimming in tears, "while I have so strong a fear of offending the Almighty, and so lively a sense of his goodness to me, in bestowing such a husband and such friends on a poor forlorn orphan."

Lord Granville returning at this moment, the conversation ceased. He apologized for so considerably exceeding his time—having been detained by several friends whom he had met at the Club—expressed himself highly pleased with the sketch—for Mr. Monson, like a skilful artist, had taken advantage of her being in animated conversation, to draw Bertha to the life; and finally his Lordship protested his determination to be present at all the other *sittings;* for he was confident, from the lassitude in his wife's countenance, that it had been too much fatigue and excitement to her to be so long alone with a stranger.

This being agreed to, not without some reluctance on the part of Mr. Monson, who still wished to say much to Lady Granville, in whose happiness he took the warmest interest, the parties separated, mutually pleased with each other.

When the miniature was finished, Mr. Monson, judging by Bertha's dejected countenance that she was still a prey to a secret melancholy, and fearing for its ultimate consequence on a mind so delicately constructed, resolved, by one bold effort, to destroy the hydra of ennui and self-accusation, and secure her happiness for ever. He therefore, in pursuance of the benevolent resolve, wrote a note to Lord Granville, requesting to see him alone at his earliest leisure: the summons was obeyed most promptly—when Mr. Monson, without any unnecessary circumlocution, gave him a plain, unvarnished account of his previous knowledge of Lady Granville—her obtaining his Lordship's picture—her early love—her sorrow and repentance for the imposition practised on him and his amiable sister.

Most overpowering was Lord Granville's emotion during the recital of his Bertha's artless affection and suffering;—he saw nothing reprehensible in what she had done;—like every other young man deeply enamoured of his wife, he could only discover, in what she considered a *crime*, and Mr. Monson certainly a *fault*, the sublimest proof of disinterested and spontaneous love. His own love—his pride—his vanity—were all gratified by it; and he felt, as he hurried unceremoniously from the bewildered Artist, (who could not guess the effect his communication had had on him,) a species of adoration for the angelic girl who had so truly and fondly loved him for *himself* alone; and every moment he delayed to thank her for the precious certainty he had just obtained of it, as absolute treason to that love. "How beautifully had she kept that inestimable secret! Not even Julia—Julia, who knew every thought of her young heart—had ever surmised *that!* Dear, sweet, idolized Bertha! never, never shall I be able to repay such love!" On reaching home, and finding she was in her boudoir, he flew to it, saying, with assumed composure, "If you have nothing better to do, love, we will hang up the miniatures in the small drawing-room. Where is mine?"

"Here," she replied, with some confusion, opening a small ebony casket that stood on a table near her.

"But is this the original—or the *duplicate?*" said he emphatically, taking it from her.

"O Arthur!" she exclaimed, falling on his bosom, "you know all, then? Mr. Monson has betrayed me—yet do not, do not hate me—do not despise me. It is the original—the *copy* is on my heart!"

"Dearest, most adorable girl!" he exclaimed, straining her passionately to his bosom, "*there* let it remain! Hate you! despise you for such a proof of love? O Bertha! I worship, I idolize you for it!"

A few lines, written from the overflowings of a happy heart, accompanied by a splendid diamond ring, (the offering of her husband,) from Bertha, assured Mr. Monson, that he had fully succeeded in his beneficent scheme of restoring the confidence, the *oneness* of heart and sentiment between those young creatures, and which alone can insure permanent felicity between man and wife.—For, as Doctor Johnson observes—"Marriage should be considered as the most solemn league of perpetual friendship; a state from which artifice and concealment are to be banished for ever; and in which every act of dissimulation is a breach of faith."

RURAL SONNET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SPARTACUS," "THE CATHEDRAL BELL," AND OTHER TRAGEDIES.

APRIL.

The equinoctial gales are lull'd to rest;
The early singing-birds unite their strains;
And timid April, by the Sun caress'd,
Now, with her breath of Violets, walks the plains;
And, when her Lord, like some enamour'd youth,
Dwells on the changeful colours of her brow,
She, like some Maid, heart-certain of his truth,
Smiles through her tears for bliss to share his Vow.
The days extend—in many-tinted green,
The buds unfurl their foliage; and the trees,
Which, promptest, bloom along the rural scene,
Show, like some dress'd Regatta, in the breeze.
The Swallows re-appear—and, hour by hour,
Both still, and moving, life mark Spring's engendering Power.

Inner Temple, J. Jones.
March 23, 1843.

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FROM

OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevard des Italiens,
March 27, 1843.

Chere Amie,—

A variety of new materials have appeared, adapted to the approaching season, which I cannot omit to enumerate to you. *Brocatelle d'été*, is a twilled material with blue, green, or gray ground, &c., on which are lozenges of white ground enclosing *bouquets* of every colour; *Pekin-royal*, of grey or *écru* ground, on which serpentine branches of flowers *brochées* in dark blue or green silk, equal to hand embroidery; *droguet catalan*, *l'echelle orientale*, &c. &c. for dress.—For promenade robes we have *Camayeux d'été*, *Pekin cannelé*, *Pekin grenadine*, *Pekin damier* of two colours, *Pekin Amanda*, *Pekin paquerette*, *Pekin pointelle taffetas*, *œil de mouche taffetas*, *Pompadour*, *taffetas Persan*, *taffetas d'Italie*, *taffetas Suisse*, &c. &c. In *negligé*, *Romalz d'été*, *batiste en fil de chèvre*, with satin stripes; *foulards* in endless variety, the first and most novel being the *roses mousseuses*, the ground is *écru*, on which are thrown moss rose buds in shades of blue or *cerise*, the *feuillage* and moss being shaded with brown. Another novelty of high fashion, and one of the prettiest adapted to the season, is *Romalz des Indes*; *barèges* are very numerous, in various shades and of various denominations, *étrusque*, *Phrygiens*, *renaissance*, *Pompadour giselle*; either is pretty. *Tarlatane* embroidered in silk, and *gaze arachnée*, with *Aragonaise* embroidery, sometimes intermixed with gold, form the most elegant *toilettes de soirée*, but as I have given you a long list of names, I will particularise a little further. Though we may be considered almost between the seasons, the near approach of spring sends some of its odours before hand, and already do the materials fill the *Magazins* of the more celebrated caterers of fashion. Silk, it is expected, will be decidedly in favour; the *Pekins d'été* are particularly named and remarked for the colours as well as patterns; *reps cachemire* is also expected to be in fashion for walking *redingotes* and *toilettes de campagne*; muslin *brocatelle*, a mixture of thread and silk, is intended for evening *negligé* and travelling dresses; *poults de soie glacés* and shot form the most elegant dresses for the promenade. New forms of dress are spoken of, and dresses with Grecian sleeves; this style is rather pretty, the *corsage* high and tight, crossed by *brandenbourgs filigranes*; the same is repeated *en echelle* down the skirt; the sleeves are very short and moderately full all the way down, they do not reach below the middle of the arm, terminating with buttons and strings; sleeves of muslin *à coulisses bouffantes* are worn under; the opening of the sleeve is edged with silk. In walking dresses, some much approved are robes *redingotes* of *Pekin*, trimmed with *brides* from the top of the body, which is high to the bottom of the skirt, and silk buttons face these *brides*, which are formed of round braid; the buttons close the *redingote*, and to prevent the under dress showing through the *brides*, a band of the same material is placed under.

Walking dresses are made high and with rounded point; the material when plain is enriched by *coques* of ribbon and *epaulières* of black lace, enlarging *en gerbe* on the body, and descending the skirt, or else *biais* of velvet follow the line of the *corsage* round the jockeys, and descend in three rows down the centre of the skirt. Gimp trimmings either of the same or contrasting colours are much used, and under the denominations of gimp *arachnés*, *filigranes*, *guipures*, elegant fronts of dresses, *berthes* on sleeve ornaments, form a kind of embroidery with excellent effect.

Dresses of gray *poult de soie* are very elegant when ornamented all round the skirt with black *guipure* gimp, which rises up each side of the front breadth to the point of the *corsage*, which is tight and high, with tight sleeves. Dresses of *cachemire*, either black or *écru*, are also pretty; the first are ornamented in front of the skirt by a row of large silk buttons; the *corsage* is high with rounded point, ornamented by buttons, which meet those on the skirt; tight sleeves; the others have gimp trimmings, high body with point, and tight sleeves.

A pretty morning dress of the *robe de chambre* make, of green *damas*, was with open skirt, having *revers* of orange *poult de soie*, and bordered by a wide *biais* of *poult de soie*; the *corsage* was high and open, with orange *revers* meeting those of the skirt, square collar of *damas*, bordered with *poult de soie*; double sleeves, the first long and tight, the second tight at the top, but the lower part *à la religieuse*, raised in front by gimp olives, showing the under sleeve; green *cordelière*, terminating with large tassels.

There is, as ever, great variety observable in our *toilettes*, dresses are ornamented in a thousand different styles, flowers and lace forming the principal ornaments; many *tulle* dresses are trimmed with detached flowers or *bouquets*, and the *coiffures* are wide and a little more raised. A dress of white crape with double skirt was open at the left side up to the *ceinture*, and rounded at the bottom, trimmed all round with gold *chef a jour*; the under dress was of white satin, *corsage Grecque*, with *cordelière* of gold; short sleeves opening on the top and laced with gold cord, terminating with tassels of the same falling on the arm. A very elegant dress of white watered silk had double skirts, the upper one being raised all round *en draperie*, by ribbons of green shaded velvet, which, pendant all round the waist, raised the skirt under a white and green *camellia*; the *corsage* was *drapé* with *tulle*, confined by clasps of emeralds; a *couronne Nerina*, of green velvet, confined at the back of the hair a gold *resille*. Another *toilette* of white *tarlatane* was ornamented with three flounces of Venetian lace, composed of silk, silver, and beads. Dresses of pearl grey satin are ornamented with *bouffants* of *tulle*; *corsage* pointed with drapery, and Grecian sleeves; a new style of sleeve is cut *en biais*, with a single join, and full round the armhole. A dress of satin with double skirt, the upper one of white satin, was ornamented with two flounces of lace; the second, which was much shorter, was of pink satin, descending to the edge of the flounce, and raised on the left side by a *nœud* of pink satin ribbon and lace. A dress of white satin with double skirt was bordered all round by a wreath, executed in yellow silk and silver, which was edged by a fringe, also yellow and silver; the upper skirt was open in front, embroidered and edged like the first; the *corsage* was pointed with small *pelerine*, forming *berthe*, embroidered in yellow and silver, and edged with a fringe. A dress of crape, striped blue and white, with double skirt; the upper one, which was very short, was raised at the side by a *nœud* of blue satin ribbon; pointed body with *pelerine* forming *berthe*, which entirely covers the short sleeve. Small scarfs and *fichus Algeriens* of silk and gold are used to form elegant *coiffures*, and are much in demand by ladies to intertwine with their hair; the *fichus* of deep blue and gold, or *ponceau* and gold, are extremely pretty for the little *coiffures créoles*; elegant Arabian turbans are formed of blue *cachemire* embroidered in silver and gold; wreaths *à la Corinne* are composed of roses and grapes, *couronnes* of blue flowers mix very prettily with *coiffures* composed of *nœuds* of lace.

Historical *coiffures* are in favour for grand balls, with *resilles*, and dress hats *Louis XV.* and turbans of every kind, but particularly the Arabian of white *cachemire*, embroidered in red silk, the crown terminating in a point ornamented by a silver tassel, which falls behind; lappets of embroidered *cachemire* ornamented with silver fringe are placed on the left side; tassels of white bugles and fringes matching are used with *coiffures* having no crown, as well as on rich turbans. Many dress caps are observed to be very short at the ears, and much varied in form; blond is quite returned to favour, and rivals the richest laces in full dress *coiffures*. Caps of *gaze iris* are also worn in different colours, they are ornamented with flowers. A small turban formed of a double *rouleau* of pink or blue crape was entirely covered by *point d'Angleterre*. A cap of *gaze de laine*, pink, was ornamented with miniature roses and *feuillages*; a *coiffure* composed of half handkerchief, which may be either of black or white lace, leaving the back of the head uncovered, has a wreath of hazel or holly of stamped velvet of a light green over the forehead, the colour increasing in depth as the branch gradually descends the sides; the varied shades have a very pretty effect. A *coiffure* also without crown was composed of *coques* and *nœuds* of light green gauze ribbon shot with gold and purple.

En attendant the more decided tone assumed about Easter for the Spring Fashions, we can still assure our fair readers, that the velvet bonnets and wadded *capotes* of winter are yielding to a variety of *capotes* partaking of spring in all its shades; green trimmed with *lilas d'Espagne*, lilac trimmed with Persian lilac and *verveis*, blue with clematis and jacinth, *paille* with heart's-ease and roses, pink with snowdrops tinted with pink and *hepaticus*, emerald green with a white rose and yellow centre; the forms are of moderate size, and rather low than high; *capotes* have generally *ruches* and *biais* at the edge; it is observed that the straight forms are always in demand; the fronts are of moderate size, and until further notice will remain rather of close form, advancing beyond the profile, without concealing it entirely; the *biais* at the edge of bonnets are rather wide, to give fulness but not thickness to the edge.

Among the spring flowers which our Parisian florists exhibit, the red honeysuckle, pink jessamine, and bunches of wild roses, with various others, are intended for the new season, and in various shades the *fleur de soie* will be among the prettiest fancies of the spring season.

A new style of scarf and *mantelet* is spoken of, which will by its novelty prolong the fashion of this article of our *toilette*.

Velvet mittans will continue as much in favour during the spring as they were in the winter, for velvet is becoming to a pretty arm at all seasons.—

Au revoir.

E. C.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.

No. 1.—*Carriage Dress*.—Robe of *glacée* silk; the *corsage* is tight, plain and high up to the throat, with small square collar; a band of velvet is put on quite plain down the centre; the sleeves are tight, with jockeys edged with velvet; the skirt is ornamented *en tablier*, with four bands of velvet. Bonnet of pink satin, with *bouillon* of the same round the edge, and trimmed with a wreath of *nœuds* of satin ribbon across the centre of the crown.

No. 2.—*Promenade Dress*.—Robe of green watered silk; the body is high, with frill of lace round the neck; it has a puffing of satin ribbon, heading three rows of black lace from the shoulders down to the waist, which is pointed; the sleeves are tight and plain, finishing with *manchettes*; the centre of the skirt is ornamented *à tablier*, similar to the body. Bonnet of white satin, trimmed with puffings of ribbon on one side, and a long cock's feather on the other.

No. 3.—*Evening Dress*.—Robe of *damas*; the body is pointed at the waist, and quite tight, with lace *berthe* round the top; open in front, and with small *bouquet*; the sleeves are tight and short; the

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skirt open at each side, showing the under one which is of pink satin, and is looped together with lace, confined with *rosettes*. *Coiffure* of hair in *bandeaux* in front, and fancifully plaited at the back, with *demi-guirlande* of small flowers falling on one side.

No. 4.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of *écru* satin; *corsage* plain, tight, and high up to the throat, with square collar of *point de Bruxelles*, and deep point at the waist; the sleeves are plain and tight; the skirt is embroidered *en soutache* from the *ceinture* nearly down to the bottom, where it is rounded, and continued round the back. Bonnet of *satin broché*; the edge has three *biais*, and it is trimmed with *nœuds* at the side, and a small shaded feather. Scarf of white *cachemire*, edged with a fringe, and embroidered in colours.

No. 5.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of striped silk; the *corsage* is *à cœur*, with frill of lace round the neck, and point at the waist; the sleeves are rather full, with *manchettes* at the wrists. Scarf of pink satin; and bonnet of lilac satin, trimmed with *rosettes* and a long feather.

No. 6.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of *organdy*; the *corsage* is tight, plain, and with deep point at the *ceinture*; *berthe* of lace round the top; the sleeves are short, tight and plain, with two rows of narrow lace round the edge. *Coiffure* of hair, composed of ringlets in front; the back hair is intermixed with pearl beads, and confined with a gold comb; a *rouleau* of pearls crosses the top of the head, with a *marabout* on one side and flower on the other.

No. 7.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of figured pink satin; the *corsage* is pointed at the waist, with lace *berthe* round the top, headed by a *rouleau* of pink satin, and three rows of narrow lace; the sleeves are tight and short, with *sabots* of lace. *Coiffure* of hair, back view of that just described at Figure, No. 6.

No. 8.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of shot silk; the *corsage* is plain, and quite high to the throat, with small lace collar, and rounded *ceinture*; the sleeves are tight, with three folds, finishing with buttons in centre. Bonnet of watered silk, ornamented with trimmings of green ribbon, and shaded feathers.

No. 9.—Bonnet of *paille* satin, with a *plume* trimming placed entirely across the centre of the crown, and falling at the side.

No. 10.—Dress cap of *tulle*, ornamented with *marabouts* and lappets.

No. 11.—Bonnet of *paille de riz*, ornamented with a wreath of wheat across the centre of the crown, and with small *bouquet* inside.

No. 12.—Bonnet of *paille* satin, trimmed with a *rouleau* across the centre of the crown, finishing with *nœud*, and long ends at the side.

No. 13.—Bonnet of *gros de Tours*, with puffings of pink ribbons and narrow lace at the edge, and small *marabouts* across the centre of the crown.

PLATE II.

No. 1.—*Evening Dress.*—Tunic of white crape. *Corsage à draperies* with deep point at the waist, with gold cord down the centre and round the *ceinture*. Short tight sleeves with *biais* looped up in the centre by *rosettes*; the upper skirt is open in front, edged with a double *biais*, headed by a gold cord with ornaments down the sides. *Coiffure* of hair plain in front and twisting round the ear; the back hair is fastened rather low, and is curled.

No. 2.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of watered silk; the *corsage* is high to the throat, with frill of lace; it is ornamented with *bouillons* of ribbon from the shoulders to the waist, which is rounded; the same trimming is on the skirt, put on *en tablier*; the sleeves are tight, and similarly ornamented to the body and front of the skirt. Bonnet of pink satin trimmed with ribbon and feathers placed quite at the top of the bonnet.

No. 3.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of *paille levantine*; the body is made high, with small square *col à la chevalière*; it is full from the shoulders, and forms a point at the waist; the sleeves are tight, with *nœud* in the centre. Scarf of crimson velvet, and bonnet of *casimir cachemire* embroidered at the edge and on the crown, with small *nœud* at the back, and a long feather falling at the side.

No. 4.—*Promenade Dress.*—*Robe redingote* of *casimir*; the *corsage* is plain, high up to throat, with point at the waist, and is braided from the top down the centre of the skirt; the sleeves are quite plain, with lace frill falling over the hand. Scarf of white *cachemire* embroidered in colours at the ends, which are trimmed with a deep fringe. Bonnet of white *casimir cachemire*. Side view of that just described at Figure, No. 3.

No. 5.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of *velours épinglé*; the *corsage* is plain and tight, edged with a rich cord round the top, and tassel in the centre; the waist is a deep point; tight short sleeves with *bouillon* round the edge and tassels in the centre; the bottom of the skirt is ornamented with folds forming points with cord and tassels. *Coiffure* composed of hair plain in front and plaited at the back, with *turban maure* in crape.

No. 6.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of *poult de soie*; *corsage à cœur*, with pointed *ceinture* and *revers* of velvet from the shoulders to the waist; the sleeves are tight, with a band of velvet at the top; the skirt is also ornamented, *à tablier*, with bands of velvet. Scarf of white watered silk, and bonnet of lilac satin, ornamented with puffings of ribbon, and a long feather at the side.

No 7.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of lilac satin, the *corsage* is plain and tight, with *berthe* of point lace round the top; short tight sleeves, ornamented with lace put on quite plain. The *coiffure* is composed of hair plain in front, and a cap of lace, ornamented with *nœud* of ribbon at the back, and *bouquet* of flowers at the side.

No. 8.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of *paille mousseline cachemire*; the body is plain and high, with small *pélerine*, fastening with buttons down the centre, and edged with two rows of black lace. Small square lace collar with pink *nœud* in front. The sleeves are loose, *à la religieuse*, with under ones made quite tight, and finishing with lace frills falling over the hand. Cap of point lace, fluted across the forehead and full at the cheeks, with *nœuds* of pink ribbon at the sides, and *bouillon* of ribbon, with *rosette* at each end, crossing the top of the head.

No. 9.—Bonnet of *paille de riz*, trimmed with feathers across the centre of the crown, and *nœud* of ribbon at the back.

No. 10.—Bonnet of satin, ornamented with trimmings of ribbon and flower.

No. 11.—Bonnet of white satin, ornamented with pink ribbon and flowers inside.

No. 12.—Bonnet of satin, trimmed with ribbon edged with blond placed across the centre, and with small flowers inside.

No. 13.—Bonnet of pearl gray satin, front view of that already described at Figure, No. 9.

PLATE III.

No. 1.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of pink watered silk; the *corsage* is tight, with deep point, and folds round the top, with narrow edging; tight short sleeves, with *sabots* of *point d'Angleterre*; the skirt is ornamented down each side with lozenges of white satin, edged with a narrow lace, and confined with cord and tassels. *Coiffure* composed of hair quite plain in front, and plaited at the back, with gold chain crossing the forehead, and turban *Algérien*.

No. 2.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of *écru poult de soie*; the *corsage* is *à cœur*, and pointed at the waist, with small *pelerine*, trimmed with *gimp à jour*, and frill of lace round the throat; the sleeves are loose, *à la religieuse*, finished round the edge with gimp, and under ones of muslin, *à coulisses*, edged with lace; the skirt has two deep trimmings of gimp *à jour*, similar to that on the *pelerine* and sleeves. Bonnet of white satin, ornamented with a wreath of flowers, placed quite at the top, and edged with *biais* of crape.

No. 3.—*Promenade Dress* of striped silk; *corsage à cœur*, with small *pelerine* trimmed with *bouillons*; the sleeves are tight, finishing with *bouillons*, and lace round the wrist; the skirt is ornamented *à tablier*, with trimming similar to that round the *pelerine*. *Capote* of pink satin, ornamented with feathers.

No. 4.—*Morning Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of green figured *foulard*; the *corsage* has a small square collar, and is open *en cœur* down to the waist, with facings of orange satin; the sleeves are very loose, *à la religieuse*, with under ones of the same material as the dress, made quite tight; the skirt opens in front, and is faced like the body, with under skirt of white muslin, trimmed with lace round the bottom. Cap of lace, ornamented with puffings of pink ribbon.

No. 5.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of *paille* satin; the *corsage* is *à cœur*, with rounded *ceinture*, and *rosette* in the centre, and fall of point lace round the neck; the sleeves are small *gigots*, plain at the top, and with gimp. Cap of lace, plain across the centre, rather full at the ears, and trimmed with *ponceau* ribbon.

No. 6.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of pink crape; *corsage à draperies*, with deep point at the waist; the sleeves are short and tight, with *bouillon*, and *bouquet* in the centre; double skirt, each ornamented with fluting of ribbon—the first continuing half-way up, and terminating with *bouquet* of flowers—the second terminates a little below. *Coiffure Grecque*, composed of hair plain in front, and intermixed at the back with pearls, which cross the centre of the head, and finish with tassel at the side.

No. 7.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of green satin; the *corsage* is pointed at the waist, with *berthe* at the top, which opens in front, and is trimmed with gimp; short tight sleeves, with *bouillons* at the edge; the skirt is ornamented with gimp down the centre, and finishing with tassels. *Coiffure Grecque*, back view of that just described at Fig. No. 6.

No. 8.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of lilac satin; the *corsage* is plain, pointed at the waist, and *à cœur*, with lace frill inside; the sleeves are loose, *à la religieuse*, with under one smade quite tight, and finishing at the wrists with lace *manchettes*. *Coiffure* composed of hair in *bandeaux*, and cap *à la paysanne*, ornamented with three small *rosettes* at the side.

No. 9.—Bonnet of *paille d'Italie*, ornamented with pink ribbon, and a wreath of small roses crossing the centre of the crown.

No. 10.—Bonnet of blue satin, ornamented with one rose placed quite at the top, and *nœud* of ribbon.

No. 11.—Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with lace veil confined down by two small roses.

No. 12.—Bonnet of *paille* satin, ornamented with trimmings of the same, and small *bouquet*.

No. 13.—Cap of *point de Bruxelles*, plain across the centre, and full round the ears and back, with rose on one side, placed rather high.

GIMPS, FRINGES, CORDS, &c. continue to form a considerable portion of the general ornamental trimmings for Ladies' dresses. The combined *elegance* and *durability* of these admired articles will cause them long to remain favourites both on this and on the other side of the Channel. The present season has produced some new and beautiful varieties, and which may be selected at the Manufacturing Establishments, the addresses of which will be found on the tinted pages of our present Number.

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I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.

THE POETRY BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY DAVID LEE.

Andante quasi allegretto.

I a - rise from dreams of thee, In the

first sweet sleep of night, When the winds are breathing low, And the stars are shining

bright.

I a - rise from dreams of

agitato.

lentando.

thee, And a spi - rit in my feet, Has led me — who knows

pp

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PLATE I

LONDON AND PARIS.



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THE LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, AND MUSIC.

EMBELLISHED WITH MUSIC, ARRANGED WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, HARP, AND GUITAR.

MAY, MDCCCXLIII.

THE YOUNG ACTRESS.

A PAGE FROM THE FOLIO OF LIFE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"L'amour? Eh, mon Dieu, c'est tout ce qu'on voudra;—c'est un prisme à travers lequel l'œil verra tout ce qu'il lui plaira de voir,—un ciel où l'on s'énivre de délices,—un enfer où l'on se tord dans les angoisses,—un effet qui résulte souvent d'un contraste et s'évanouit avec lui,—un délire de la tête,—une soif du cœur,—une faim qu'on spiritualise, une des plus pures expansions de l'âme."—ETIENNE DE NEUFVILLE.

SOME years since the admirers of the genuine drama—that drama which Shakspeare's pen, Ithuriel in its touch, so forcibly delineated—were agreeably aroused from the state of almost apathetic despondency into which they had sunk from the conviction that there was no dramatic talent to be expected in their degenerate days, by the announcement of a new aspirant for histrionic fame in the person of Miss Emily Westwood—a young lady, it was reported, of most surpassing loveliness, and whose talents had been assiduously cultivated under the immediate superintendence of a retired tragedian, who had long been a highly popular and deserving favourite with the public.

It was during the interregnum of the glorious Siddons and the matchless O'Neill that this announcement was made, consequently, the utmost excitement prevailed; and they who had a short time previously gravely asserted that the taste for theatrical amusements had totally and for ever declined in England, were compelled to admit that they had founded their argument on false premises, for that the national drama only required efficient performers to attain to all its pristine glory.

One of the large houses was selected as the grand arena of Emily's triumph, and Juliet the character in which she was to make her *début*. The theatre was crowded to excess at an early hour, and expectation was at its height to behold one whom preliminary laudations had represented as little less than an angel. Nor was that highly-wrought expectation doomed to meet with disappointment.

Not more than eighteen—tall, and finely formed for her age—with large, full, expressive blue eyes, whose colour deepened with every emotion of her warm and passionate soul; a complexion dazzlingly fair, a profusion of light brown hair, a smile of artless *naïveté*, revealing her pearly teeth and animating her countenance; she looked, indeed, the very impersonation of the innocent, the beautiful, the impassioned Juliet.

"O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!"

And such is "the might, the majesty, of loveliness," that, ere she uttered one word, the house rang with the most tumultuous plaudits, provoked by her personal appearance alone. But, when she spoke in her clear-silvery voice, the brief "How now, who calls?" and, as the play proceeded, she gave the most decided proofs of superior talent; her triumph was complete—the audience being carried away by the warmest enthusiasm—the stage resembling rather a well-arranged parterre of gorgeous flowers, than the floor of a theatre, from the innumerable bouquets showered upon the pallid and trembling Emily; pallid from over-exertion, and trembling with gratitude, summoned as she was from her mimic tomb to receive the votive offerings of that myriad of new worshippers. Well, indeed, might she feel grateful, for on the success of that night depended her all.

"Oh! my mother!" she exclaimed, on reaching home, bursting into an ecstacy of tears, and flinging herself into her extended arms—"Would that your health had permitted you to have been present to have witnessed my triumph! I glory in it only on your account! from this moment you will never know a want. To-morrow we will remove from this confined atmosphere, where you have so long breathed the deadly *upas* of famine and disease, into a clearer air, a more cheerful abode. Choose, dear mother! choose your own residence, only let it be where I may see the cloudless sun smiling into your eyes, and sweet flowers leaping in their gladness to meet your touch.

"All I obtain is for you, for your comfort, for your use, for you to do as you please with, my own dear, blessed, long-suffering mother. Oh! who could have imagined my success? Surely Providence, that Providence who has never forsaken us, inspired the spectators with pity to applaud me for your sake! What should we have been without that applause?—Beggars! for was not our last hope hung on this eventful night?

"Ah! my mother, I could not help considering, when the loud plaudits rang on my delighted ears, and I was nearly fainting for joy, how many a young female, alas! had been ready to sink into that very stage, overpowered by the serpent-like hisses which blasted all her future prospects—who, like me, perhaps, essayed the drama to provide for an enfeebled and widowed mother. Oh! if the public only knew all, if it knew that no effort was made but from some such motive, it would be more lenient, more pitiful, more tenderly regardful of the feelings, the sorrows of others. But it too frequently concludes that *vanity*, not *necessity*, not filial affection, not the strongest sense of duty implanted by nature in the human breast, is the inducement which brings the young and inexperienced to dare its awful fiat. Could so mean a passion as vanity have enabled me to support the ordeal of this night, to encounter the blaze of those myriad of eyes, shining like fiery planets, to penetrate with their searching beams into my inmost soul; branding it, as it were, with the indelible *initials* of a world's approval? *I*, who should now shrink in confusion if only the eyes of one stranger were to gaze earnestly on my face. No, my mother, it was that high moral courage, which testifies so indisputably of our divine origin, that rendered me superior to the natural timidity of my sex; that sheathed the lightnings of those gazing orbs; that whispered to me, in the cherub voice of Hope, 'Maiden, fear not, it is to feed, to clothe, to cherish the mother in *her* feebleness, who fed, clothed, cherished *you* in yours—and your efforts must meet their due reward, the reward of virtue!' Oh! if the public only knew the truth, my mother!"

Mrs. Westwood did not attempt to interrupt her enthusiastic and eloquent child; she could only strain her to her heart, and mentally commend her to the vigilant protection of the Almighty. Too sensible of the dangerous and seductive path on which she had just entered, and which her triumphant success only rendered more fatal—strewing it with exotics, beneath which would lurk vice, in its most alluring guise, to betray to ruin and disgrace. For, although it had been her constant study, by precept as well as example, to instil into Emily's mind the best and soundest principles of virtue and religion, and had no reason to doubt their efficacy—for was she not, indeed, all she could wish, all she could hope, all she had prayed she might be? Still, would she remain so? Would she be proof against flattery? against the intoxication of success—so fascinating to the youthful heart? Would she, after her initiation into the depravity said to attach to the life she had chosen, come unscathed out of its fiery furnace, the same pure, high-minded untainted thing, referring every event to the immediate interposition of a benign and watchful Providence; and acting, in every respect, as if his eye was upon her? She could not deny that she had voluntarily exposed a beautiful and artless young creature to the sorest temptations. Yet, not *voluntarily*, for she had combatted the scheme, represented the danger, and dreaded the result; and, when at length overpowered by the reasoning of her more worldly-minded friends, who declared that she would do her child a cruel wrong in not allowing her to avail herself of the extraordinary talents bestowed upon her, she bent the whole energies of her mind to impress upon that idolized child, that the observance of virtue was not incompatible with the dramatic profession. For herself, worn with the long struggle of poverty and failing health, she felt that she should not long be spared to watch

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over her, and she received the confirmation of her daughter's success with a secret sorrow; almost wishing it had been otherwise, that she might have gathered her once more to her fond bosom, as the only precious, unshared treasure she possessed. Indeed, her cold congratulations would have appeared like apathy in another; but Emily knew every sentiment of her mother's pure heart, and was familiarized to her painfully pensive and unexcited manner: she, living as it were, in hourly expectation of that mysterious and solemn change which renders this world, and all connected with it, as too insignificant to claim a serious thought. All, all save a mother's fears for the soul's welfare of her child, for they triumph over the oblivion of the grave.

On the following day they removed into a most delightful cottage in the environs of London. Everything that affection could suggest was provided by Emily for her drooping mother; she watched her every movement, anticipated her every wish, as if her own existence depended on the prolongation of that mother's life; and so, in truth, it did—for, from infancy, Emily had never known another friend, having lost her father ere she had learnt to love him; and now, at eighteen, no human being disputed one emotion of her warm and impassioned heart with that adored, most highly-valued, and reverenced mother.

It was beautiful to see the deep, anxious eyes of that fair young girl bent on the pale face of that mother; it was beautiful to hear her low, mellow voice, modulated to a more thrilling tenderness, speaking of hope and happiness yet in store for that visibly expiring mother—*visible* to all but her.

Mrs. Westwood felt that nothing could stay the soul whose wings were expanded for eternity—that assistance had come too late. *Too late!* Ah! who has not experienced that cold, withering chill which falls on the heart, encircling it with the icicles of doom, when, after the long and weary struggle with poverty and sorrow, relief comes *too late* to be enjoyed? Who has not felt that heart sink within the sad and prophetic bosom, at hearing the sanguine hopes expressed by fond and anxious friends—"That *now* prosperity shed its sunshine on the hitherto gloomy dwelling of suffering worth, health and hope would soon return," at the fatal consciousness that its radiance shone too late? Oh! the fainting of that heart as the vain, yet potent, wish arises in it for length of days. Oh! the shuddering of the newly quickened spirit within us, when it feels that it must pass away from the now fair earth—that it is *too late* for health, *too late* for hope, *too late* for aught save the prayerful resignation necessary to prepare us for that grave, which for years had been yawning for us, and which, at the moment our worldly troubles are overcome, appears to gape with a dreadful terrificness. Oh! it is awful, indeed, to be brought back from the brink of that grave, whose contemplation misery had made dear to us, as a refuge from the storm, by the smiling and happy calm of fortune, to be tantalized by the prospect of supreme bliss below. The mind must undergo a tremendous contest ere it returns wholly and serenely to its God again.

The newspapers were most eloquent in praise of the young and gifted actress; prophesying for her a long and brilliant career, with a termination as unclouded as the immortal Queen of Tragedy herself enjoyed.*

* Mrs. Siddons.

Innumerable were the splendid presents daily sent anonymously to her. Jewels, laces, satins, and articles of the most costly description met Emily's eyes when she awoke each morning; but the most prized of all was a beautifully arranged bouquet of natural flowers.

Every young girl, so long as her heart remains unsophisticated, has a passion for flowers. "Sweets to the sweets," they are emblematical of the freshness and purity of her own thoughts—their beauty and fragrance awake only calm and innocent associations—they seem to have come to earth direct from the angels, and not to have rested long enough on it to have gained the slightest stain, ere they were plucked to adorn as spotless and unsullied a bosom. That bouquet made the romance of Emily's innocent existence. The mystery of its arrival—nothing leading to the discovery of the party by whom it was so regularly laid on the cottage window-sill—it being there before any of its inmates were stirring. To preserve it from fading until the evening was her greatest anxiety: and in whatever character she appeared, whatever costume she wore, those flowers were her only ornaments. Doubtless the heart of their unknown donor palpitated with ecstacy when he beheld his offering so appreciated.

One morning Emily arose earlier than usual—the bland air that fanned her fair cheek, through the open lattice, imparted an elasticity to her spirits, lending the *prestige* of gladness to all around. Wishing her mother to participate in her happiness, and also to enjoy the loveliness of nature, she hurried to her apartment, and imprinting a kiss on her lips, awoke her, with the beautiful invitation of Solomon to his beloved—

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past; the rain is over, and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

But, alas! her mother was too ill and languid to obey the cheerful summons; and returning Emily's fond embrace, she begged her to go and enjoy herself in the garden, while she endeavoured to get a little sleep, having had a very indifferent night. Emily left the room—but how changed were her feelings; a dark cloud seemed suddenly to have overshadowed all things; and instead of returning to the garden, she entered the little breakfast-room and wept.

For months she had been an established favourite on the English Boards. Public opinion, which is too often retracted, when favourable in the first instance, was only confirmed by experience with respect to her—she selected her own characters—named her own terms—was *l'infante gatée* of the Manager. Yet, she was neither *exigeant*, nor arrogant,—she had tasted of sorrow, and learnt humility by it. The only drawback to her complete felicity was the too evident approach of her mother to the grave.

For the greater facility of obtaining the best advice for that adored mother, they had left their pretty cottage and taken a house in Brook Street. Attended daily as she was by the most eminent physicians, and having not one care to disturb the serenity of her mind, Emily, with the sanguineness of youth, thought she would still ultimately recover. She was greatly encouraged in those hopes by Lord Arthur Stanville, a young nobleman with whom she had recently become acquainted—in fact, the donor of the mysterious bouquets.

From the evening of her *début*, he had been struck with her wondrous beauty and extraordinary talents; and every succeeding performance had added to that prepossession, until the young man was wildly, irrevocably in love—so deeply—so devotedly in love, that he felt it impossible to exist without her, yet he *swore not to die*. Knew he to keep that desperate oath?—too well! Endowed by nature with a beauty and grace of person quite unrivalled, aided by the most refined and elegant manners, and surrounded by all the fascinations of rank and wealth, he was just the being to steal into the heart of an unsuspecting girl, and to be worshipped *there* as a god.

He was a daily visitor. Indeed, he was considered, by every one, as the lover of Emily; and although he had not absolutely declared himself as such, Mrs. Westwood saw sufficient in his delicate and undeviating attentions to her darling, to feel assured that when she should be no more, Emily would not be destitute of an honourable protector. That fond mother, on the brink of eternity, seemed yet to linger on the earth—seemed yet to wish to procrastinate the final moment of her fated destiny, that she might luxuriate on the prospect of happiness revealed to her expiring eyes, for her idolized child. Softly she smiled as the bright thoughts arose one after the other in quick succession, gilded by the sun-rays of hope of the felicity that would be hers, when sheltered in the faithful bosom of one who appeared so truly capable of appreciating her virtues.

These thoughts, indeed, coming as they did on the dread threshold of dissolution, robbed death of all its horrors—the agonizing conflict poor humanity must endure at the last, when leaving those we love; and gave her a foretaste of the ineffable bliss of heaven; for were they not angel's missions, those lovely thoughts, to reconcile her to the fiat of mortality?

How did the gentle and grateful Emily, too, literally adore one who willingly quitted the gaiety and pleasure so entirely at his command, to spend hour after hour with her in the gloom and stillness of a sick chamber! Could she doubt the truth of his affection? Could she doubt his solemn and reiterated assertions, that nothing but the dread of offending a haughty and implacable father, on whom he was quite dependant, made him hesitate to claim her as his wife at once? Oh, no! Arthur, *her* Arthur was all integrity—all candour—it would be sacrilege to harbour one suspicion against him.

(*To be continued.*)

ROYAL INSTITUTION, ALBEMARLE-STREET.—The following remarks upon Urling's lace, form part of a lecture delivered at the above institution, Feb. 28, 1843, by Edward Cowper, Esq., on lace-making generally:—"Foreign lace was exclusively patronised by the nobility and worn at court until the year 1817, when Mr. Urling had the honour to present Queen Charlotte with such perfect specimens of lace (or net figured in imitation of the various kinds of foreign lace) as justly entitle him to be considered the father of the British lace trade, and for which he was presented with the freedom of Nottingham, where thousands of industrious females had been employed in this novel manufacture."

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PHANTASIES.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

I WOULD I were a fay;
For the fairies are a merry race—
A merry race are they!
With the blue sky for a ceiling,
And the green earth for a floor,
They dance beneath the twinkling stars
Until the night be o'er:
They feed upon the scents of flowers,
And drink the dew for wine;—
Oh! the fairies lead a loveful life—
I wish such life were mine.

Oh that I were a sprite
Of the wide and weltering ocean, for
They sport the livelong night!
They dance within their coral caves,
Or swim the glittering main,
Or ride the dolphin, blue and blithe,
Across the watery plain;
Whilst the gems of ocean, bright and rare,
Fall from their hair like rain!

I would I were the wind,
For it is a racing, roving thing,
Which nobody can bind!
The free wind is a reinless steed,
For harness it hath none;
It pranceth o'er the fairest flowers,
And kisseth every one;
Oh! the wind is a viewless thing,
—And whither hath it gone?

I wish I were a wood,
Where no snakes, no lions roam,
Nor cruel men intrude!
Where the wild bee builds its sugar cell,
And the hare untroubled rests;
And, like secrets sweet in lovers' hearts,
Hang, grouped, the byas'* nests;
Where Nature smiles eternally,
For nought her peace molests.

I would I were a grave,
For the tomb is a peaceful place,
Where quiet we may have!
With a shroud of white within me,
And a wreath of flowers above,
And the moonshine flinging o'er me
Its light of pensive love;
And one sad dirge—the nightingale's—
Poured from a cypress grove.

MAY-RAIN.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

PALAUS, overtaken by a sudden shower, as he returned from a walk, hurried into the grounds of his friend Lucius, near which he was, at the little gate which led into a labyrinthine shrubbery, and over a rustic bridge to the bottom of the garden. As he was running hastily towards the house, he heard Lucius calling to him, and soon found him seated very quietly under the great plane-tree, which spread its thick canopy of foliage far over the piece of water which a beautifully clear and rapid brook, that came sounding along among the trees, was here made to spread itself into.

The garden sank, in the lower part, into a hollow, completely hidden from the house—and this, with its little lake amid the pleasant trees, and with its sloped banks of turf, kept short and soft as the finest carpet, was a favourite resort of the friends. Yet Palaus was surprised to find Lucius sitting here so composedly in the midst of the shower. "What are you doing there?" he said; "are you not afraid of taking cold?"—"I might as well ask you," he replied, "what are you running at? Are *you* not afraid of taking cold? Are you afraid of May-rain? Come, my friend, sit down here. You see there is room enough in this old, stooping, and rugged trunk to defend you and me too from a tempest. Come, and enjoy one of the most delicious of God's May gifts. Do you, citizen as you are, run from May-rain? Let me tell you it is one of the most soothing, yet inspiring, most balmy, most refreshing, most delectable of the streaming bounties of this genial season. And what a month is May in England, after all the scandal and abuse it has received! What a glorious month is May, even in England! Around all is youth and fragrance, tenderness and vitality! The commonest hedge is at this moment lovely beyond my or your power of expression; the veriest bush is become a portion of Fairyland. How soft, and delicate, and odorous are the leaves of the hawthorn and wild rose! how vivid the grass! what a firm yet fragile beauty in those blue-bells, and glowing goldilocks, and green plants that stretch themselves aloft, as impatient to breathe once more the vernal air, and to feed and expand themselves hourly with dews, sunshine, and rain! Yes! this month, not a bank but is beautiful; the most tame scenery becomes delightful; and the very rain of May—how soft and bland it is! It is the wine of heaven. See, how gushingly it streams down! It is none of your cold and gusty elements—your wintry drift, chilling, and half congealed into flying ice: nor your tempestuous outpouring of Autumn, drenching and dispiriting you; it seems to have no kinship with those rough natures; it is melting, dropping nepenthe, and the delighted earth drinks it in with a silent, never-satiated avidity, and hoards it in its depths to return it to the daylight of Summer, in a boundless exuberance of beauty and faithfulness—of corn, and wine, and oil.

"Look at this canopy of young, broad leaves, on which the gracious rain is playing and pattering, in large, round, and perpendicularly-descending drops; how they seem to spread themselves forth and rejoice in the sweet deluge! See, how beautiful is the tracery of the veins and fibres along their delicate amber, which but a week ago was folded up in the darkness of the podded boughs. Look around! how every varied bush gently waves its boughs covered with a glory of new leaves—a glory which with this month shall deepen into a more earthly aspect. What a soft cloud of vernal odours is diffused around us! The birch, with its bright golden tassels, breathes to me of the mountains, in which I have seen it growing and hanging its weeping tresses over dells, in inexpressible grace. Those taccamahacs at the extremity of the garden send hither their aromatic spirit; and the fragrance of the sweet briar diffuses itself around every other shrub and tree, as if, in the prodigal passion of Spring, it would give all that it has.

"It is May-rain that has elicited all this sweetness; that has poured over us this breath of heaven; that has set free the imprisoned spirit of every tree, and shrub, and flower. Can you any longer wonder why I love to sit here? Do you not perceive that the air has just that delicate softness, that balmy temperature, that fills you with a sensation of pure and perfect enjoyment, that makes it a joy to breathe it? Do you not hear how the blackbird, and the thrush, and the lark, from the trees above us, the copse below, in air above us, sing through the whole shower?

"I love May-rain. I love the season altogether as a spirit-stirring, spirit-soothing, youth-restoring time; and I love it for one thing which many must have felt, but which I know not that any one has yet described—the clear and awakened sense of the power which is at work, and animates all things.

"We walk about in this wondrous world with an unreflecting familiarity. Its great phenomena revolve around us, pass before us, rise to our view, and depart from it; and we witness them with an apathy as wonderful as are those mighty changes themselves. But in Spring, when every thing is bursting forth with life and beauty, when the ground beneath our feet suddenly loses the black and naked bleakness of Winter, and grows with grass and flowers of a thousand glorious shapes; when every tree and bush quickens into leaves and blossoms, and the voices of birds, that had forsaken us for a time, again sound in our ears—a thousand wings are fluttering about us—a thousand insects come from their oblivious hiding-places, and flit once more amid sunshine and bloom—the dullest mind becomes struck with the immediate presence of the mighty spirit that is working around him, and feels awe-touched before that illimitable power which thrills through ten thousand worlds, and throbs in the heart of all created things. We are apt to stop at the sight of a beautiful flower, and exclaim, 'The finger of God shaped that very plant!'—and the Divinity becomes awfully near us in imagination, and almost palpable to our senses; in this tree resides a portion of the energy that lifted the vastitude of creation; nay, as I have sat here, I have been led by the chain of association, commencing with such a feeling, to trace this wide and exhaustless spirit of nature, or, in other words, the spirit of God, pouring itself with a flood of sunshine upon the earth; stirring through all vegetable natures on the surface of the whole world: through its mighty forests; through its mountains and sublime wilderness: filling with life and delight the various shapes of animal being; the winged creatures of the air—giving them eager propensities, eager pursuits; and working in little subterranean cells, in millions of minute existences, with active passions, marvellous instincts, and an ingenuity that casts into the shade the very productions of human science, inasmuch as its efforts are instinctive, and dependent neither on study nor experience."

SIR PETER TREMOR;

OR,

THE DUELLIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

THERE are men, who, from no error of their own, find themselves placed through life in a false position. They are, therefore, always uncomfortable, and frequently ridiculous, merely from the awkward exertion of their very best efforts to perform the parts assigned them.

The Drama of life is, in this particular, utterly unlike the Drama enacted at a Theatre Royal. *There* the first Tragedian is never by any chance forced into the variegated pantaloons of Harlequin, nor is the sylph-like Columbine ever compelled to put on black velvet and come for-

* The nests of the bya hang grouped, in picturesque colonies, from the cocoa, the palmyra, and date trees, and form a conspicuous spectacle in all East India jungle scenery.

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ward as Lady Macbeth. If Thespians attempt characters for which they are unsuited, either in voice, figure or ability, they deserve to be hissed, for the misrepresentation is the result of their own free will. But in the Drama of Life the actors have too often no choice of parts; Master Jack is to be a Parson, because there is a living in the gift of an uncle; Bob is to be a Barrister, because his Godfather the Judge can get him on; and Timothy is to be a Soldier, spite of weak nerves and a ricketty constitution, because he is the youngest, and the other two having been doomed to the church and the law, nothing is left for Tim but a Cornet's commission.

Thus it is that we have Parsons whose pulpit oratory is anything but edifying; briefless Barristers, whose time is spent in the composition of nonsense verses; and pigmy Officers, who, in their tall caps, look, as they march by the side of their stout troop, like urchins going out to drill, rather than important personages entitled to give the word of command.

My case was peculiarly unfortunate; for, being by nature timid and of gentle habits, I was permitted to walk the milky way of life until my Manhood; and then, after being involuntarily united to a very fine woman, I was forced into situations utterly unsuited to my habits, and became at length an involuntary volunteer. I do not hesitate to make public the result of an arrangement so incongruous; there was a manifest contradiction in the very name, the adjective being so completely opposed to the sense of the noun. My wife's main object in life was to conceal my deficiencies, always seeming to consider me a man of valour; and when my timid reserve, and nervous apprehension, were on any occasion becoming too apparent, she would praise me (*before people,*) for my considerate forbearance, and speak of me as a Lion in repose.

"When his energies are once aroused," said she, "he is formidable! you, who only see Sir Peter Tremor in the calm repose of domesticity, can little imagine what he is in the heat of political argument, or the storm of indignant anger."

This was all very well in its way, for it kept people from quarrelling with me; and as the sword of war seemed likely to slumber during my time, I did not anticipate that I should ever have the formidable qualities imputed to me by my wife, put to the test. But, though nobody quarrelled with me, my reputation for valour induced all who did quarrel among themselves to refer their grievances to my arbitration; and when one man called out another, the one who happened to be acquainted with me was sure to call upon me as his "Friend," insisting that I should act as his second. In such cases I generally took to my bed, leaving my wife to tell fibs about the state of my health. But occasionally I was taken by surprise, and obliged to have oral communication with the desperate Challenger; I then astonished him by my pacific tendencies, always exhibiting nothing of valour, save its better part, DISCRETION. In many instances I was the happy means of preventing bloodshed, bringing about a cessation of hostilities in ways never suspected by my indignant Principal, for I never scrupled at compromising his dignity in secret, making unauthorized apologies and concessions on his part; and thus I have made persons shake hands, who would, had they known all, have continued to shake fists.

And surely I was right; my way of cementing cracked Friendships is the very best that could be adopted; 'tis true that an exchange of shots often produces a reconciliation, always provided the Principals are not eternally separated by death. "Exchange" is proverbially "no Robbery," but an exchange of shots is apt to rob one of the combatants of life. My peaceful plan was therefore far preferable; I went forth authorized to utter irritating language. But as I invariably substituted the bland accent of apology and conciliation, I brought the opposing parties together in an amicable way, each being led to suppose that the other was the man who had knocked under, and made concessions. To be sure, I now and then narrowly escaped a serious misunderstanding with the second of the opposite party, and had to tell several fibs to extricate myself; but what are fibs compared with the effusion of human blood? I shudder as I write the words, and am certian, that all peaceably inclined persons will applaud my conduct. Once, however, my tender regard for the welfare of others very nearly brought about my own destruction; and thus it happened.

George Slipslop, my wife's brother, "the Cornet," in due course of time became a Captain; and Caroline, prouder of him than ever, frequently invited him, when on leave, to visit us in Dorsetshire. His visits were to me anything but agreeable; he was loud in his talk, martial in his appearance, and so peremptory in the utterance of his opinions, that he was perpetually either giving or taking offence.

"Give and take" is one of my favourite maxims. But I am no advocate for giving offence, or taking it under any circumstances.

Unfortunately for me, my brother-in-law the Captain gave a man the lie direct, and took from him a blow in the face with so bad a grace, that a challenge was the immediate result. He selected me as his second: in vain I pleaded and expostulated; my wife took his part, and I was compelled to acquiesce.

It was a desperate case, and I was resolved to resort to a desperate remedy, much as I disliked the very look of a pistol, always sympathizing with the Lady, who asserted, "that loaded or not loaded, it might go off of itself." I minutely examined the brace which were to be used by the contending parties, and with some difficulty I procured a pair by the same maker, precisely similar in every respect. These were primed and loaded according to my notions of expediency in such matters; and on the eventful morning I sallied forth with them carefully concealed under my cloak. The morning was thick and misty, and there was a drizzling rain. The other second was cloaked like myself; everything favoured the manœuvre which I had projected, and with a palpitating heart and trembling hand I substituted the weapons which I had brought with me, for those already provided for the conflict.

The ground was measured, and the combatants had taken their positions; I looked on, dreading nothing but the noise of the report; I shut my eyes, as I always do when near exploding fire-arms, and when I looked up again, my brother-in-law, the Captain, was sprawling on his back with his face covered with blood.

It was not his own blood, however, nor was it the blood of any human being; it had been procured by me from a poulterer; and though the bladder in which it had been secured, and which had been inserted in the muzzle of the pistol, coming with force against the head of Captain Slipslop, had caused him to fall on his back, and though, when prostrate, the sanguinary effusion made him believe himself half dead, yet no real harm had been done; and the agitated opponent, who knelt over him, inwardly resolving that he would fly the country as soon as the vital spark was extinct, soon saw the Captain rise and shake himself, declaring that, though covered with blood, he was, strange to say, in a whole skin! There had evidently been a hoax practised upon them! They were immediately friends, and both ungratefully vowed vengeance against the scoundrel, whoever he might be, who had saved one or both of their lives.

As soon as I heard the turn which the conversation was taking, I slunk away, and took to my heels; suspicion had already fallen upon me, and my abrupt departure was considered proof positive of my delinquency.

I suffered severely on this occasion. I was called out; not that *that* much signified, for, of course, I would not go. I got severely horsewhipped before I could prevail on my dear Caroline to interfere in my behalf; and even when she did become my champion, she overwhelmed me with contemptuous abuse, and for a long time rendered my home anything but agreeable.*

Misfortune follows some men with astonishing perseverance, and I have not yet finished my detail of *Second*ary troubles. We left Dorchester shortly after the events which I have narrated: my wife declared that I had rendered myself the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood; and her word being the law of the house, we removed to a very pretty villa in the New Forest. My amiable Caroline was fond of yachting; and having formed an intimacy with a gentleman of the Yacht Club, who made Southampton his summer head-quarters, she had frequent opportunities for the indulgence of her taste. *I* never joined the party; not that I am sea-sick, but there seems to me so much danger in play-thing ships, with amateur sailors, on the *real* vasty deep. I therefore used to ramble listlessly through the shadowy and unfrequented paths of the New Forest; and there I once met with an adventure which nearly frightened me to death.

In the midst of a dark and gloomy thicket, I one day came suddenly upon three coarse-looking men, who eyed me suspiciously, and then asked me the nearest way to Southampton. I believe I trembled from head to foot, whilst I gave a civil but almost incoherent reply. They allowed me to pass, and then, though they had previously appeared on the most friendly and confidential terms, they spoke loudly, and with vehement gestures, and one of them, to my horror, quitted his companions, and coming to my side, thus most courteously addressed me:—

"I am quite sure that I am addressing a gentleman."

I made no reply, but I thought that my last hour was approaching.

"I am certain," he continued, "that one who is evidently accustomed to the usages of the best society, will not suffer me to want a friend on the most important occasion of my life."

"A friend, Sir!" said I.

"Yes, a friend: Friendship, in its general acceptation, is not to be kindled in an hour, but in the sense in which I now use the word

* Such an incident did actually occur some years ago in Ireland; but in that instance the pacific Second was forced to become a Principal, and was shot by the man who had selected him as his "Friend."

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Friend, you *can*, and I feel quite sure you *will*, assist me; nay, Sir, you *must*."

I took a long breath, and thought I should have fainted.

"Excuse me for my vehemence," he added, "for I am a desperate man, and it is in your power to prevent the commission of murder."

"Murder!"

"Yes, murder; for to fight duels without seconds, is decided murder."

"Duels!"

"Yes,—to be brief—That gentleman you see there in the sailor's jacket and trowsers"—

"Gentleman!"

"Yes, Sir, *Gentleman!* Do you presume to suppose, Sir, that had he been any thing else I should have done him the honour and pleasure of accepting his challenge?—Are you not aware, Sir, that the Lords and gentlemen of the Yacht Club wear that costume?"

"I beg your pardon," I murmured.

"Pardon, Sir!—never; that is, never unless you accede to my proposal."

"Anything!—name it!"

"That gentleman has brought his second with him, mine has disappointed me, you must take his place."

"*I* take his place!"

"Yes—I have already said that you *must* do so, and I will hear of no refusal. Are you well acquainted with this part of the forest?"

"Y—y—es," I stammered.

"Are we near any road at present?"

"Not very far."

"Then lead us to an unfrequented spot, where even the report of pistols would be unheard. Do you refuse?" cried my new *friend* furiously.

"Oh, dear no," I answered; and more dead than alive I led the way. He gave a signal to his opponent, who with his second followed us. I silently led them to a very remote sequestered spot, and intimated that I had obeyed orders, merely by standing stock still.

"Are you certain that we are not likely to be interrupted here?"

"Quite," I replied.

"Then here we will remain until the others join us."

They soon came up, and then the gentleman in the blue jacket, whose face and manners were even rougher than his dress, said—

"Well, you Sir, are you cock-sure nobody will come upon us?"

"Certain, Sir," I replied.

"This is a *very* out of the way place, is it?" said his second.

"Uncommonly so," I answered.

"They can't even hear the pop of a pistol, hey, from the road?" inquired *my* Friend.

"Impossible," I responded.

"Then," continued he, "you chicken-hearted son of a Tom Tit, give us your watch and your money, or we'll blow your brains out."

They all vociferously surrounded me, taking from me every farthing I possessed, my watch and seals, and a valuable *guard* chain, (what a misnomer!) a diamond ring, a turquoise pin, my coat and waistcoat, and my hat. They then wished me a good morning; my Friend, the moment my back was turned, gave me a violent kick, and, as I ran as fast as my legs could carry me through the Forest, I heard their loud laughter wafted on the breeze.

LOVE IS A THING OF GRIEF.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"Who never lov'd, ne'er suffered; he feels nothing,
Who nothing feels but for himself alone.
And when we feel for others, reason reels
O'erloaded, from her path, and man runs mad."
YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS, n. 5.

Ah! they who say that Love aids the heart's lightness,
And o'er creation sheds more vivid brightness,
Know nought of Love;—Alas! have never known.—
Love's path with thorns acute is overgrown,
Love's sky is cloudy—darkness often veils
Its lambent radiance, and its glory pales;
Seeming to cast upon the soul a weight
'Gainst which we struggle not, but yield to fate.
Oh! no, no, no! Love never gladness brings,
But o'er the spirits such a sadness flings
That the heart feels most prone to gushing tears,
When sweetest certainty destroys its fears!
See the young girl, so late all life and joy,
Musing with pensive gaze and blushes coy—
Lo! what can make her rising bosom heave?
And why the tear?—Oh! wherefore should she grieve?
Nothing has changed around her, but her heart
Has felt and trembled at Love's poison'd dart.
See too the youth! why hesitates he now?
What means the sudden mantling of his brow?
Oh! what has quenched his eye's audacious fire?
What can that gentleness of glance inspire?
Why seeks he now with fear the eye that's turn'd
Away from his, as if it almost spurn'd
The worship painted there—the homage giv'n
Too holily to one not yet of heaven?
He too has felt the pang that all must feel
When the despotic tyrant does reveal
His awful influence o'er the human mind;
The Necromancer that in fetters bind
The unresisting reason and the will,
And teaches man his first, his *mightiest* ill.
Who ever heard two lovers laugh aloud,
When they had stolen from the noisy crowd
To wander in some dim romantic grove,
Talking of hopes—of hopes begot of love?
Soft is the whisper, timid is the gaze,
And faltering the tones of mutual praise—
And faint the smiles of each, for laughter dies
Amid the struggles of Love's infant sighs.
A holy tremor each young breast pervades,
And all the brilliancy of being shades;
Feeling for the first time the mystic thrall
Of Love—the love to be in *future* all.
How feeble ev'ry other tie appears!
How pain, how sorrow, but the more endears!
How small the sacrifice with those to part
Who once claim'd each pulsation of the heart!
Yet, with a *tear* Love's holy vow is seal'd—
Yet, with a *tear* Love's pow'r is first reveal'd—
And with a tear is signal'd the decay
Of Love, when Time steals its sweet charm away.
Oh! that is why Love is a thing of grief!
A meteoric flash—a comet brief,
Bringing despair and terror in its train;
And gone almost before we've wept its pain.
Oh! were it durable it were divine!
Oh! did it, like the sun, for ever shine
To light the dreary path of life, and lend
Its dazzling radiance to its very end,
It were beatitude on earth.—But no,
Heav'n its delights deigns not to lend below;
The love so dear, yet so imperfect here,
Is only found untroubled in yon sphere—
When we, by suff'ring, win our home above:
"For Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love!"

THE WITCH OF ASH-HILL COMMON.

By the Author of "Reminiscences of a Monthly Nurse."

It matters little what took me into Somersetshire last year—it might be to visit my relations, or bring home my bride—to call upon Mr. Crosse, at the Quantock Hills, or receive my rents. This fact shall remain a *profound mystery*, and by that very means be swollen into vast importance. Who, in these days of wonder, cares for that he clearly comprehends? This is decidedly an occult age; at least ever since the high priest of Mesmerism has established his temple in this country, and nativities are hourly cast for the rich and great by a British officer, with all the solemnity of an Indian Brahmin, in the very heart of our metropolis. "Dull, stale and unprofitable," must now appear the simple details of the heart's affections; its blossoming hopes, its witherings and despair. A touch of the marvellous must embellish every tale, or *somnambulism* will ensue in the attempt to read them, and that without the magnetic influence.

Well then, I found myself riding over Ash-hill Common, with a young gentleman of my acquaintance, in the autumn of last year. This heath, or *common* as it is called, lies between the towns of Ilminster and Taunton, in the aforesaid county of Somersetshire; we were proceeding towards the latter place, and, consequently, had the whole range of the Mendip Hills on our left, whilst that particular one called "*My Lady's Chair*," from its peculiar shape, was clearly defined against the dark grey clouds, which hung threatening a storm over and around them. I have recollections with regard to that same mountain, "My Lady's Chair," which caused me to fix my eye upon it with a mournful expression, not unobserved by my companion.

"You are acquainted with this immediate neighbourhood, I perceive," said my young friend, "and so am I—there is scarcely a furze-bush or a mole-hill on this common but what is familiar to me, and still more so to my Mary. Look at yonder mud hovel, standing in its squalid wretchedness alone there on the right hand, without a single bush to fence it from the storm, and only one little unglazed window, without a shutter, to let in the glorious sunshine, which, albeit, has no aristocratical feelings, but is as willing to send in its beams through that *hole in the wall* as through the polished plate-glass windows of the nobility."

"'Tis a miserable looking abode, methinks," said I; "was it ever inhabited? for now I see it is tenantless. The door is off its hinges, and there is no sign of vitality about it."

"You will wonder, perhaps," continued my companion, "when I inform you, that my pretty Mary, who you so much admire—my young and amiable bride,—has spent many an hour in that mud hovel, and owes to it all the happiness she at present enjoys."

"What!" said I, "to that sty, in which I would not send my hounds for a night's lodging? Your fair and delicate wife sit *there* for hours! Why, the thatch is half off, and what remains is black with age and ready to fall in. You surprise me indeed."

"I will not tell you the story myself," said Walter Collins, "for I cannot do justice to it. If you will ask Mary, herself, in your *usual* most courteous manner, (I will not strike out

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this implied compliment to my breeding,) I am sure she will tell you the story of old Fanny Bond, designated '*The Witch*,' who was for thirty years the inmate of that den, and who conferred on Mary and me the most unbounded obligations."

"Depend upon it, I shall not be long before I ask the favour of her," said I; "obligations from the dweller in such a hole as that! and from a reputed *witch*, too? Pray put the spur to your mare, Collins; we are crawling over this '*blasted heath*' like two black beetles! I long to get to Taunton, and crave the boon of this same narrative from the rosy lips of your wedded Mary."

"Not till after dinner, Frank," cried he gaily; "mind I bar that. We will take our coffee in the little summer-house at the end of our garden; and then, if you will, you may try your rhetoric with Mrs. Collins. Come, we have passed Hatch; we shall soon canter over the rest of the road."

At the end of Hammet Street, in Taunton, lived my friend, and on his door was a handsome brass plate, with the words "Collins, Surgeon," engraved upon it. Should any one of my readers be in Taunton or its vicinity, and unfortunately stand in need of a little professional skill, either for the outside or inside, a fractured limb or a sore throat, let him send thither, and receive his *quid pro quo*. But I fear this will look like an advertisement—never mind; the whole world is carried on by *puffing*; I really think that is the reason why it turns so well upon its revolving hinges, only *the winds* serve there the purpose of the *august press*.

Suppose us sipping our coffee in my friend's little summer retreat—his "country-house" as he calls it. Suppose my request made in the most "courteous manner" to the smiling goddess of that sanctuary, who, of course, so requested, was most propitious to my suit. Thus did "Mary" tell her little story; but the grace, the vitality, of it has, I fear evaporated. Like sal volatile, ether, hartshorn, &c., the *subtile spirits* of it are necessarily somewhat abated, for was not she the heroine of her own tale?

(*To be continued.*)

FROM

OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS,
April 26th, 1843.

Reps, satins, and *levantines* are now a little gone by; they are replaced by *pekins à reflets*, *taffetas glacés*, *draguets*, *foulards*, &c. &c., and above all by the silk denominated *caméléon*, from the various shades and tints it assumes in different lights; and whether termed *caméléon*, *scarabée*, *aile de mouche*, *opale*, &c. &c., is the most in demand at this moment; and, to avoid too great confusion of colours, ladies generally wear with these dresses striped shawls with white grounds, which are admirably adapted to this tinted material. *Caméléon fleuri*, *taffetas nacré*, *Royale favorite*, *Pekin Bengalé*, *Ecossais gitana*, *camoyeux japonais*, *taffetas de l'Inde quadrillé*, &c. &c., with *barèges*, some of white ground, checked, *broché* in *ponceau* silk, or in blue or gold colour, will constitute the *négligé* of the Parisian *belles*; printed *foulards*, *toile de Chine*, and *mousselines cachemire*, for the more simple *toilettes*. All shades of grey and violet are fashionable in *pekins* and watered silks. Many *redingotes* have trimmings of silk *guipure* of the same colour, which rather replaces the gimp *à jour* in black; on black it is extremely elegant. *Berthes* are made of it *en cascatelle*, that is, three rows placed one on the other, which fall to the waist; this style of *berthe* may be worn with any dress. Some *berthes cascatelles* are made of three rows of lace of different widths. Buttons are much used on *redingotes* and robes *demi-négligé*; they are made in coloured glass, agate, coloured stones, with a gold point in the centre of a round half spherical form.

Point de Venise, so much now in demand, is made in every colour, and in patterns either antique, *renaissance*, or *pompadour*; it is also made in black and white for shawls or scarfs of *cachemire* or *barège*; the *point de Venise* has been used on a dress of white *barège*, with five tucks, at the head of each was placed this pretty work, producing the effect of an inlet. Long sleeves, of equal width both top and bottom, were made of alternate folds; and this trimming and a *berthe pelerine* completed this *toilette*, which was intended for an elegant public *déjeûner*.

To individualize more fully the fashion of the season, we must say that, spite of all the inconvenient consequences, the dresses are still worn very long, particularly behind, for they are certainly rather shorter in front, which obviates the double pleasure of a dusty and dirty hem, as well as the danger of treading on one's skirt. Dresses are made if any thing a little longer, but not quite so wide as they were. The *corsages* for dress are tight, pointed, and with the three pieces; those of *demi-toilettes* have full backs and tight fronts, with three large plaits or *pinces*, plaitings round *redingotes* of shot silks, called *caméléon*, and two or three flounces pinked on skirts of *taffetas d'Italie glacé* or checked *pekin*; tight sleeves, with jockeys at the top, and cuffs at the wrists, are always worn, though those *Louis XIII.* are becoming very general.

In some houses in Paris there is a strong inclination to introduce the *ceinture* and perpetuate the tight sleeves. The generality of dresses have two very deep double tucks, or two deep flounces finished with a *ruche*, and on some silk dresses even one of these flounces, provided it is of rich black lace; two rows of lace to match are placed on the top of the sleeves, jockeys, and wristbands. Other dresses made high are full in the shoulder-strap, and have a narrow *ceinture*; the *pelerines* are again seen, but they are not made round, they are lengthened, and concealing less of the form give more grace to the waist; the sleeves *Louis XIII.* are much approved, and will be generally adopted during the warm weather; they are *demi-large*, reaching midway down the arm, and requiring an under sleeve of clear material *bouillonné*. A robe *redingote* with tight body; *pelerine* with square corners; sleeves *Louis XIII.*, and under ones of India muslin; the skirt plain, merely ornamented by narrow gimp *arachnée*, and Leghorn bonnet with shaded feathers, form an elegant *toilette*. Black lace does not appear at all to decline in favour with the new season; on the contrary, it is an almost indispensable accompaniment of every *toilette*. Scarfs of lace, *camails* of lace, flounces of lace, &c. &c.

A description of lace, called *points de Berlin*, is much used in Paris to trim *mantilles* of *tulle* and the four or five flounces which ornament the dresses of *organdy*; the effect is very good, from the extreme lightness of the ground and richness of the patterns, notwithstanding its low price. A pretty style of trimming is formed of two wide *biais* placed in a wave on the skirt, rather lengthened than deep, so that five waves will complete the round; they are also trimmed with a *bouillonné* of ribbon *à la Vieille*. On dresses of thick materials, such as watered *caméléon*, two *biais* usually ornament the skirt. On *Cotpalys*, *barèges*, *Marquises*, or *Pompadour*, and gauzes *brochées*, all light materials have the deep flounce, *ruche* of ribbon *bouillonné* with double heading *cretées*, robes *redingotes* of *pekin*, *taffetas Peruviens*, *gros de France*, *taffetas Suisses*, &c., &c., are always much worn; the most elegant have the *corsage* pointed and *en biais*, ornamented by two rows of buttons rather large, and two rows of narrow gimp matching the skirt, open in front, each side finished with a quilling of ribbon *à la vieille*, very narrow at the top, and enlarging to the bottom; under skirt of muslin embroidered with two flowers.

A dress of *bleu de France* was ornamented all round the skirt above the hem with a rich wreath embroidered *en soutache*, rounding on each side of the front breadth, and rising *en tablier* to the *ceinture*; the body was high, and tight at the top, but a little fulness at the waist, and full back. A dress of *Arménienne* in *broché* stripes had a very deep flounce of black lace, headed by a *ruche* of the same material pinked; the body was tight and high, with rounded point; tight sleeves with jockeys formed of a fall of lace. A dress of *taffetas Perse* was ornamented by three deep flounces placed about the half-width of each apart; tight high body, and tight sleeves. A dress of checked blue and white *gros de Naples* was ornamented at the side by a *ruche* of *gros de Naples* pinked; tight high body, and tight sleeves.

A robe of green *casimer* was braided on the front of the skirt; tight body and high, but without *ceinture*, also braided, and tight sleeves. A dress of black watered silk had three deep tucks on the skirt, covering two-thirds of the skirt, tight high body with rounded point and tight sleeves. A checked gray and white *gros de Naples* was ornamented on the skirt by three rows of plaits made of the same material and placed about the width of the plait apart; *corsage* was high on the shoulders, and open in front, a little full at the shoulders, but plain at the waist; tight sleeves, with double jockeys rounded and edged with plaits.

A *redingote* of green satin had the front of the skirt ornamented by *biais*, edged with black lace of a lozenge form, and fastening in front with four large *choux* of satin; tight high body with point slightly rounded, having a *biais* placed on the side of the *corsage*, and edged with lace, which was continued from the shoulder to the point; tight sleeves with double jockeys edged with lace, as also the cuff, which formed point on the arm. A dress of deep blue *damas* was trimmed with *guipure* gimp *en tablier*, it was very narrow at the point of the *corsage*, enlarging to the bottom of the skirt, where it rounded off on the front breadth; tight body, high and with rounded point, ornamented with *guipure* gimp in the fan style. The *redingotes* of *caméléon taffetas* are made with tight bodies and *pelerines* embroidered all round with silk of the various shades of the dress; robes of *taffetas d'Italie* are with large tucks or flounces of different or gradual widths; dresses for *petites soirées* are of gauze or *organdy* embroidered.

An elegant evening dress with double skirt, the lower one of black velvet, was trimmed with deep black lace, headed by a *bouillonné* of black satin; the upper one was of violet satin, very short and open on each side to the *ceinture*; a lace flounce edged it, falling to the top of the other; the opening of the skirt was ornamented by an *agraffe* of black gimp, the *corsage* of violet satin, pointed with *biais* forming gimp; short tight sleeves of black velvet, and open ones of satin over them. A dress of gray *velours epinglé* had the bottom of the skirt ornamented by four small *biais* of the same material, arranged *en festons*, and united by silver cord terminating in tassels; the *corsage* pointed and *à cœur*, edged with silver cord tied in front, and terminated by large silver tassels, short sleeves ornamented to match; dresses of gauze or *linon*, one pink, the other lilac, placed one over the other, produce those shades of colour so much admired now; a white embroidery *au crochet* edges these two skirts or this tunic dress.

Mantilles of black *filet*, with trimmings of *filet* embroidered, will be very fashionable this season, if we may judge by the numerous novelties in this style. Some elegant *manteaux* have been made, termed *Venitiens*, with rounded corners in front, and

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large turn over collars and drapery which forms a sleeve when necessary to give the arm. These are very pretty, whether made in black or white; some are lined with lilac or pink silk, others have small hoods, which at night can be raised over the head. The *Catalane* is a small shawl, with hood, made of embroidered *tulle*.

Among other novelties of the season, are the scarfs of *glacé* silk, hollowed out round the throat, and trimmed *à la grande mère*, and *Crispin's camails* of *tartatane* over silk; embroidery and four rows of lace greatly enhance the beauty of these. The various forms of *mantelets* all form *pelerine* behind, and are hollowed out for the arms, the ends being rounded; they are generally trimmed with ribbon, with double headings *ruché* by drawing threads. The little *paletots* termed *Cracoviennes*, of embroidered muslin or *tulle*, lined with pink or blue silk, trimmed with lace or fluted ribbon, and *mantilles à la vieille femme*, are much in favour; trimmings plaited of ribbon, or bands of silk *decoupées* in scallops, is a style much in use.

Two very pretty *mantelets* have appeared; one of gray *taffetas d'Italie* was very deep behind, trimmed with a double *ruché* of *taffetas* pinked, the ends were rounded, and did not reach lower than the knees, and were confined at the arms in folds; the other was of black *tulle coulissé*, round at the ends, and trimmed all round with broad black lace, headed by a *bouillon* lined with black satin. The *mantille Venitienne* is particularly elegant; it is double, and all in *filet*, trimmed all round with lace, and confined at the collar by a simple *chou* of ribbon; it then is open to the bottom of the dress, and forms two *pelerines* behind, one of which reaches to the heels.

The *paletot* of satin *moire*, or *taffetas cameleon*, is worn in carriages; it is trimmed either with lace or *chicoree* of ribbon, and is tied round the waist with a wide ribbon, with a *capote* of satin, either *paille vert d'eau*, or white, having a long feather laid across. The *paletot* of watered silk lilac, *glacé* with white, and lined with white silk, trimmed round with *Mechlin* lace, and worn with a dress of *poult de soie*, checked lilac and green, is an elegant *toilette de jeune femme*. The *paletot* for walking is more quiet, being almost always black, trimmed with lace, with or without *pelerine;* it may be prettier without, but is preferred with *pelerine* when required for very simple attire, as for ladies who walk unattended. Bonnets have the fronts coming rather more on the face, and are not quite so deep at the ears, and the crowns do not come very low at the back of the head, but rather expose a little of the hair; the more simple for morning wear are trimmed with plaid ribbons. *Capotes à coulisses* are not much ornamented, and others are made of straw, with crowns of silk, with merely a *nœud* and long ends, which fall at the side, unless a *chou* of plain net is substituted.

White satin bonnets covered with lace and ornamented with a long white feather are very elegant. Many bonnets are of *paille gros de Naples*, ornamented with a *bouquet* of field flowers and sarcenet ribbon shaded yellow and green. *Capotes of paille* satin have *voilettes* of lace and *nœuds* of satin ribbon. The *Penelope* bonnet is one of the newest creations. *Capotes à la Madonne*, with long veils of *tulle*, are much in demand; some are made of *tulle*, white or pink, as well as on bonnets of pink *tulle*. *Capotes* of pink *glacé poult de soie*, with *voilettes* of British point, which entirely covers them, confined by *demi guirlandes*, are also admired. Bonnets of *étoffe sylphide* have the fronts still rather close and edged with a narrow *bouillonné* of *tulle;* a bunch of lilac, or *fleur de cedras*, embellish those bonnets; *pailles de riz* mixed with *gros de Naples* form pretty *capotes*, on which are placed sprigs of May, with feather, leaves, or wreaths of *aubépine*.

Leghorns, whether sewed or *de fantaisie*, all are now in demand for the opening season; they vary in form and ornament according to their description; the more simple ones are trimmed with plaid ribbons, in quite a new style; others have wreaths, or loose flowers, or feathers shaded and *glacés*. *Pailles de riz* are of a very pretty form, without being very open they admit of the ornaments and quantity of hair now shown under bonnets; they have a feather, half flat half *marabout*, shaded to match the ribbon; greens and lilacs are both pretty. *Capotes* of pink crape are made with folds interlined with blond laid on the front, and inside are *nœuds* formed of blond lappets; others of *poult de soie*, in blue or pink, have a fall of roses placedat the side, and are lined with blond inside; bonnets made of blond are lined with pink gauze *lisse*, and have *marabout* feathers tinted; others are made only of *crèpe lisse* in two colours, placed one over the other, which produces the effect of colour so much in fashion; those of pink and blue have, in the sun, the effect of the *opale*. *Capotes* of white *poult de soie* are sometimes embroidered in light patterns in lilac or *paille*, and have the advantage over *brochée* silk that they can be worked to the required shape; ribbons fringed and edged in the same style are also invaluable for straw bonnets; the *capotes à coulisses* are again varied; the *coulisses losanges* is quite new, and will perpetuate this pretty style of *négligé*. *Capotes* of watered silk, the form rather close at the top and open at the ears, are trimmed with twisted cables, formed of three bands of *gaze marabouts* in the three shades of the same colour, so that deep blue contrasts with pale and medium—the result is pretty.

Some pretty *coiffures* have come under observation; one of silver gauze was ornamented with blue flowers, and a turban *maure* of pink crape, embroidered in silver, fell in lappets on each side, finishing with silver fringe; a *petit bard*, or dress hat of pink satin, had a satin *ruche* at the edge, and a long white feather fastened in front of the *coiffure* and curling round fell on the shoulder. The little *coiffure créole*, composed of a delicate *fichu* of *gaze cachemire* of green *filet*, red and gold, or muslin and gold, the ends of which form a pretty *nœud*, falling at the side, is one of the prettiest *fantaisies* of the moment.

The weather during *Longchamps*, though fine, was too cold to admit of much display in *toilettes*. Many *redingotes* or dresses were of watered silk, *pekins*, or *taffetas caméléon*, which will be the decided style of the season; and as black lace harmonises so well with the varied tints and shades, it is used with no sparing hand, and was discoverable amidst the *cachemires* and elegant *négligés* of *Longchamps*. The bonnets of *poult de soie* or crape were generally with feathers laid across. *Capotes* of *paille de riz*, with *bouquets* of daisies or camellias, and some of *point d'Angleterre*, were lined with blue or pink gauze; but there was really nothing that entirely told of Spring remarkable at *Longchamps;* but as I have already been rather long in my details, you will not want for variety and novelty. *Au revoir.* E. C.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.

No. 1.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of plaid silk; the *corsage* high, *à cœur*, and tight sleeves; the skirt has three deep *biais*, placed rather distant from each other. *Mantelet* scarf of white muslin. Bonnet of pink crape, with very deep veil of *tulle* and roses intermixed, with *tulle* crossing the crown.

No. 2.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of lilac satin; the *corsage* is *à cœur*, with *revers* from the shoulders, which, as well as round the neck and sleeves, is finished with very rich open gimp trimming, which on a larger scale descends the front of the skirt. *Capote à coulisses* of white silk, ornamented with a profusion of roses.

No. 3.—*Carriage Dress.* — Robe of checked *barège;* the *corsage* is high, with *ceinture* and buckle, and small *pelerine*, trimmed with rich fringe; tight sleeves with jockeys finished with fringe; two very deep flounces on the skirt edged with rich fringe and full heading. *Capote à coulisses* with flowers and *bouillon* crossing the crown.

No. 4.—*Public Dejeûner Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of *glace* silk; the *corsage à cœur*, with *revers* embroidered *en soutache;* tight sleeves with jockeys to match; the skirt is also ornamented *en tablier* by embroidery *en soutache*. Bonnet of white crape, with very long white feather drooping to the shoulder.

No. 5.—*Public Dejeûner Dress.*—Robe of *glacé* silk; the *corsage* is with rounded point and *berthe* of the same, ornamented with *point de Venise;* loose sleeves, *à la religieuse*, with under ones *à coulisses* of muslin; the skirt is also ornamented with three rows of *point de Venise* laid on plain, similar to that on the *berthe* and sleeves. Bonnet of white *gaze sylphide*, with drooping flower, and cap of gauze inside.

No. 6.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of pink *barège;* the *corsage* is pointed, the sleeves tight, and the skirt with two deep flounces placed rather wide apart. *Cannezou* of muslin trimmed with narrow lace. Cap of *tulle* with full narrow border, rounded off at the ears, and *nœud* of ribbon at the side.

No. 7.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of *soie d'été;* the *corsage* is pointed, and tight long sleeves. *Cannezous* of *tulle* edged with *biais*. Cap of *tulle*, with lace *papillons* and *coques* of *cerise* striped ribbon.

No. 8.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of violet *levantine;* the *corsage* is high and with deep point, ornamented from the shoulders to the point with a fancy trimming, which also is repeated, *en tablier*, on the skirt; long tight sleeves with pointed *manchettes*. Bonnet of pink *gros d'été*, with long ostrich feather.

No. 9.—*Capote* of pink silk, simply trimmed with ribbon crossing the crown, and narrow lace turning back at the brim.

No. 10.—Bonnet of *paille de riz* of similar form and style.

No. 11.—*Capote à coulisses* of pink silk with three *marabouts* at the side.

No. 12.—Straw bonnet of the straight cottage form, tie ribbon of the same colour simply crossing it.

No. 13.—Leghorn bonnet with long white feather.

PLATE II.

No. 1.—*Public Dejeûner Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of *caméléon* silk; the *corsage à cœur*, with *rabat* and vandyke trimming, laced in front in the stomacher style; tight sleeves with jockeys, and trimmings *en biais*, and vandykes descend the skirt *en tablier* ornamented with buttons. Bonnet of gauze *sylphide*, with *biais* round the edge, and feather trimmings.

No. 2.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of green silk; the *corsage* is high and *à cœur*, ornamented with trimmings *à la vieille* of quilled ribbon, with *ruche* headings; the bottom of the skirt and front are ornamented with the same trimming; bonnet *à coulisses*, with plume of cock's feathers.

No. 3.— *Walking Dress.*—Robe of checked *foulard*, with high body and tight sleeves; *mantelet* of *glacé* silk forming deep *pelerine* behind, and small collar of the same, the whole trimmed round with gimp laid on. *Capote à coulisses* of white crape, with *marabout* feathers.

No. 4.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of *glacé* silk, with tight high body and tight sleeves; *mantelet* of black lace over silk hollowed out at the throat, and forming deep *pelerine* behind, trimmed all round with flutings of ribbon, and black lace. Bonnet, front view of bonnet, No. 3.

No. 5.—*Public Dejeûner Dress.*—Robe of *paille* silk; the *corsage* is high and *à cœur*, with small *pelerine* trimmed round with a fancy trimming *en feuillage;* sleeves *à la Louis XIII.*, and under ones of muslin; the skirt is open on each side the front breadth, and united by trimming similar to that on the *pelerine*. *Capote à coulisses* of white silk.

No. 6.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of watered silk;

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the *corsage* is pointed and à *cœur*, with small *rabat* and *guimpe* of embroidered muslin. Bonnet of pink crape, trimmed with narrow lace and small *marabout* feathers.

No. 7.—Back view of dress and bonnet just described.

No. 8.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of *rayé* silk; the *corsage* is à *cœur* and rounded point, with *revers* from the shoulders and *brandenbourgs* down the centre; tight sleeves, with jockeys. *Capote à coulisses* of green silk, with flowers.

No. 9.—*Capote à coulisses* of pink silk, with full crown.

No. 10.—*Capote à coulisses* of *gaze sylphide* in *bouillons*, trimmed with gauze intermixed with flowers.

No. 11.—Bonnet of pink crape, with double fluting of the same across the crown, and feather at the side.

No. 12.—*Capote* of lilac *poult de soie* of the cottage form, trimmed with satin ribbon of the same colour in *nœuds*, which are placed rather high on the crown.

No. 13.—*Capote à coulisses* of black lace, with blue runners and flowers.

PLATE III.

No. 1.—*Public Promenade Dress.*—Robe of cameleon silk; the *corsage* is high and rounded at the waist, with *brandenbourgs* down the centre, and *pelerine* of the new form, with pointed corners, trimmed with ribbon *plissé;* double skirt, each trimmed with three rows of *plissé* ribbon. Bonnet of pink crape ornamented with shaded feathers.

No. 2.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of white crape over *paille* satin; the *corsage* is pointed, with *berthe* of the same, and narrow *rouleau* of satin ribbon round the waist, with *rosette* and long ends at the point; two similar *rosettes* ornament the skirt, the lower one raising the crape skirt at the side. *Coiffure* of hair in ringlets, ornamented with gold pins.

No. 3.—*Carriage Dress.*—*Redingote* of cameleon silk; the *corsage* is high and a little pointed, braided and fastening with buttons; the same is repeated down the centre of the skirt, and on the jockeys of the tight sleeves; scarf of black lace. Bonnet of blue satin, with *biais* of gauze *lisse* at the edge, and bunches of roses at the sides. The hair in full ringlets, without cap.

No. 4.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of green silk; the *corsage* is high and pointed, ornamented with *plisses* of silk and *ruche* edge, narrowing to the point, and again repeated down the centre of the skirt; tight plain sleeves with lace cuffs. Bonnet of lilac silk with plume of cock's feathers.

No. 5.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of striped *foulard;* the *corsage* is full from the shoulders, with *ceinture;* tight sleeves with jockeys *festonnés;* the skirt has three deep flounces *en biais*, also *festonnés*. Bonnet of pink silk, with shaded feather laid completely across. The hair in ringlets.

No. 6.—*Young Lady's Ball Dress.*—Tunic dress of white crape; the *corsage* with deep point and *biais* forming *berthe;* short sleeves concealed by *biais;* the tunic and lower skirt have a broad hem with ribbon through, and the tunic, which is open at the side, is laced together with satin ribbon, confined by bunches of flowers. *Coiffure* of hair in *bandeaux*, with flowers at the back.

No. 7.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of blue *velours epinglé;* the *corsage* is pointed, with *berthe* of lace; a very rich lace flounce ornaments the back of the skirt, and rounding off ascends half way up the sides, finishing in a point with a *rosette* of blue ribbon. Turban of *cachemire* and gold, with bird of paradise.

No. 8.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of *mousseline cachemire*, with high body and tight sleeves; *mantelet à la vieille* of shot silk trimmed with *plisses*, or flutings of ribbon with headings. Bonnet of silk and *paille de riz* intermixed.

No. 9.—Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with shaded feather.

No. 10.—Bonnet of *paille* silk, ornamented with lace.

No. 11.—*Capote* of pink crape, of a small close shape, with flowers.

No. 12.—*Capote à coulisses* of shaded silk, with tinted feathers.

No. 13.—Bonnet of *paille* silk, covered with *voilette* of blond lace.

To Correspondents.

It is now twelve months since we commenced illustrating our pages with Music, and not a month has elapsed during that period, without our having received a host of approvals. The influx of letters of approbation, coupled with the great increase in our sale, fully assures us how completely we have hit the public taste; and while we take this opportunity of thanking one and all for the great interest expressed in our success, allow us to say, that we shall still continue to cater for your amusement and gratification, with a determination to maintain the proud eminence upon which you have placed us, always bearing in mind that ancient homely adage, "One good turn deserves another."

We cannot forego the vanity of calling the attention of our readers to the notices of the press, which will be found in our tinted pages. We should not do this, did we not feel our subscribers will rejoice with us.

"B. B." is thanked for the hint; we will adopt it.

"Puck" is too funny—such jokes as the shells at Woolwich Arsenal producing capital (oysters) hoisters, we think, applied experimentally, would put Puck in a pucker.

We are obliged to decline the lines commencing,

"Oh, Laura dear—Oh, Laura dear,
The world stands still when you're not near."

The poetry is too refined for our pages,—and the music, though the composer deems it fit for a Rubini voice, we beg to say, we think it hum-drum. Our printer's devil seeing this, has just asked, "Would it not suit Tamburin" (i). We fear our devil has been in the company of Puck to-day.

"Louisa" shall hear from us.

"Pitchers and Pumps" is a puff, written by one of the cold-water doctors—we are no advocates for the system, and therefore decline it.

Other Correspondence (arrived too late) in our next.

LITERATURE, DRAMA, &c.

The Diseases of Females. By Dr. Graham, M.D. &c. Third Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

We are not surprised to find this popular Work in a Third Edition. All the ailments to which the softer sex are liable, and alas, they are not a few, are treated in a popular and familiar style. In the Author's Modern Domestic Medicine he was not able to treat so fully the diseases attendant upon, and the treatment necessary for, women in a state of pregnancy, but in this volume he has gone fully into it; and it is a great blessing and advantage to society, that men of talent and experience, like Dr. Graham, can be found to afford us the best possible information which practical experience alone can furnish.

The Work Table and Embroidery Frame Companion. C. Mitchell, Red Lion Court, London.

A beautiful little volume, full of instruction for the pursuit of one of the most elegant and useful of female studies. It should be in the possession of every lady who wishes to provide herself with a never-failing resource against the horrors of *ennui*, and perils of idleness. The example of her Majesty, who has extended her patronage to the work, ought to be followed by every sensible parent. For presents, and as a companion in the boudoir, the work is invaluable; the heads of ladies' schools also will find their account in adopting it for universal use. All needlework unbinds and yet occupies the mind, and furnishes a relief from the cares and anxieties of life which is not to be found by any other means. This manual will enable every one who is willing to be taught, to combine the elegant and ornamental part of the art with the useful; and thus purposes of high domestic importance will be attained. Round the head of the industrious fair, proficiency in needlework binds "a wreath that cannot fade," as well as creates it under the operation of her "nimble fingers." The Engravings which accompany the volume are explanatory of the process of making the patterns, as well as of their form, and will therefore be sure and lasting guides. In justice to the Publisher, we feel bound to caution purchasers against spurious imitations of this unique work, by giving his name as at the head of this article.

ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.

Of all the places of amusement for which London is famed, this presents attractions peculiar to itself—"none but itself can be its parallel." At no theatre, perhaps, do we mark the progress and advance of the histrionic art as at this. The entertainments of twenty years since will not bear comparison with the productions of the day, whether on the stage or in the circle. We remember it is "old" Astley's time, when "The Secret Mine" and "The Blood Red Knight" were wont to astonish the many; wherein the skirmishes and charges were confined to some dozen foot and half-dozen horsemen. Compare with this the splendid *tableaux* brought into existence by the magician Ducrow—look at that masterpiece of stage effect, the "Battle of Waterloo," realizing in mimic array all the effects of that memorable event. Take, again, in the circle his "Courser of St. Petersburgh;" what a beautiful piece of pantomime was that, and with what dexterity were the eight horses brought to act and manœuvre as one.

But notwithstanding all this, yet are we bound to say that Batty bids fair to out-crow Ducrow; he seems to combine all the genius of his predecessor with great taste and judgment peculiar to himself. At our visit here a few evenings since we were much struck with the new edifice reared upon the old spot. Mr. Batty has evidently not spared expense, combining elegance and simplicity. The arena appears larger than in the days of the late Mr. Ducrow, and the general arrangements are much improved. The stud of horses is far superior to anything we have ever seen; and coupled with vast equestrian talent, we doubt not that much will be achieved beyond what has ever before been attempted.

The spectacle is founded upon the late events in India—and is exceedingly well put upon the stage. To trace it in detail would be, we fear, impossible, from the fact of the war itself having been pretty complex—suffice it to say, that all the effects possible to be produced by numerous well trained auxiliaries, horse and foot, splendid scenery, dresses, and appointments—and a profusion of gunpowder—was achieved. If liberality will secure success, Mr. Batty has it, and we wish him all he can desire.

Spring.—The influence that the spring has upon the blood, and indeed upon the general system, is well known, and not less commonly felt. A very frequently remarked effect of this cause is the diminution of beauty and health that takes place in those most essential attributes of our frame—*the skin* and *the hair of the head*. The first, at this period of the year, generally displays a sallow hue, from the degenerated mass of the fluids that peculiarly call for correctives; while the hair becomes, from the same cause, drooping, dry, and discoloured. In stating these well-known facts, we beg to call the reader's attention to those admirable and unique discoveries, Rowland's Kalydor, *for the Skin*, and Rowland's Macassar Oil, *for the Hair*. The many years of public trial, and consequent approval, which these friends to human beauty have experienced, must necessarily give them first-rate claims to notice. Rowland's Kalydor is a mild, innocent, and yet most efficacious preparation, that *dispels all irritability from the skin, gently assists in opening the pores, relieves the secretions, and gradually establishes a white and perfect skin of transparent beauty*. Rowland's Macassar Oil is not less felicitous in its results with the Hair, into which *it infuses fresh nourishment* and *life, giving it a beautiful gloss with a graceful tendency to curl!*

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PLATE II

LONDON AND PARIS.



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LONDON AND PARIS.



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LOVE, MAY'S FLOW'RET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF VOSS, COMPOSED BY FELIX MENDELSSHON BARTHOLDY.



SECOND VERSE.

Wilt thou then my love refuse
Now 'tis gemm'd with youthful dews,
Never has it sought to rest
On another maiden's breast.

See love's rose is opening wide,
Pluck it ere it lose its pride,
Never till 'tis pluck'd by thee,
Gathered shall it ever be.

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THE HIGHLAND CHIEF!

THE WORDS BY W. M'GREGOR LOGAN; THE MUSIC BY JOHN BARNETT, COMPOSER OF "THE LIGHT GUITAR," "RISE GENTLE MOON," "THE HIGHLAND BRIDE," &c.



SECOND VERSE.

Our foes can boast ten hundred men,
And we scarce number one to ten;
But not to numbers vict'ry's given,
The Patriot's sword is edged by heaven.

By those who crowd on yonder plain,
A Highland chief, my sire, was slain—
And never yet did clan or son
Disgrace the name a chieftain won.

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THE LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, AND MUSIC.

EMBELLISHED WITH MUSIC, ARRANGED WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, HARP, AND GUITAR.

JUNE, MDCCCXLIII.

THE YOUNG ACTRESS.

A PAGE FROM THE FOLIO OF LIFE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

(*Continued from page* 34.)

Was not such confidence entitled to reward? Was it not deserving of being kept inviolate? —sacred as the first aspirations of innocence —holy as infant prayers? Yet he betrayed it at the moment when her soul was prostrated with anguish for the loss of her mother— when she turned to him, next to her God, for consolation. Then did he basely triumph over that virtue which would have defied his arts in the hour of happiness; then did he dry the tears of filial sorrow, to awaken those of shame and remorse; then did he steal from her innocent lips the kiss impressed on them by a dying mother, to sear those very lips with the burning kiss of guilt and passion.

"Alas! that man should ever win
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin
As woman's heart!—and deeper woe
For her fond weakness, not to know
That yielding all but breaks the chain
That never reunites again!"

It would be as false, as it was cruel, to assert that Emily fell unresistingly into the snare so artfully prepared for her by her insidious lover. No! she did weep over her degradation,—she did invoke the spirit of her departed mother to pity and forgive—to plead for her at the throne of mercy—to implore the angels to advocate her almost hopeless cause, and obtain pardon for her transgressions. Yet, Arthur knew so well how to soothe the contrite girl—how to kiss away those tears—how to smile away that remorse—how to surround her with the witcheries of passion—the blandishments of seduction,—he was so tender, so respectful, so deferential to her wishes, so fond, so grateful for every mark of her affection—treasuring every smile, as it were a Brazilian ruby, and every word as a Madura pearl, to form the coronal of his still doating heart. Then he talked so constantly of their union—of the years of happiness in store for them—of the serene sunset awaiting them at the close of life, seen through the bright vista of felicity, that the dazzled and bewildered girl lost sight of her actual position; she did not perceive his shallow sophistry—that he was merely deluding her imagination—that such a delicious future never could be hers—that *crime* had flung its dismal shadow over those years he represented as so bright, and darkened the sunset awaiting her. But so long as he continued fond and faithful, she yielded blindly to the intoxication of love—a first ardent love. She awoke at last from the dangerous and Lethean delusion, as from a feverish and delirious slumber, to the fullest sense of the disgrace and misery of her situation.

Arthur, after a time, relaxed in his attentions —absented himself sometimes for days together; still, however, he had the delicacy to spare the feelings of his victim, by pleading imperative reasons for his so doing. At length he threw off the mask entirely, staying away for weeks instead of days, and that without condescending to account for his conduct. And when he was with her, his manners were so cold, *so distrait*, so different from his former *empressement*, that Emily, blinded as she was by affection, and deluded by that hope, which flatteringly suggests the impossibility of change in an adored object, was compelled to admit that Arthur was not the *same*.

Oh! the pang it cost her to acknowledge that conviction! Oh! the secret tears she shed over her ruined virtue! Oh! the bitter regret his inconstancy awoke in the bosom he had robbed of peace and happiness for ever! Then, in all the hopeless anguish of a too late repentance, she deplored the weakness which had so fatally led her to sacrifice the only hold which woman has over man's selfish heart—her innocence. He may feel a transitory gratitude for other benefits conferred on him, but the favours of *love* awaken only contempt and detestation.

"Yet he had sworn to love her with the truth
That should survive to latest age, from youth;
But to love *her*. The tear he hid, as loath
To show his weakness, sanctified the oath—
And she believed. O folly to believe
That he, a *man*, and still would not deceive!"

At first, she endeavoured to recall his waning affection, by reproaches—tears—upbraidings and invectives; but they only aggravated the disgust and *ennui* of satiety. Then she had recourse to supplications, endearments, and all the fascinations once magical in their effects over him; but in vain—the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, the charm was destroyed; he was disenchanted—he loved *another*; and he left her—alone—ruined — helpless — broken-hearted,—without remorse or pity, for ever! *For ever*—no! she could not believe that possible—he *must* come again!

When awaiting the arrival of the object of an innocent attachment, however tedious the time may appear to pass—however sick the heart may grow with hope deferred—still, it is not racked with that despair—that unutterable agony—that remorseful anguish, that shakes its very deepest centre, when conscious guilt adds its intolerable weight to the lingering hours. In the first, hope sweetly assures us, that it is not for want of inclination that the wished-for being is not at our feet—that nothing but an unforeseen accident could detain him—that he is suffering equally with ourselves, from the tortures of delay, and that when we do meet, the raptures attending that blissful moment will more than compensate for present pain. But, oh! on the other hand, when conscience thunders to the affrighted heart, that from our own misdeeds we have forfeited all claim on the once worshipped lover—that the idol of his affection is prostrate in the dust—that the shrine at which he lately bowed is desecrated by vice—that his absence is occasioned by satiated passion—that all his thoughts are employed in framing plausible excuses for his not coming, or, perhaps, he does not deem us worthy the trouble of inventing a pitiful lie to spare our feelings—that, perhaps, he may never come again—Oh! then the tortures of expectation are beyond endurance, indeed! The ear is strained to catch the slightest sound—the eye is almost forced from its socket, to define the faintest shadow; and every faculty is wrought up to a degree of tension, that binds the brain, as it were, in the strong chains of frenzy: at one moment the heart throbs with the liveliest hope, then sinks immediately afterwards into the direst despair. A thousand desperate thoughts rush over that excited brain—a thousand rash resolves are meditated—all, all, to vanish in the fearful inanity of hopeless misery. For what, alas! can woman do when betrayed by man? only weep—oh! only weep, and submit, or, if God pities her, *die!*

Emily was still on the stage, for Arthur would never hear of her quitting it, her success forming his greatest gratification; vanity, more than love, having been the motive of endeavouring to gain possession of her, *pour faire des envieux*, as he boastingly said at his club.

With a mind torn with such various and conflicting emotions, how could she possibly gain sufficient command over herself to appear? Yet appear she must, or lose her popularity—nay, her sole means of subsistence; for Arthur had taken advantage of her inexperience to make no settlement on her—often, indeed, availing himself of her salary to minister to his own extravagance.

Hour after hour stole on in the aching and sickening void of uncertainty and indecision, on the day fixed for her reappearance, until it was actually time for her to repair to the theatre. She was to enact the part of Rosalind,—it was Arthur's favourite character; never had he missed one representation—he would surely be there to-night. This hope inspired her with courage—enabled her to shake off the lethargy of despair—to dress her face in smiles—to attune her voice to the gay playful badinage of the sparkling and brilliant Rosalind—to suppress the rising tear, and hold in subjection the hysterical sob—to seem, in fact, the light, airy, happy creature of the Poet's creation. Oh!

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never, never had she looked lovelier, or acted better; her scenes with Orlando were true inspiration. Oh! the heart must indeed be schooled in the deep mysteries of love, to represent them naturally in the mimic scene.

As act after act, however, succeeded each other, and her wandering eye, lighted by the fire of expectation, penetrated into every corner of that vast building, without discovering the only object on which it loved to rest—her spirits completely sank; and when, at the termination of the piece, she was carried fainting off the stage, from over-exertion as the manager said, and which was religiously believed by a sympathising public, (there being so many terms for a broken heart,) the house rang with the most enthusiastic plaudits ever bestowed on the favourite of that discerning public—but now awakened by pity as well as admiration. But what were they to her?—her ear almost loathed those plaudits. What was the praise of the whole world, without that one dear voice, which was alone harmonious to her heart—that voice which would never attune itself to gladness again for her?

Could it be possible? What had she done to merit such desertion? Vain question! what, alas! too many have done, too many *will* do,—"love not wisely, but too well;" ventured her all in one wild speculation for happiness, and became a bankrupt!

It were vain to attempt a description of the various struggles of that fearful night—the torrent of threats she uttered—the tears she shed—the frantic manner in which she tore her hair, beat her breast, mingled blessings and imprecations together for him whom she now knew was indeed lost to her for ever. At length a wish for revenge became the most predominant feeling of her soul. Yes! she would revenge her injuries;—the monster should not triumph in her misery—should not live to ruin others, as he had ruined her. She knew a ready tool for her purpose in a young actor who had declared his love even before Arthur, and who, the moment he suspected his desertion, proffered the tears of sympathy, the consolation of pity, to the sorrowing object of his still fondest affection. Surely, thought the excited girl, to obtain a return of that affection, he would not shrink from anything I might propose? I will, by a promise of becoming his, induce him to provoke Arthur to a quarrel—a duel. Love will nerve the arm of the one—guilt paralyse the arm of the other. Arthur will *fall*, and my wrongs be atoned.

Charles Greville too readily acquiesced in the scheme. To have obtained Emily, he would scarcely have paused at a deliberate murder; how trifling, then, appeared a mere duel! The desired opportunity of insulting Arthur soon presented itself: a challenge following, the time and place were fixed on; and Charles, as he imprinted the first kiss he had ever been permitted on the blanched lips of the wretched and doubly-degraded Emily, swore to bring her the news of her betrayer's death, or behold her no more.

Scarcely had the door closed on her *new* lover, than a complete revolution took place in her feelings for her *old* one. All her injuries were forgotten—the voice of revenge was stifled by that of the most heart-felt tenderness—she thought of her Arthur only as he was, when he first taught her to love him—the horrible interregnum of his perfidy and abandonment, up to her present disgraceful position, disappeared; and to save him, or perish with him, was her unalterable resolve. Flinging a cloak over her, she rushed, like a maniac, to the nearest Police Office, and in the most incoherent manner gave intimation of the intended duel. She was in time to prevent it—in time to snatch Arthur from the grave. O felicity! she saved his life! For what? that he might heap injury on injury, and wrong upon wrong, until that poor lacerated heart burst indeed. She only rescued him, in fact, from a most justly-deserved death, that he might become the husband of another. This was the brimming of her cup of anguish; now she had nothing to hope—nothing to expect—nothing to desire,—all was consummated for her. Fate had fulminated its heaviest thunders, and she bowed to the terrific stroke.

Charles Greville became her protector—she offered no opposition to the arrangement, because her soul was too much prostrated by despair to resist—she felt as if deprived of consciousness by the mightiness of her affliction; she was stunned by the weight of sorrow—rendered inanimate by the leaden hand of distress.

Imperceptibly she lost every pure principle; yielding to the temptations which vice spread around her, forgetting the precepts of her pious mother, and banishing her image from her memory, as it never arose there, now, save to reproach and condemn.

How different was the reception Emily met with from her former associates in the green-room! Her intimacy with Arthur had never been more than suspected, never clearly ascertained to the injury of her reputation—or even if it had been, he was a *nobleman*, and might perhaps raise her to rank and affluence; and the world is generally charitably disposed towards the depravity which is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day. But *now* she was the openly avowed mistress of a poor third-rate actor, on a par with them all—nay, beneath many; all restraint, all difference, was therefore at an end—for why show the distinctions of superiority to a person so utterly degraded?

Perhaps there is nothing so completely arouses us to the consciousness of our humiliation, as the familiar advances of those, who, in the days of prosperity or untarnished reputation, were too much awed by wealth or virtue, to dare to approach within our sphere, save with the most servile homage—when our exalted position made them shrink from the bare idea of revealing their secret thoughts, their audacious hopes—but who now proffer their love, their pity, their advice, or overwhelm us with their bitter censure,—oh! a thousand-fold bitter from the concentration of long concealed envy; and woe be to the unfortunate, who should affect contempt or resentment for that censure; then deafness would indeed be a blessing—sparing the heart the vile taunts, the cold upbraidings, the fearful wrath and indignation which will then be engraven on it by the burning *burin* of malignity. Emily's feelings were not so indurated by her dreadful career, but that she was sensible of the change in others—deeply, torturingly sensible; but she could not retrieve herself; she could not recover the glorious apex from which she had fallen; she was lost, totally and irretrievably lost; and therefore she must submit to be the victim for the slowly moving finger of scorn to point at. It is that despairing conviction of never being able to become again what we once were, which prevents so many from ever endeavouring to escape from the trammels of crime; they do not consider, that sincere repentance shines as a *virtue* in the eyes of a merciful God, who is ever ready to heal a broken and contrite spirit.

What was it, on the day of Arthur's marriage with the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Earl of Linsterna, that blunted the pangs of jealousy, that sheathed the arrows of regret, that flung the veil of oblivion over the injuries he had inflicted, that stifled the voice of remorse, and lent an artificial joy to the blighted existence of the wretched Emily? *Wine! wine!*

Maddened beyond the power of all self-control by the certainty of that long-dreaded union, Charles apprehended the most fatal consequences from her frantic desperation, unless something could be done to allay the perturbation of her mind; he therefore persuaded her to take a glass of wine, in which he had infused a strong sedative, which, from her habitual temperance, had the desired effect—and at the moment when the splendid bridal party issued from St. George's Church, surrounded by the vain pomp and glory of the world, she was stretched upon her bed, in one of those delicious slumbers opiates always produce, dreaming of her early home, her mother, her dramatic triumph, Arthur's love—all, all, save the terrible reality.

Oh! those who had then watched that still fair and youthful being, in that happy sleep, and seen the blush of delight overspread her beautifully-moulded cheek, the smile play round her parted lips, and her eyelids quiver with joy, would surely have imagined that guilt had never polluted that calmly-heaving breast, but that consious innocence alone prompted the delicious visions which now enchanted her.

When she awoke, after hours of imaginary felicity, to the truth of her situation, made more fearfully striking by the contrast those Elysian dreams afforded, her anguish was unbounded—her frenzy awful. Again was wine administered to steep her senses in forgetfulness; and that night beheld the once pure, artless girl, wild with intoxication, singing, dancing, reciting, and uttering expressions that would make Virtue recoil, and Pity weep; with disordered dress and inflamed eye, furious as a bacchante, the presiding goddess, or rather fiend, of the midnight orgies of Charles and his dissolute companions.

From that hour, whenever retrospection became intolerable, she flew to the fatal and pernicious antidote of wine, until it grew into a confirmed habit. Night after night was the disappointed manager compelled to appear before an incensed public, to plead sudden indisposition for the non-appearance of the still favourite actress, while she, insensible to its indignation, was either extended on a bench in the dressing-room of the theatre, or being dragged home by the considerate Charles.

(*To be continued.*)

There is nothing, perhaps, so conducive to the general appearance of "the human form divine," as a good head of hair; and amongst the different articles of the toilet now in universal use, none deserves to be more extensively patronized than Bentley's Extract of Honey. In the nursery it is invaluable; and as a cleanser and beautifier, it stands unrivalled. We understand the sale is very great, at which we are not at all surprised, as no one who has ever used it would be without a supply.

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UHLAUD'S 'COUNT EBERSTEIN.'

THE main incidents of the following ballad, the subject of which is in great favour with the German Poets, and extremely popular amongst the German people, will remind the historical reader of an anecdote related of the famous Henri de Guise of France. In the Memoirs of the Abbé Anton Arnauld, we find the Duc de Guise telling Arnauld an anecdote of his renowned grandfather, the valiant Lorrainer Henri de Guise, who was one night dancing with a lady at court, when she said to him, "A fine time, truly, for you to be dancing here, whilst your town of Meaux is being treacherously taken!" He remained at the ball till it was over, returned to his own house, where he politely dismissed a party of intimate friends, who assembled there after the royal entertainment, mounted a Turkish horse, and flew towards Meaux. There he found that his partisans were already prisoners; but when the citizens heard his voice, they ran to their arms: he overcame the troops of Henri III., and was once more lord of the town. The next day, he was present, apparently quite unconcerned, at the royal dinner table, in Paris.—*Vide Petitot, 'Collection des Mémoires.'*

'Tis merry at Spires, in the palace, to-night,
And torches are blazing, and tapers are bright:
Count Eberstein,
In that princely hall,
With the Kaiser's fair daughter hath opened the ball.

And round as they whirl, to the festive strain,
She whispers him softly—she cannot refrain:
"Count Eberstein!
'A word to the wise!'—
To-night will thy castle be ta'en by surprise!"

"Ho! ho!" quoth the Count, "your Imperial Grace!
'Tis for this I'm invited to dance in this place!"
He seeks his horse—
And he leaves his train—
And spurs for his castle, with might and with main!

Round his fortress the foemen are mustering strong,
With axes and ladders they're stealing along:
Count Eberstein
For their kind intent
Hurls each in the ditch from the battlement!

Now, when, the next morning, the Kaiser drew near,
That the castle was taken, he held to be clear:
But whom should he spy,
Dancing high on the wall,
But the Count and his armed retainers all!

"Sir Kaiser! in dancing, more skill I'd advise,
When next a strong fortress you'd take by surprise;
Your fair daughter's dancing
So much I prefer,
That my castle-gate soon shall be opened to *her*."

'Tis merry at Eberstein-castle to-night,
And torches are blazing, and tapers are bright;
Count Eberstein,
In that knightly hall,
With the Kaiser's fair daughter hath opened the ball.

And round as they whirl to the bridal strain,
He whispers her softly—he cannot refrain:
"Have a care, sweetest maiden!
'A word to the wise!'
A fortress, this night, will be ta'en by surprise!"

M.

Why was the war in Cabul like an auction room? Because *there*, was a *great* "*Sale*."

THE WITCH OF ASH-HILL COMMON.

By the Author of "Reminiscences of a Monthly Nurse."

(*Continued from page* 38.)

"You know, sir, probably, that I am the daughter of an unbeneficed clergyman, who did duty in no less than *three* of the village churches skirting Ash-hill common. He had a little scrubby mare called 'Brunette,' on which he trotted from one cure to the other; whilst I, his only child, sometimes accompanied him, seated most majestically on a little grey pony I had named 'Blossom;' you must have patience, sir, with my minuteness of detail.

"Now, as the services in these said village churches were alternate—at morning and evening, or rather afternoon, it is clear that my father had some difficulty in attending *three* of them; but as one was in a very remote spot, and had seldom more than twenty to make up a congregation, my father only preached there once a month, and then, be it known, at the expense of the other two more populous ones, there being no service there that day; but always recommending to the parishioners of the one suffering for the good of the other, 'that they should go over to Coome,' (where he was the monthly pastor,) 'and join in the service there.'

"We were, my father on his Rosinante, I on my palfrey, ambling away amidst the numerous mole-hills of Ash-hill common, which you must have observed abound there, and in such regular chains, too, that I am tempted to suppose that the continuous range of the Mendip overlooking them, and other chains of mountains all over the world, have been formed, somehow or other, by *moles of a larger growth* under ground; (and she smiled archly at her own fanciful new theory, which occasioned responsive smiles from her husband and myself;) we were, as I said, stumbling our way over *the Alps* and ant-hills of the common, when a wretched, ragged, squalid creature fled before our path, followed by a troop of men and boys, who, disregarding the parson and his little daughter, then about eight years old, pursued the almost frantic, fainting female into that little mud hovel or shed you say you have observed this morning; and setting up, within it, a savage shout like wild animals around their prey, they seemed determined, for some fancied or real offence or other, to tear the hapless '*witch*' to pieces.

"In a moment my father was dismounted, and I contrived to shuffle off my seat also, and follow him into the hut; never shall I forget the scene I witnessed!

"Fanny Bond, the presumed witch of Ash-hill common, and the owner of that miserable shed, dressed in an old tattered, patched petticoat and cloak, lay upon the ground, her elfish black locks, grizzled with grey, were streaming forth from the black kerchief that was tied around her head; her large black eyes rolled resentfully yet mournfully around; she uttered no cry, offered no resistance, yet her face, neck, arms, and bosom streamed with blood, from the wounds she had received from crooked pins and rusty horse-shoe nails, thrust without mercy into her by her persecutors, who insulted her, as they each approached her, with nearly such words as these.

"'There! you old wretch! take that for having bewitched my sister Bet—she has had fits ever since you looked upon her with your horrid eyes!' and then followed a scratch.

"'And this shall pay you for having *tied up* the milk of mother's cow,' said another. 'She has but *one;* there were plenty more on the common, if you must be at your devil's work; you might have left hers alone!' and then there was another tear.

"'Give her a scratch for our black Bess,' said one; 'she has lost all her pigs, and I fear will never farrow again. I saw her cast her *evil eye* upon the poor beast. I knew how it would be!'

"'She should not be allowed to live,' said one; 'Let's drown her.'

"'Bless you, she would swim like a bladder,' said another; 'it is *unpossible* to drown her!'

"'I should like to have the trying of it,' shouted out a third; 'I would keep her head down with a pitchfork.'

"'She has no *feeling* in her,' cried a fourth; 'see, she never winces;' and he scratched the prostrate creature on the arm with a horse-picker at one side of his knife.

"'Oh! father!' I shrieked out, 'can these men and boys be human? Is this poor miserable woman, so old and helpless, to be torn to pieces thus? I am but a child, and cannot defend her much, yet they shall *kill me* before they touch her more;' and I threw myself down upon poor Fanny Bond, and covered her wretched person all that I was able with my own.

"'Take care, Miss,' said one of the men, in a surly voice, 'she will soon do your business; you will have fits before to-morrow night, like poor Fan Bassett.'

"'And go a moon-raking with old Dan the cobler,' said another, 'only seeing as how she is the *parson's daughter*, perhaps her father can help her a little.'

"'My friends,' exclaimed that agitated father, 'you know not what you do; disperse, I pray you; is this occupation for the blessed sabbath? Would you destroy this unhappy creature?'

"'Yes, willingly,' murmured forth several voices together, 'but she has as many lives as a wild-cat. If you were to cut her to pieces, she would join together again like an earth-worm! Only look at those large, terrible eyes of hers.'

"As I lay upon the ground," said the animated Mary Collins, kindling as she proceeded, and marking the great interest I took in her recital, "as I lay covering her with my little form, I could not help gazing, at these words, on those large black orbs of hers, they represented as 'so terrible;' and smile at me as you will, Walter, and you Mr. R., *as I gazed upon them, I felt their influence.* Piercingly, pathetically did poor Fanny Bond gaze on me in return; inexplicable were the sensations I experienced! I felt no alarm; no disgust at the filthiness of her attire, nor the wildness of her mien. Her blood was upon my clean white frock, yet I cared not for it. I heard, as in a dream, my father's voice commanding me to rise, yet I stirred not; I had no power to move; there seemed to me but two beings in the whole world, (or rather that those two were incorporated into one,) the reputed witch, Fanny Bond, and myself.

"Walter," said Mary Collins, seriously, "I am assured from the remembrance of that moment, that some magnetic influence, such as we have heard so much of lately, existed then between us; nay, has existed to the time of the

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poor creature's death." Walter Collins here shook his head, but did not interrupt his lady.

"Whilst I lay calmly and fearlessly looking into the large black eyes of her they called '*a witch*,' I felt an affection spring up within me for this most extraordinary woman, intense and boundless. I could have died to save her. I was fascinated, spell-bound, yet happy beyond description. I perceived a beauty in those eyes of hers, such as I had never seen before in any others; it was the beauty of *expression*, the soul looking out affectionately, gratefully, *mysteriously*, through those outlets, into the very depths of mine own."

"Enthusiast!" exclaimed the husband of Mary Collins, as I looked with admiration on her intelligent and highwrought features.

"Do not interrupt her, Collins," cried I, impatiently; "donot come in with your cold philosophy, now, I beseech you, as poor Keats said, and

———'Clip an angel's wings.'"

"Go on, my pretty angel" good-humouredly said the admiring husband, "I never heard you tell all this so graphically before."

"At length," continued Mrs. Collins, "my father lifted me himself from the ground, seeing that I heeded him not, and then he assisted poor Fanny Bond to rise also. All her persecutors were gone; how my father had got rid of them I knew not, for I had not heard a single word of his discourse, but concluded he had taught them mercy upon Christian principles. 'Have you no fastening to this door, good woman?' he asked kindly; 'these bloodhounds must be kept outside your dwelling. What is all this ado they make against you, Fanny? Poor soul!' added he in a softened accent, 'this *witchcraft* is but a sorry trade, after all,' and he looked around the desolate chamber, 'few comforts has it provided thee. I only wonder that thou couldst not be permitted to enjoy them, such as they are, without all this wild uproar.

"'Mary,' said my father, looking at my dress, 'you cannot go on with me to Staple church, in this trim, and I am much behind my time already; shall I leave you here with Fanny Bond, and call for you on my return? or will you proceed home without me? Blossom knows every step of the way.'

"'Let me stay here, dear father,' answered I, awakening as from a trance, 'I will remain here, for I fear those vile people may return.'

"'And if they should, Mary, what could such a child as thou do to help this hapless creature?'

"'Every thing, dear father. I could do as I have done before, throw myself between her and her persecutors.'

"I heard the sobs of Fanny Bond now audibly in my ears. I turned round, and saw tears rolling down those sunken, and sallow, and begrimed cheeks. I longed to throw my arms around her neck to comfort her.

"'I will call for you, Mary, then, as I return,' said my father, and he mounted old Brunette, who was quietly cropping the stunted herbage around the door of this miserable dwelling.

"After my father's departure, Fanny Bond sat tranquilly gazing upon me from an old trunk, on which she was seated, I having occupied the only chair, and that a broken one, within the dwelling.

"'How your scratches bleed! What can I do to bind them up?' inquired I, looking tenderly upon her. 'I wish I had some Fryar's balsam here, and I would apply it myself to your wounds.'

"She answered me not, but her large and most eloquent eyes were fixed upon me.

"'That is a dreadful tear you have upon one of your arms,' I said, 'I can bind that up with my handkerchief,' and I wrapped it about her sun-burnt and emaciated arm.

"'Child!' at length she said, in a hollow agitated voice, and it was the first word I had heard her speak. 'Child! are you not *afraid* of me?'

"'Afraid!' cried I, looking with tender pity into her face, 'why should I feel *afraid*? I have never injured you; I would do everything in my power to *help* you; why should I fear you?'

"'Because,' answered she bitterly, 'because all the world calls me *accursed*. You heard what they said to me. Surely, you must be afraid of such a wretch!'

"'You are not called *accursed* by *me*,' said I fervently, bursting into tears; 'No, *bless* you, unhappy, persecuted creature, *bless* you!'

"Fanny Bond, the reputed witch, the supposed sorceress, threw herself, bleeding as she was from many wounds, upon her knees before me, and lifting up her withered hands towards heaven, called out in a voice that made me start, 'Hearest thou *that*, oh! heavenly Father? the lips of innocence have *blessed* me; ay verily, and *I shall be blessed*. My sins are pardoned.'

"From that time poor Fanny Bond became my exclusive *protégée*. Not a day passed that I did not visit her in her secluded hut; a strong oaken bar was placed within her hovel that she could throw across her door at pleasure, to secure her from her foes; her window was too narrow for any one to enter. I carried her everything I could beg, borrow, I fear I may add *steal* from my father's house; but he winked, I believe, at my depredations, and I had no mother to overlook or check me. Tea, sugar, cabbages, lumps of bacon and of butter, slices of bread, cheese, and cold meat vanished away from home; even the eggs from the henroosts, before they entered my father's pantry, found their way to my little green and white basket, and were turned out at Fanny Bond's mud hovel; many a one have I eaten there myself with her.

"One day it struck me that I should like to take over a lump of soap I had *filched*, if such it could be called, from a heap cut off ready for one of our great washing days; I knew that the woman hired to help always did the same, for I had a strong fancy to know how Fanny Bond would look if perfectly cleansed from the dirt which surrounded her, dirt which gathered coat after coat upon her skin, as the tree acquires fresh rinds every succeeding year. I knew that *soap*, such had been the squalid misery of this creature, had not touched her skin for many a season.

"'Silly child!' answered the reputed witch to my importunities, that she would 'wash and be clean;' 'Why should I cleanse this skin of mine? Yet I would do anything to please you. This skin, dear Mary, was once accounted fair—fair as your own; *but it led to my ruin*; let it be covered up for ever.'

"But I would not be denied; I had carried a clean towel in my little basket; I had filled the earthen pipkin from the hole beside the door, which held the only water this poor creature used; I had myself heated it upon the wood fire, and I placed it in a broken pan before her; still she hesitated.

"'I will do it myself, Fanny,' said I, and began my operations. To wash a blackamoor white has been attempted, and has failed; I was more successful. Children are not over nice, and it is well they are not—tint after tint disappeared from Fanny's skin. I warmed in my undertaking—I soaped, and washed, and scrubbed, and soaped and washed again, until I arrived at the interior native skin of Fanny Bond, who, although then more than sixty-five years of age, as I afterwards proved, gave out, after her ablutions, a complexion that would have shamed many of our youthful beauties.

"'Oh, how well you look!' cried I, delighted at the change I had myself made; 'how well those dark eyes of yours look now, upon this clean and beautiful skin! How your eyelashes show, so long and curling, upon it!'

"'Peace, child,' cried Fanny Bond, 'all these vanities have undone me. You know not *who* the being is that thus you cherish.'

"'I know you are a child of God,' I replied, 'and have been persecuted; I want to know no further. Come, I have brought some tea and sugar, and some milk, too, in this little bottle; I shall take my tea with you, for my dear father has some company—he knows that I am come to you.'

"'And does he not chide you, beloved child! for coming thus to visit such a wretched being as I am?'

"'No,' answered I, emphatically, 'my father is a Christian!' Be it remembered I had no young companion at home, so Fanny Bond became my plaything, and my friend.

"Time flew on. Years passed away, many events crowded on. I went visiting about as friends invited me, but always paid a visit before I left home, and on my return, to my poor recluse, who lived entirely now upon my father's bounty. I saw you, Walter, too, and somehow or other we fell in love with each other. You had nothing but your profession; I had nothing but unbounded affection to bestow. I used to communicate all my joys and sorrows, my hopes and fears to poor old Fanny Bond, who now was grown very infirm; but, by my persuasion, ever kept her person clean, and, by my father's kindness, had always a comfortable bed to lie on, and wholesome food to eat.

"Our course of true love, Walter, did not run smooth you know at first. Nothing could be done; and to make matters worse, my beloved father died. You had an appointment given you on board a ship ready to sail to India, and we could only sigh, swear eternal constancy, and take leave of each other.

"'And so you love this young doctor, my poor child,' said the reputed witch of Ash-hill common, when I went to visit her with a face pale with grief, and a heart almost breaking; 'and he loves you! Well, it is a pity he should leave you! Why does he not buy a profession?'

"'How you talk, Fanny!' said I, almost impatiently; 'where is he to get the money, or I either, for such a purpose?'

"'What sum would be sufficient?' cried Fanny Bond, fixing those large, beautiful eyes of hers upon me.

"'Do not question me,' said I, weeping; 'it would take a thousand pounds to get a practice such as would keep us both.'

"'If you had a thousand pounds, Mary,' inquired the old woman, 'and were to go from Ash-hill, would you take me with you?'

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"'That I certainly would,' said I, 'my poor Fanny, for I think I could not live without you.'

"'Will you promise me that, dear Mary?' inquired she emphatically. 'Know you not that I am a *witch*, and can accomplish much?' and there was an archness in her manner that I never witnessed before.

"'Oh, do not trifle with me so,' I said with some sign of temper; 'I am too unhappy now to bear anything.'

"'You shall be so no longer,' exclaimed the ancient woman, looking like one inspired. 'Treasures of the earth! at length your use is found! Despised gold! I have hoarded you, it seems, for a noble purpose! Mary! I have been a sinful being! The wages of my iniquity, though loathed by me, shall work out your happiness. Yet mistake me not, the gold I speak of came to me not *dishonestly* in the world's acceptation of that word; but for its sake I sacrificed my heart's first affections, and *he*, my forsaken one, died. Since then, what have I been? A wretched maniac! a woeful penitent! a reputed sorceress! Ask me no questions, Mary! Thou innocent being! who hast *pitied* me in my worst agonies—the agonies of *well deserved ignominy*, but, I trust, patiently borne! Take me with you, Mary; let me witness your happiness, and I shall *die in hope*, and perhaps see *him* again.'

"I thought the poor creature raving, and tried to soothe her; but no, she was perfectly sane, and soon convinced me of it.

"'Lend me your hand, beloved child,' said old Fanny Bond; 'let me lean on you. I want to go within the chimney corner. Stay, I must have that stool to stand upon—reach it me, Mary. There! I can find it now.' And she felt up the chimney, and took out a large loose brick.

"'Do not sully your hands with holding it, dear child,' said Fanny Bond; 'let it go down—we shall want that brick no more,' and she laughed exultingly.

"In another minute she drew forth an old stocking, and again exultingly cried—'All is safe! Here are the gold and jewels to buy your Walter a profession—a practice I should have said; but of what use is one without the other?' and her laugh was loud, shrill, and rejoicing.

"'Take me away from hence, my gentle child,' at length said Fanny Bond, wrapping up the old smoky yet heavy stocking in her tattered cloak; 'this is no place for me *now*. Take me to your late father's home—your own home—send for Walter Collins, and then we will look into the contents of this. 'Tis all my own.'

"'Walter is to be there this evening, Fanny, to take leave,' said I, hoping I knew not what—'the ship is to sail immediately.'

"'And let her sail!' cried Fanny Bond, looking like a sybil; 'and may she have a prosperous wind! Come—are you not ashamed to walk with me?'

"'I disdain such shame,' I answered, and we left the mud hovel together.

"Walter! you came, you know, that evening, with a sorrowful heart. Do you recollect the turning out of the old stocking?" asked Mary Collins of her husband.

"Shall I ever forget it?" answered he, "or the whole scene. Shakespeare would have rejoiced to have beheld it—would that he were alive to describe it! In that stocking were found gold and bank-notes and jewels to the amount of two thousand pounds, money left her by her husband. All was poured into Mary's lap—all was consigned to her. We bought this excellent practice here at Taunton with half the sum; the other half is invested in my wife's name, in the Bank of England."

"And this mourning that I wear," said Mary with a sigh, "is on account of my poor old Fanny Bond, who died in peace and hope under our roof not a month ago."

"Yes," said Walter Collins, "and she died in your arms, my Mary, and I closed those dark and beautiful eyes of hers—beautiful even amidst the evident insanity of her mind. She must have been," added he, "in her youth, most lovely. Well educated she certainly was, and I firmly believe most virtuous, as regards female propriety; but she forsook, for riches, her affianced lover, who rashly put an end to his existence in consequence; and his inconstant mistress, not being able to endure the stings of her own conscience and his last letter, became insane! yet, clinging still to her 'besetting sin,' *avarice*, she escaped, after her husband's death, from her keepers, with her beloved gold concealed about her, and took shelter in the miserable hut you saw this morning on Ashhill common, where she endured, for years, every kind of privation and insult, and eventually received the name of 'The Somersetshire Witch.'"

HANS RÜDNER; OR, THE FIGURE OF 9.

In the year 1632, the Great Forest in the neighbourhood of Frankfort was infested by poachers. When game was not to be found in sufficient plenty for their wants, they waylaid the travellers on the high road which passed through a portion of the forest; and, after stripping them of all their effects, betook themselves for concealment to the recesses of the woods. Poachers and brigands were, in that age, nearly synonymous terms; indeed, at all periods, there is a great affinity between the two characters. A man, whose nightly occupation it is to go out in the pursuit of game, provided with arms and skilled in their use, is always ready to fire upon any one who shall be rash enough to oppose himself to his depredations. Even at this day, in the heart of enlightened England, scarcely a month passes without the newspapers supplying us with the details of desperate encounters of this description.

Two centuries ago, throughout Europe, life and property were but slightly protected, compared with the arrangements of our advanced system. When the poacher failed to capture a sufficiency of game, the temptation to supply the want by obtaining the ready possession of a purse well filled with gold, was irresistible to the half-savage minds of men living in a lawless state. The latter course had this advantage, that it precluded the necessity of going to the market, and disposing of the game under suspicious circumstances, and at a reduced price; while in either case the prize was won by the pulling of a trigger!

The leader of the band of poachers which frequented this forest, was a young man of a good family, residing near a village upon the skirts of the forest. Libertinism had lured him into crime. Passionately enamoured of a young girl, who had been refused him in marriage, he decided upon her abduction. For this purpose he associated himself with some wild youths, of dubious or decidedly bad character; and to escape the vengeance of the laws which the greater number of them had outraged, they went together to pass their lives in the midst of the forest. Skilful and fearless poachers, they presently became the terror of the keepers; and when any of these opposed their depredations, a shot from an arquebuss (the fire-arm then in fashion) aimed from behind the covert of a tree, speedily silenced the game-keepers' attack. Presently no one dared to penetrate within the recesses of the Great Forest; and few were hardy enough even to journey on its environs. Hans Rüdner, the leader of this daring band, had commenced the reckless life of an outlaw by carrying off the young girl of whom I have already spoken; but running riot in the excess of his unbridled power, he presently became sated with his conquest. Like other gallants, less alienated from society, but scarcely less mischievous, he was fond of change. He visited the neighbouring towns and villages under different disguises, and whenever he spied a beautiful woman, he was sure to watch all her movements, until a favourable moment arose, and then pouncing upon her like a vulture, he bore her away into the heart of the woods. After this, came the turn of a second and a third, until, presently, there were reckoned in Frankfort no fewer than nine beautiful girls thus carried off, eight of whom were subsequently returned to their disconsolate parents in a state little calculated to allay their sad disquietude.

Hans Rüdner left to his companions his share of the plunder, reserving for himself the maidens whom he tore from their homes and kindred. The best shot for many a long German mile around, the stags, wild boars, and roebucks, which passed within two hundred paces of his arquebuss, were sure to receive a fatal ball, which usually passed through their hearts.

When the keepers of the forest jointly attacked the poachers, the latter, forming an ambuscade in the pits and ravines with which the forest abounded, or amidst the branches of the tall trees, allowed the enemy to advance. At a signal given by Rüdner, their pieces were all fired at once, and seldom did one of the unfortunate keepers escape from the cruel massacre to carry the fearful intelligence to the neighbouring villages. Rüdner's companions fired at the bodies of their opponents; but Rüdner himself always lodged his ball (so at least said the peasantry) in the left eye of the man at whom he took aim. Whenever a poor wretch was found lying dead upon one of the forest-paths, or of the roads adjoining, with the mark of a ball having passed through his left eye, the customary exclamation was: "'Tis the ball of Rüdner *Lincks-Auge*" (left eye).

Enormities like these could not fail to lead to a decisive catastrophe. The senators of Frankfort assembled to deliberate upon the most effectual means of breaking up and utterly exterminating this atrocious band. Troops were hastily enrolled for the service. All the hardy youths of the neighbouring villages, including the brothers and those who had been affianced to the injured maidens, panting for revenge, joined the expedition with an ardour which was nursed by the sense of personal wrong, armed themselves to the teeth, proclaimed a sacred crusade, and swore never to return without the body of Hans Rüdner, living or dead!

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The forest was surrounded, and the circle contracted by degrees, as in the grand hunting expeditions of the East, until the poacher-brigands were at length discovered, hunted to their lair, and urged to extremity, these lawless men defended themselves with great bravery; but, overpowered by numbers, they were taken almost all alive, with the exception of their chief, the dreaded "Left-eye," and led in triumph to Frankfort to be judged and hung.

As might well be expected, short work was made of such notorious criminals. The inhabitants of all the surrounding districts rushed to Frankfort to witness their execution, as to a most delightful spectacle.

But men, and women, and children who had been taught to lisp his name in terror, deeply regretted that Hans Rüdner was not the first to mount the scaffold.

An exceedingly pretty young woman, leading a child by the hand, was standing near the gibbet, watching the executioner perform his office, when, on suddenly turning her head, she perceived a tall man standing by her side. A cry of terror escaped her.

"Silence!" said the tall man, in a deep, but concentrated and ferocious tone, while at the same time he displayed a long woodman's knife: "Silence, or that infant is an orphan!"

She uttered not a word; but that wild cry of terror, and the faint murmur of the stranger's muttered words were heard by one of the municipal officers. He eyed the mysterious man before him, and remembered that the woman had passed some months in the brigand-poacher's cave. Comparing his face with that of the child, he perceived a striking resemblance. He made a sign to two of his brother-officers; and the three precipitating themselves upon the stranger, made him a prisoner, in spite of the most violent resistance, and led him before the senators.

"The poachers have been executed," said the man who had been principally instrumental in effecting the capture. "Worshipful senators, you wanted the arch-villain that led them—there he stands!"

"Spare him! Spare him!" shrieked the woman, whose involuntary cry had led to his arrest; "for Heaven's sake spare the father of my child!"

(To be continued.)

TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY ILL MARRIED.

Oh, gentle bird, I mourn thy pain,
Condemned within another's cage
To tune thy dulcet note in vain
For one who loves not thy soft strain,
Nor heeds the beauties of fair Nature's page.
I love thee with a chastened fear,
More dearly than thou wert mine own:
And when thy soft voice murmuring near
Shakes the frail seat of reason's throne,
I quit thy sight to pray alone,
That passion's gust my pure love ne'er may quell,
Nor storm my heart in its lone silent cell.
Oh, make him kind who had thy vows and heart!
Oh, grant thee strength to bear thy lonely fate!
Think not on him who should have been thy mate,
But as a Friend to whom thou wouldst impart,
As to a Brother, all thy woes and pains;
Thus pass the desert which of life remains!
Should e'er his heaving breast disclose
How passion's tide there ebbs and flows,
Cast but one glance of thy pure eye
On his, and he will learn to die
In sight of Heaven—contentedly.
Nor suffer thee to feel the force
Of guilty joy, or vain remorse. T.

FROM

OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevard des Italiens,
May 26th, 1843.

Pekins are much in favour this season, as well for full dress as for walking and other costumes, but they are very various in their appearance and description; the most elegant are the *pekins agate, nacré, aerien magnifique, colibri, zebré, croisé à branchages, bengali à rayures, brochées* on shaded grounds; *pekin Erivan, pekin cristal*, and *caméléon* in triple shots, figured with small flowers; *brochées* in various shades; we have also the *damas Louis XIII.* and *Louis XV.* with designs of white silk shaded in silver, *damas Lahore*, &c.; *taffetas nacrés* and *taffetas Persans*, and in fancy materials *brocatelle d'été, toiles de Chine, barèges à filets* of satin printed in colours, *barèges marquise* and *barèges* with white grounds checked, and *brochés* in *ponceau* or blue silk, *crêpe de Chypre, fil de chevre, giselle* muslin *organdi Regina*, &c., &c.

Striped materials are much in favour for summer dresses, trimmed with tucks, folds, or flounces of the same, repeated on the body and sleeves, which are tight. *Redingotes* of watered *glacé* silk are trimmed with *ruches* or silk *guipure*. Dresses of *toile de laine ecrue* are ornamented with worsted braid; *coutil de soie, poil de chevre*, and *Nankin cannelé* are among the novelties in materials, but the season is now arriving for the still lighter materials of muslins, *organdys, barèges, balzarines*, &c.

Very pretty *point de Venise* is made in Paris now to trim the shawls and scarfs of white *barège*; fringes also of white worsted, and *point de guipure festonnée* with great delicacy, are equally intended to trim scarfs and dresses of white *barège*, which is very fashionable; very beautiful *point de Venise* is made to replace lace, and is excellent summer wear. Braid and *points de chainettes* are always used on dresses of watered silk, *droguet, gros de Touraine*, and others. The ornaments on the bodies and sleeves vary; *revers* and *biais* forming open *berthe, pelerines tailladées*, and *biais* simulating *fichus* edged; the whole being of the same material as the dress.

Redingotes à la vieille, mantelets à la vieille, caps *à la vieille*, all things are now *à la vieille*; and so pretty, so elegant, so *spirituelles*, that the only wonder is how they have so long left these fashions of olden times to slumber unheeded.

For dress *corsages* are generally *basqués* and with rounded point: we explained last month that with thick materials the plain backs were used, whilst with thinner ones, as *barèges, cotpalys*, muslins, the backs are full in the fan style, or simply fluted; other *corsages* are full on the shoulders, *drapés* in front, ending something in the fan style under a ribbon *ceinture*; this style is very pretty with *pekinées*, the stripes of which meeting give a slender appearance to the waist. Though some *corsages* are made low, many are high, with a little fulness on the shoulders and narrow *ceinture*, or still higher a little full, with tight sleeves and rounded cuffs; the tight bodies of three pieces with points will continue to be worn for dress; the *corsages* for *demi-toilette* are full in the back; the front is tight, with three deep *pinces* or plaits; *pelerines* will not be quite banished, but they are made deeper and more open, not to conceal the figure.

We regret to observe the inclination to increase the length of skirts, but they are not made quite so wide; they are ornamented with two very deep tucks, two deep flounces *ruches*, or a single flounce if of black lace; though some skirts are still covered with embroidery in *soutache*, or ornaments of gimp, it appears that this style is rather losing favour, and it is not unlikely will ere long give way to tucks, *biais* and flounces, which latter maintain their ground, though they have many *pours et contres*,—indeed, though sometimes *quille* of *soutache* or embroidery are used, or *colonnes* formed of a wide ribbon puffed out in alternate hollows and puffs; the favourite style for dresses just now is flounces, but to be quite in the fashion they must be two very deep ones. A dress in this style of plaid *glacé* silk in three shades is very pretty, but nothing is prettier than a robe *redingote*, with sleeves *à la religieuse* of *taffetas glacé*, or *pekin camélia; corsage* with point and *à demi-cœur*; both body and skirt ornamented with *ruches* and *échelles à la vieille*.

We have observed many dresses with tight sleeves, and also many wide both top and bottom, showing a double *bouillon* of muslin, terminating with a *manchette* of lace; others rather tight ended at the bend of the arm, which was covered by an under sleeve of *tulle bouillonné*; the sleeve *Louis XIII.* composed of three *biais* put on rather wide, and reaching to the bend of the arm, with a *demi-large* sleeve of plain muslin under; open jockeys, *epaulets croisées*, and bands composed of a *ruche à la vieille, bouillons à contre creves*, rows of *biais*, are the ornaments most in use on sleeves at present.

A dress of *taffetas caméléon* was trimmed with two deep flounces *festonnés*; tight body with small *pelerine* forming *berthe*, finished with two small frills *festonnés*, and descending in a point in front and on the shoulders, and edging the jockey, which is formed of two frills, thus showing four frills on the top of the sleeve; long *ceinture* of sarcenet ribbon. A dress of checked blue *taffetas* had two flounces, headed by gimp; the body was tight with rounded point, ornamented by gimp on each seam; tight sleeves with two deep frills edged with gimp, forming jockey falling one on the other, and reaching to the bend of the arm. A pretty dress for *petite soirée* was with double skirt of plain *barège* on white *poult de soie*, raised by *nœuds* of *taffetas chiné*, with ornaments and scarf of British point.

Peignoirs of *organdy* lined with pink are trimmed with *ruches* of gauze ribbon, and robes of *tarlatane* have three deep flounces *festonnés* in white silk. *Paletots* are in great variety, and some are really worthy of observation; the *paletots sylphides* are of black *filet*, with trimmings of *filet* embroidered; *paletots Polonais* of muslin or *tulle* embroidered, lined with white or pink silk, and trimmed with lace or fluted ribbon; *paletots Venitiens*, a sort of double *mantille* all of *filet*, trimmed with lace, and fastened at the neck with a *chou* of ribbon; it forms behind double *pelerine*, the under one being as deep as the skirt; the *mantelets Castillans* are with sleeves; the small shawls *Andalous* with hoods of embroidered *tulle*, the *paletots Casilda* of satin *moiré, taffetas caméléon* trimmed with black lace, or quilling of ribbon. A pretty *mantelet* of black lace was made very deep behind, hollowed out at the arms, falling with square ends in front, and trimmed round with lace, headed by a *ruche* of satin ribbon; a second row of lace fell over the other, ending at the arms. Black *mantilles* of *taffetas* or watered silk, with fluted trimmings either of ribbon or the same material *festonné*, or lace with headings, will be the universal fashion; then come the scarfs of *cachemire*, embroidered muslin, *barège* with satin stripes, then those of lace, but made very full, and the *mantelets Marie Antoinette* of black *tulle*, trimmed with two or three rows of wide lace, and the same *mantelet* of *tulle*, or white lace; all these are now worn. The *mantelet Pompadour*, the *mantelet bonne femme*, and the plaid Walter Scott, are the three principal forms of *mantelet* in favour. A *mantelet* of embroidered *tulle* with three *pelerines* was trimmed with lace, the first was very deep and rounded behind, hollowed out at the arms and falling in front, with rounded ends; the second fell a little below the waist, forming *revers* in front; and the third, which did not reach beyond the shoulders, finished in front at the waist; a lace placed on the top of the *mantelet* formed *rabat*, and continued down the front, rounding the ends; one of black *tulle* lined with yellow *taffetas* reached a little below the waist, and was caught up at the arms, falling in front in square ends trimmed all round with lace, headed by a *bouillonné* lined with yellow *taffetas*.

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Mantelets of pink silk *glacé* with white are trimmed round with *ruches* of ribbon shaded pink and white; others in the same style, blue and lilac, are equally pretty.

In flowers we notice *bouquets* of bluebells, bunches of daisies, myosotis of the softest tints, honeysuckle, Persian lilac, &c. A long drooping feather, termed *marabout Baronne*, is new and elegant, falling like flakes of snow. *Panaches* of *marabouts* shaded are much used on bonnets of crape or *tulle bouillonnée*, green shaded with white, lilac in several shades. Single flowers are more used by some *modistes* than bunches; a single rose, a camellia, a tuberose. White feathers, the ends knotted with *marabouts* and small *aigrettes* of heron, inclining to the side, are all in fashion. Small *ruches* of *tulle*, those *à la vieille* of ribbon shaded, plaid, or merely *dentelée*, and plaited with two headings, are much used for bonnets; even ribbon of *velours d'été* shaded is thus employed, but though the colours are lively the effect is rather heavy.

The bonnets appeared early last month in all the freshness of Spring; some of white crape with *tulle* prettily *bouillonné* over a bunch of small roses; open fancy straws ornamented with a simple wreath of small wild flowers, plaid ribbon, or *plumets russes*. *Capotes* of *paille de riz*, and gauze *chinée*; *capotes* of lilac crape in two shades, ornamented with a *torsade* of ribbon and bunch of lilac; bonnets of *gaze brochée*, &c. &c.

The favourite colours at this moment are pink, white, and *gris lapis*. The forms appear to be of moderate size. A bonnet of gauze *sylphide* inclining on the face was ornamented with two curled feathers, that on the left side placed in the centre of the crown, turned round the back on the *bavolet*, and the one on the right side confined at the place of the brides crossed the front. Bonnets of white crape have a single feather falling at the side, and are confined in the centre of the crown by a small *bouquet* of myosotis; bonnets of pink crape, rather close shape, are edged with a narrow *bouillonné* of *tulle*, and trimmed with a branch of Persian lilac; bonnets of *paille de riz* have *biais* of crape at the edge, and are ornamented with pink shaded feathers; bonnets of blue crape, short and open at the sides, are edged with *biais* of blue crape, trimmed with blue sarcenet ribbon placed plain on the crown, confined on each side by *bouquets* of roses.

Leghorn bonnets have been ornamented with *ruches* of *tulle* of the *paille* colour, and long *paille marabouts*; two bunches of wild roses of a red colour were placed inside and relieved the *paille* colour. *Capotes* of sewed straw are trimmed with deep blue shaded ribbon confining a feather, which is shaded from deep to pale blue; others are with ribbons checked pink and white, and a single rose. But the bonnet at once the richest and most elegant is the lace *capote*, whether composed of a single piece, a veil for example, or whether the front is formed of rows of lace. Another pretty light style is formed of *biais* of crape *lisse*, on which are *bouillons* of very light *tulle*. Bonnets of jonquil crape, ornamented with *marabouts*, are edged with a small *ruche* of white crape, bordered by three *biais* of crape, and a long feather. An elegant novelty is the *capote* formed of pink sarcenet ribbon and blond inlet, edged with *ruches* and ornamented with a branch of small pink *pompons*; also the bonnets trimmed with lace in bands, three or four rows being placed on the front as lappets or *voilette* falling behind and at the sides. *Capotes* formed of shaded ribbon, with round *coulisses*, are edged with ribbon gathered, replacing the *ruche*. *Capotes à écharpes* are pretty, of blue crape, with a *bouquet* of hyacinths, and inside two small scarfs form *nœud*, and passing beyond the front ornament the throat. Bonnets are shorter at the ears and cover the forehead rather more.

Before concluding I must give you the latest information I can collect; the flat *ruches*, then, or trimmings *à la vieille*, are the highest fashion. *Mantelets* of *caméléon* silk shots in three colours, pink, blue, and *paille*, or those of clear *barège*, are edged by a wide *ruche* of China ribbon. Many plaid dresses are trimmed either with tucks of the same material, or with a double *ruche*, pinked and *bouffante*, placed above a very deep hem or flounce, so that it almost forms half of the skirt. *Mantelets* or scarf of *gaze arachnée* lined with pink or blue gauze, are trimmed with two or three rows of broad lace, forming quite a *basquine* behind and scarf in front. Very pretty *peignoirs* of *linon* are made, ornamented by two rows of inlet divided by plaitings of gauze ribbon matching the colour of the gauze that lines it, which is double, producing the light and varied shades of the opal. *Pelerines Isabeau* are round behind, and the front falls back towards the hips, leaving the waist and arms exposed.

White feathers and *marabouts* either of light or dark colour are the most elegant ornaments for Leghorn bonnets intended for carriage wear, visits, &c.; others have wreaths formed of ribbon, and the interior of the front is ornamented with flounces. A *paille de riz* that was much admired, had nothing but a branch of *cactus* thrown across it, and in the interior a superb *blonde* veil *froncée*, and so placed as to encircle the face without other ornament. *Au revoir.* E. C.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.

No. 1.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of striped *barège*; the *corsage* is high, open at the throat, and with a little fulness at the waist; the sleeves are tight with frills of lace at the hands, the skirt has two deep *biais*. Bonnet of white crape, with *ruches* round the front and drooping flower. Scarf of silk.

No. 2.—*Morning Dress.*—Robe of *foulard*; the body is high and pointed at the waist, with bands laid across with *brandenbourgs*; sleeves *à la Louis XIII.* with jockeys, ornamented with bands and buttons; the skirt is also ornamented down the centre with a double row of bands and *brandenbourgs*. Cap of lace, with small crown and broad lace; roses at the side, but no brides.

No. 3.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of watered silk, with high body and tight sleeves. Cardinal of lilac silk, trimmed with frillings of the same, and open at the sides for the arms. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, ornamented with lace and lined with pink crape.

No. 4.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of grey satin; the *corsage* is high, with rounded point, and richly ornamented with braiding; tight sleeves with jockeys braided, and the skirt is also richly ornamented with braid *en tablier*. Leghorn bonnet lined with crape, and demi-wreath of flowers placed high on the crown.

No. 5.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of *barège*; the *corsage* is high, with very small collar edged with lace, rounded at the waist; double sleeves with *bouillon* at the elbows, and two very deep flounces on the skirt. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with silk crown, and trimmed with ribbon to match.

No. 6.—*Public Déjeûner Dress.*—Robe of *glace* silk; the *corsage* with rounded point and tight sleeves; a single very deep flounce, reaching above the knee, is finished at the bottom with a flat *bouillon* of silk similar to that which ornaments the cardinal. Bonnet of white crape, with *ruches* of *tulle* crossing it, and small flower placed at the side.

No. 7.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of cameleon silk, with high body and rounded point; tight sleeves with two *biais* and *bouillon* on the arm; the skirt is ornamented *en tablier* with *biais* and *bouillon*. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with wreath of blue flowers and plaid ribbon.

No. 8.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of lilac silk; the *corsage* is high, with rounded point, and *berthe* edged with a narrow fringe; a row of fancy buttons descends the side of the skirt, which is ornamented by two *biais* edged with fringe, and left open at the side where the buttons descend. Leghorn bonnet trimmed with flowers and lace.

No. 9.—Leghorn bonnet, with *biais* of crape *lisse* round the front, and puffings of ribbon on the crown.

No. 10.—Bonnet of *paille de riz* with roses.

No. 11.—Bonnet of lilac silk with feather.

No. 12.—Bonnet of *paille de riz* with *paille* ribbon.

No. 13.—Bonnet of pink crape, with feather of the same colour.

PLATE II.

No. 1.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of *taffetas rayé*; the *corsage* is high, with point at the waist, and *revers* crossing the shoulders, edged with trimmings *à la vieille*, a band of which encircles the tight sleeve; two very deep flounces on the skirt, the edge slightly waved and finished with trimming *à la vieille*. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, ornamented with *marabouts* and orange shaded ribbon.

No. 2.—*Young Lady's Déjeûner Dress.*—Robe of striped *barège*; the *corsage* is rather high, with rounded point, and *pelerine berthe* trimmed with frills of the same; tight sleeves with jockeys; two very deep flounces on the skirt, the upper one with narrow heading of the same. Bonnet of white crape, ornamented with feathers tipped with pink, and shaded pink ribbon inside.

No. 3.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of *organdy*; the *corsage à cœur*; the skirt is ornamented at the sides by lace laid on flat, and *nœuds* of ribbon; *mantelet* of *pou de soie* forming *pelerine* behind and long scarf ends in front, trimmed all round with a *ruche* of ribbon. *Capote à coulisses* of pink silk, with flowers.

No. 4.—*Public Déjeûner Dress.*—*Redingote* of *glacé* silk; the *corsage* is high, ornamented with quillings of silk meeting in points; sleeves *à la Louis XIII.*; the skirt is ornamented *en tablier* by rows of flat *ruches* similar to the body. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with *voilette* and flower.

No. 5.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of blue *organdy*; the *corsage* is pointed, and with *berthe* of *point d'Angleterre*, and *manchettes* to match on the short tight sleeve. *Coiffure* composed of two rows of lace falling back, and wreath of roses confining the front one; the hair is in ringlets.

No. 6.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of pink *barège*; the *corsage* is pointed, and short tight sleeves; *pelerine* of *tulle* embroidered and trimmed with lace meeting in front with a *nœud*. Cap of *tulle* trimmed with lace and flowers.

No. 7.—*Walking Dress.*—*Redingote* of green silk; the *corsage* is quite tight, and ornamented with black lace entwined with *nœuds* of ribbon, which crossing the front descends the skirt *en tablier*. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with bird of paradise.

No. 8.—*Dinner Dress.*—*Peignoir* of *organdy*; the *corsage* is tight, with *revers* embroidered and open *en cœur*; tight sleeves with *manchettes*; *ceinture* of ribbon with *nœud*. Cap of *tulle*, the crown is small and the lace placed plain on the head, round at the ears, and finishes on the top of the head with *nœud* of ribbon; a single rose at the ears.

No. 9.—Bonnet of *paille* crape, with feather, and lace round the edge.

No. 10.—Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with folds of gauze *lisse* round the front, and *bouquets* of roses at the side.

No. 11.—Bonnet of blue crape covered with folds and edgings of *blond*, and plume of white feathers.

No. 12.—Straw bonnet with wreath of *feuillage*.

No. 13.—Bonnet of gauze *sylphide*, with *biais* and *bouillons* of the same.

PLATE III.

No. 1.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of *glacé* silk; the *corsage* is high, and round at the waist; long tight sleeves with *biais*, and *bouillons à la vieille*; two deep tucks on the skirt headed by trimmings *à la vieille*. *Capote à coulisses* of white silk ornamented with gauze *lisse*, lace and flowers.

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No. 2.—*Public Promenade Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of *foulard*; the *corsage* is high, and the sleeves tight with cuffs *à la vieille;* a trimming *à la vieille* descends the centre of the skirt with *nœuds* of ribbon. *Mantelet* of *écru* silk, forming cape behind with long ends in front, the whole being trimmed round with a frilling of silk *festonné* and with a narrow heading. Bonnet of pink crape covered by rows of lace.

No. 3.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of *caméléon* silk; the *corsage* is high and pointed, with tight sleeves. *Mantelet* of black *filet* of similar form to that just described; it is trimmed round with three rows of lace having *ruche* heading, and two rows round the neck. Bonnet of white lace with flowers.

No. 4.—*Public Déjeûner Dress.*—Robe of figured *organdy;* the *corsage* is high, with sleeves *à la Louis XIII.*, and under ones of white muslin in *bouillons;* the skirt has five flounces reaching above the hips. *Mantelet* of silk with long ends, trimmed all round with black lace, and confined at the waist by a *ceinture* and ends. Bonnet of *paille de riz, demi guirlande* of *marabouts.*

No. 5.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of blue *barège;* the *corsage* is pointed, and long tight sleeves; *pelerine* of *guipure* lace, and *coiffure* of hair with ornamental comb.

No. 6.—*Morning Dress.*—Robe of checked *barège;* the *corsage* is full, confined by a band and rounded at the waist; tight sleeves with double *epaulets. Fanchon* of *tulle*, trimmed with narrow lace, and ornamented at the ears with a circlet of roses.

No. 7.—*Morning Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of white *organdy* over pink; the *corsage* is high, with square collar, and trimmed all round with inlet and lace. *Fanchon* of lace.

No. 8.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of *paille* crape; the *corsage* is with rounded point, and tight sleeves reaching a little below the elbow, with frill of lace. *Pelerine* composed of folds of *tulle*, and finished with lace. *Coiffure* of hair in ringlets intermixed with flowers.

No. 9.—*Capote à coulisses* of *paille* silk, with flowers.

No. 10.—Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with pink ribbon.

No. 11.—Leghorn bonnet, ornamented with flowers and ribbon.

No. 12.—Bonnet of grey silk, ornamented with lace.

No. 13.—*Capote à coulisses* of *glacé* silk, with trimmings of ribbon.

LITERATURE, DRAMA, &c.

POOR LAW MELODIES, AND OTHER POEMS, *by William Gaspey.* Longman, Brown, and Co.

This is a volume of simple but *genuine* poetry. It speaks directly to the heart, in tender and affecting language. Of course, a question of such national interest as the proper providing of the poor in this densely populated country, must naturally involve a great diversity of opinions. For ourselves, we are free to confess, that, from the first moment of its operation, we were Anti-Poor-Law-Unionists. Our loving nature revolted at the rendings of domestic affections it must inevitably occasion; hence, we can fully enter into Mr. Gaspey's Christian sympathies for the sufferings of oppressed indigence. Some of the Occasional Poems are extremely beautiful—"The Harps of Heaven," "Love dies not with Beauty," "The Convict's Last Evening," &c. &c. &c. Want of *space* alone, (too often the subject of the reviewer's regret,) prevents us from giving some specimens of the gems Mr. Gaspey has strung so lovelily together; we must therefore be content to refer our readers, particularly our fair ones, to the work itself, trusting they will, with their usual taste and discrimination, fully appreciate our author's numerous merits. The price is a temptation, being *only* 3*s*.

Among the numerous really excellent Magazines which fall under our observation in this most prolific age of periodical literature, we know of none superior to "*Bradshaw's Journal, a Monthly Miscellany,*" which has kept the even tenor of its way until it has reached the completion of the fourth volume. The April Number is rich indeed in its contents. "The English in India," is a finely written article, containing a strange mixture of courage and cowardice, liberality and rapacity, depicting human nature under its truest colours. "The Little Red Man," from Dumas, is quite enough to convert the most sceptical into a blind belief in talismans. "Extracts from my Old Schoolmaster's Book of Records," and "The Privateer," are excellent. "The Memoir of Spencer T. Hall," is most interesting, proving what too many doubt, that, "*Poeta nascitur non fit;*" for if that were generally admitted we should have fewer writers, but more *poets.* The Magazine is illustrated by various of our best artists, and is altogether, considering the price, 1*s*., a most wonderful and delightful repertory of amusement and information, and deserving of the highest encouragement, which we most sincerely hope it will continue to meet with, as it has hitherto done. W. Strange, Paternoster Row.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

ONE of the profoundest writers we ever perused, Jeremy Bentham, always declared that the English people were most truly delighted with the performances at Astley's than at any other theatre. And we truly believe this to be the fact. It is, undoubtedly, the most amusing of the theatres, and the pretence advanced by the older visitors of taking children is a very poor excuse for enjoying the performances themselves. It is really very foolish to make all this parade of being superior to the enjoyment of such exhibitions. Skill, dexterity, and courage; beautiful and agile movements; the elegance and almost grandeur of the evolutions of the horses, and the whole excitement thus produced are worthy of admiration. We very much doubt if it could not be proved that Astley's is the most dramatic theatre in existence, at all events we know it is the most suggestive. A general impression is made, an enthusiasm kindled, and a feeling produced which the more ambitious and legitimate theatres totally want.

The Affghanistan war speaks directly to the heart of a British audience. It is treated of historically, but interspersed with those romantic sentiments with which it will be written two hundred years hence. The points of the war are very judiciously selected, and the alternate disasters and triumphs well displayed. Akhbar Khan is the very beau ideal of a savage hero, and we could not but feel an agreeable self-congratulation that there is no attempt to represent him in a mean and degraded point of view. We very much doubt, small step as this may seem in liberality, if it would be the case on any other than an English stage. The Hall of Audience is a very splendid and gorgeous piece of grouping, and gives an idea of Barbaric splendour that bespeaks no despicable imagination in the getter up. The Khyber Pass with its rocks heaped on rocks, its snowy summits, and horrid rugged masses, and its narrow defile brought forcibly before us the grandeur and romance of the place. The weary and way-worn soldiers defiling through it—the subsequent brief bivouac—and animated and death-dealing conflict was capitally managed.

Of course, the British arms are not suffered to be degraded in this national piece. Every thing is done to maintain the honour of the nation, alike by a Welshman who fights with his toastingfork, and by Lady Sale, who cannot be affrighted into ignominious terror, and whose diplomacy is ingeniously displayed by her writing an equivocal letter to her husband, the general, signed "Yours, Lady Sale."

Herr Hengler, on "Horizontal Corde of Tension," is the most agile and wonderful tight-rope dancer ever seen in this country. There is a grace and skill that every one who has taste to appreciate these qualities should see. We should have no great opinion of the man who would not admire his feats of feet.

The scenes in the ring are conducted on a scale of magnificence, proportioned to the enlarged space now afforded to them. The audience were enraptured alternately by the grace of Mrs. Batty—the astonishing agility of the "Flying Voltigeur," Masotta, and the dramatic power and variety of expression in Mons. Leonard. The old English piece of Turpin followed, the evening we visited the theatre, and brought down roars of laughter and thunders of applause at the various incidents and feats of dexterity both "of horse and man."

We should be sorry to see the day when Astley's was not supported. It is the last and only place where corporeal skill, courage and dexterity are put in an exciting and interesting manner before the people. Were we inclined, in this place, to be philosophical we could adduce very good reasons to prove that the exhibitions here have done much to raise us from a nation of clowns to a nation of gentlemen, at least that portion of it who have no other school of grace of action, and chivalry of spirit.

STEAM TRAVELLING AND STEEL PENS.—These extraordinary inventions came before the world about the same time, and a parallel cannot be found in any *two* contrivances, whereby, in the short space of fifteen years, the *customs of ages* have been so completely overturned! From the days of Abraham, to the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, the alteration in travelling had only been to substitute the horse for the ass and the camel; and from the time that Moses wrote the History of the Creation, down to that of Gillott, the "*grey goose quill*" was constantly in use. It cannot be denied that these facts afford singular matter for our consideration, and from the past we may speculate on the future. THE PEN has been called a "*mighty engine,*"—mighty in its effects on the social interests of man it undoubtedly is, and much could be adduced to show that we had better dispense with the *steam engine* itself, than to be deprived of that simpler instrument, THE PEN.

Another coincidence, as in some way connecting these inventions, occurs to us, in the circumstance that the great improvements in *both* originated in *Birmingham;* it was there that the great Watt perfected the Steam Engine, and it is in *Birmingham also that Mr. Gillott* (though not the original inventor,) has, nevertheless, by constant and expensive experiments and research, brought this little instrument to its present state of perfection, and established his extensive concern for making *steel pens;* the machinery of which is on a sufficient scale to *supply the demand of the entire world!*

We have investigated a very ingenious invention made and patented by Messrs. Rodgers and Sons, of Birmingham, and of which we cannot speak too highly. We allude to the *Spring Hooks and Eyes.* The improvement combines so much *excellence,* with such *great simplicity,* that we hope to see it universally adopted. It is quite impossible that these hooks and eyes can unfasten, accidentally, during wear; while they are, nevertheless, disengaged, when desired, with the greatest facility. The mechanical contrivance consists in the introduction of a small *spring in the hook,* which is depressed on passing the eye, sufficiently to admit its being fastened or unfastened at pleasure only. With this great advantage these Patent Spring Hooks and Eyes are very nearly as cheap as the common sort. As ladies experience daily inconvenience from the use of the latter, they should make a point of adopting our recommendation, and see that all their future dresses are furnished with the improved sort. We are happy to find that the patentees have had a direct communication from the Lord Chamberlain, signifying her Majesty's high approval of this invention.

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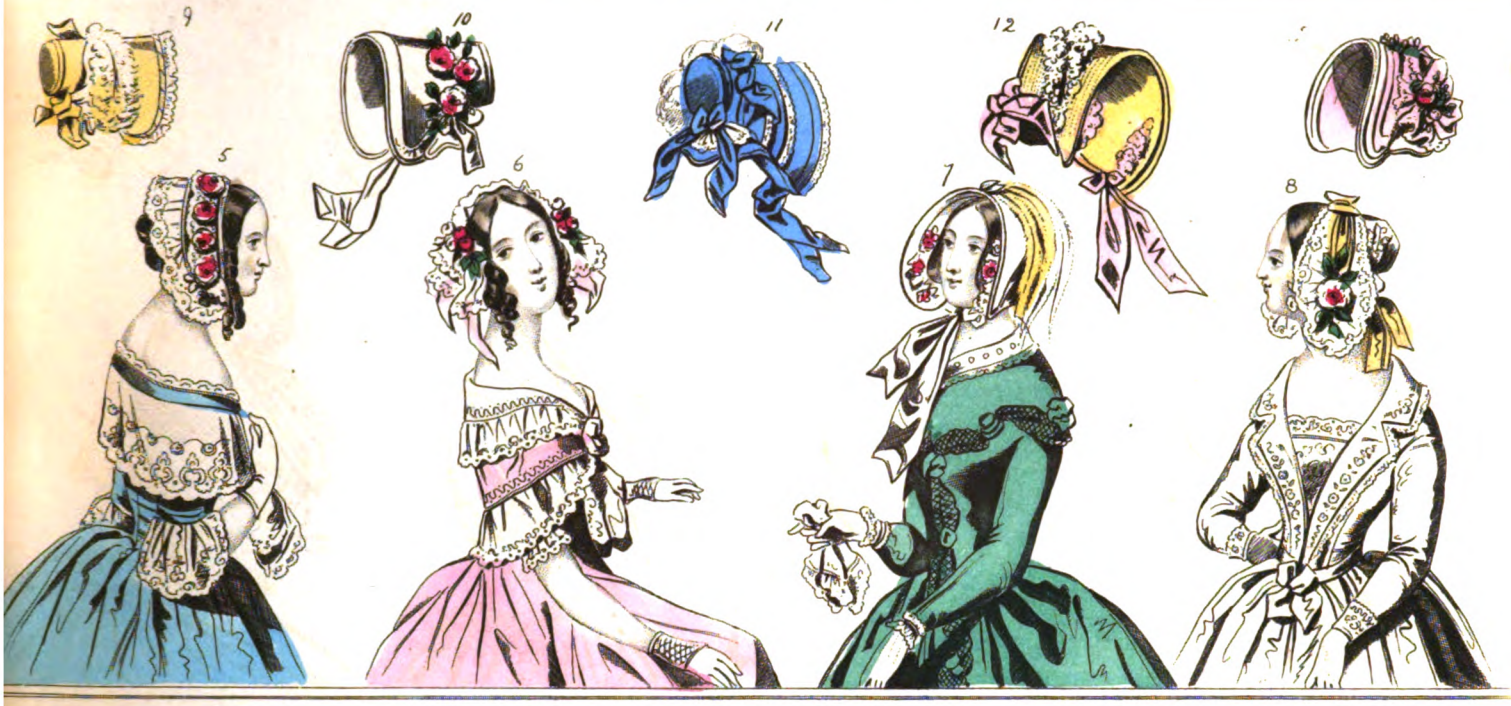
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TWILIGHT'S HOUR

A BALLAD.—THE POETRY BY E. HEARD, ESQ. THE MUSIC BY J. BEESTON.



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The orient tints which streak'd the sky
Had vanish'd with departing light;
The azure vault serene and high,
Bedeck'd with gems shone softly bright.
The air was calm, all still profound,
Refreshing zephyrs cool'd the plain,
And Echo with responsive sound
Sent back whate'er it heard again.

'Twas just at this propitious hour
That fairy steps flit o'er the green,
Bespangled with each native flower,
No pressure mark'd where they had been.
'Twas now that Oberon the sprite,
His revels held with sportive sway,
Kept up the dance till dawn of light
Intrusive warn'd the elves away.

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THE LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, AND MUSIC.

EMBELLISHED WITH MUSIC, ARRANGED WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, HARP, AND GUITAR.

JULY, MDCCCXLIII.

THE YOUNG ACTRESS.

A PAGE FROM THE FOLIO OF LIFE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

(*Continued from page* 42.)

At length she could not procure an engagement at either of the larger houses, but her name was still a tower of strength at the Minors: they, however, were forced to abandon her; and as a last resource, she and Charles went the round of the provinces; but even then, she was so seldom in a state to perform, that, disgusted with her intemperance, and impoverished by her constant failures, he left her at Liverpool, resolved never to unite his fortunes with her again. The desertion of Charles, the approach of penury, and the scorn of the world, did not cause Emily one regret—did not wring from her bosom one tear of shame and remorse; the divine spark of sensibility was completely extinguished in her soul,—she was *past* feeling. Arthur's cruelty had exhausted it.—She soon returned to the metropolis, when, finding herself absolutely penniless, she joined the wretched beings who nightly infest its streets.

One night, as she was waiting, with a crowd of others of her miserable class, under the piazza of the Italian Opera House, to seize on the unwary youths who issue from that temple of refinement and pleasure, she heard the carriage of Lady Stanville called for, in the stentorian voice of a six-feet high footman. The name was electrical on the heart of Emily; all she had suffered from it rushed with the impetuosity of a long pent-up torrent, flooding her aching and excited brain with unendurable agony. Although she had been drinking to excess, she was sobered instantaneously—felt the deep ignominy of her present position—took a deliberate review of the past, and with brooding curses on her lips, she vowed to be revenged on the monster who had hurled her from the glorious pinnacle of virtue, honour, and fame, to make her a midnight prowler in the streets, to be kicked, spurned, buffeted by the lowest of his sex; and that in his most vulnerable part, through the wife of his bosom—the wife he gloried in, his fair and beautiful Clementine; as soon as she appeared, therefore, wrapped carefully in her elegant mantle, and stepping with that dainty hauteur so truly characteristic of our aristocratical females, as fearing contamination from the vice and poverty which intercepted her short transit to the vehicle ready to transport her to a luxurious home, and the arms of an adoring husband, she felt herself rudely seized, and heard a voice, hoarse with passion, exclaim—"Look, Lady Stanville! look on the wreck your perfidious husband has made of a creature once as fair, as pure, as idolized, as yourself. Yes!" she continued, with increased vehemence, "I was Arthur's first love—he worshipped, he adored me, until your fascinations allured him from this faithful heart; but he shall not enjoy the fruits of his treachery—he shall not, lulled on your bosom to sweet oblivion, forget the ruined, the outcast Emily. Look! look! and bear my image to your grave!" Lady Stanville tremblingly obeyed, and what a fearful vision met her eyes; she beheld a young girl, whose distended eye-balls, seen in the frightful glare of the reeking flambeaus, appeared those of a fury, menacing vengeance and annihilation—whose hollow cheeks, loaded with rouge, formed a sickening contrast with her pallid and quivering lips—whose disordered hair hung wildly from the battered bonnet, over her otherwise naked shoulders, the mob having torn every particle of covering from them. "Turn not away," exclaimed the infuriated girl, as she observed Lady Stanville shudderingly take her gaze off the contemplation of a being she thought scarcely human. "Ha! ha! you are afraid of me; be it so, it is not without reason! no, no, now is the moment of retribution, and God for ever forsake me, if I neglect it!" saying which, ere her object was suspected, she plunged a knife into the bosom of the terrified and horror-stricken wife of Arthur Stanville, who was borne fainting to her carriage, while Emily exclaimed, as she brandished the knife—

"Elle emporte en fuyant le trait envenimé.
Ah! je triomphe. Enfin, après tant de souffrance,
J'ai pu, j'ai pu jouir d'un instant de vengeance.
Combien elle était douce à ce cœur outragé!
De quel pesant fardeau je le sens soulagé!
J'ai porté le poignard au cœur de ma rivale."

But short was her triumph after the odious deed, as she was almost immediately given into the custody of the watchmen, by the very mob who had, until then, shielded her from their attempts to secure her, feeling a natural desire that she should avenge her injuries by upbraidings, and also finding it a fruitful opportunity for robbery; but when it came to the wanton shedding of blood, the most depraved recoiled from her, and gladly gave her up to justice. The knife was taken from her, as a precautionary matter, and also as an evidence of her crime; but that was not her only resource, she having provided herself with a bottle of laudanum to take in any moment of extremity, which she contrived to swallow, after she had been locked up for the night. Owing, however, to the agitation of her mind, and the excitation of her feelings, it had a contrary effect to what she anticipated, producing the most violent sickness, which led to its detection in time to save her life; still, she was so stupified and enfeebled by it, as to be totally unconscious of all that occurred for several days.

When she recovered the use of her faculties, she found herself in one of the female wards of Horsemonger Lane Jail, surrounded by ten or twelve women, hideous from confinement and squalor.

On a miserable truckle bed opposite to her own, was extended the emaciated form of a young girl, in the last stage of consumption, who was to be tried for infanticide, as soon as she was strong enough to be moved. She was leaning her wan cheek on her thin transparent hand, gazing wistfully on a woman, who would have been pretty, if clean and decently dressed; who, seated on a low stool, was caressing an infant with all the rapturous fondness of a mother's heart; and, as the little innocent laughed and crowed in the happy unconsciousness of incarceration and guilt, snatching at the sunbeam dancing on the wall, chequered by the grated window, through which it penetrated—the mother wept with joy at its delight, while the dying girl wept remorsefully, as the image of the babe, *shame* had prompted her to destroy, rose on her agonized soul.

Rocking herself backwards and forwards, in an old ricketty chair, with all the unceasing restlessness of insanity, was an aged woman, who had taken advantage of her daughter's absence in the hay-field, to dash out the brains of her grandchild;—seated in the darkest corner of the room, with her face turned from the eyes of all, in the sullenness of absolute despair, was another woman, far advanced in years, committed for incendiarism—she was a huckster—her only possessions being a cart and donkey, with one child, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." This boy was in the habit of turning the donkey into a field to feed clandestinely, but being caught, the owner beat him severely for the trespass; the stripes inflicted on her darling's back caused the mother's heart to bleed, and she vowed vengeance against the aggressor, by burning his stacks; she executed but too faithfully her threat—when, oh! agony, her son, the *son* for whom her life was forfeit, refused even to see her, declaring "he was ashamed of his guilty mother;"* hence she scorned the voice of comfort—hence she sat apart, in the deep loneliness of her sorrow.

Others were variously occupied, while obscene songs, ribald jests, and horrid blasphemy resounded in that den of misery and disgrace.

Fresh, as if the spring flowers of early life were but just expanding beneath her mother's hope-lit eye, came back the past on the mind of the desolate Emily, with that aching vividness which causes the soul to faint beneath the painfulness of retrospection;—she recalled her

* A fact.

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infant home—her mother's love—her mother's prayers—her mother's tears—her mother's admonitions—how she had guarded her as a sacred deposit from the Almighty; shielding her in her bosom from the remotest contract with vice!—how she had watched with jealous affection, that no evil thing should approach her;—yet, how was she fallen! "Oh my mother!" she exclaimed in an agony of contrition, turning her tearful face to the wall, "veil, veil your eyes in yonder pure abode—look not from thence on your polluted child!"

The effects of the laudanum, coupled with her incurable anguish, made such serious and rapid inroads on her already impaired constitution, that it was soon apparent to all, that she would not live to take her trial for the crime with which she stood charged. She prepared for death with the most penitential resignation; and when assured that a few hours would in all probability terminate her earthly career, she complied with the often-expressed wish of the pious chaplain, who scarcely ever left her, that if she had any friend she desired to see, to lose no time, by begging him to send an urgent request to Lord Arthur Stanville, for his immediate presence at the jail. On his arrival, Emily experienced the most violent emotions—but on a restorative being administered, she soon became composed; and after ascertaining that the wound she had inflicted on Lady Stanville, although serious, had produced no fatal results, she observed, in a voice tremulous from agitation, while she took the passive hand of the conscience-stricken young man, "I did not send for you, Arthur, to upbraid you—but to die in peace with you—to assure you of my forgiveness—to hope that you will be enabled, through the mercy of Divine Providence, to obtain your own—to pray together—hear you once more bless me, and to expire upon your bosom.

"Oh! that I could assemble around this bed of pain and penitence," she continued, with increased enthusiasm, "the young, the gay, the thoughtless votaries of folly and dissipation; they who are just launching on the ocean of pleasure, the frail bark that contains their future peace and happiness, to be buffeted about by every storm of passion, and ultimately wrecked on the rocks of infamy and disgrace. They who are at this moment meditating the ruin of some confiding being, now innocent as a seraph—the pride of her home, the joy of her mother's heart, the light of her mother's eyes, the enchantment of her mother's existence—soon to be abandoned, soon to die like me, perhaps, on a truckle bed in Horsemonger Lane Jail.

"O Arthur! Arthur! think for a moment what I *was*, what I *am*, and confess that man cannot violate the laws of God with impunity.—'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee to judgment.' That although, for a time, he goes on his way prospering, yet, at an hour when he thinks not, remorse awakens like a long slumbering lion, to tear his very vitals, to hurl him from the pinnacle of felicity, to prostrate him in the dust.

"'How oft is the candle of the wicked put out, and how oft cometh their destruction upon them? God distributeth sorrow in his anger.'"

"Too true! too true, alas!" exclaimed the agonised young man, pressing her languid head passionately to his throbbing bosom, and watering her wan cheeks with his tears! "Too true! O Emily! near as you are to the grave—forlorn and wretched as is the close of your life, I yet envy you the prospect of that tranquillity found only where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.' Never, never was retribution more complete than yours! My wife, my idolized wife, has left me for ever, with scorn, detestation, and loathing on her lips, flying from me as a vile seducer—while the child, the sun-lit boy, on whose young life I erected a proud fabric of enduring happiness, now lies a pale cold corse in the house I am forbidden to enter, her father's house.—It died—it died, and I was not *there* to bless it, to weep over it,—to tend it—the child for whom I would have gladly cut off this right arm to save it the smallest ache. 'O my son! my son! would to God I had died for thee!'"

"Poor, poor Arthur!" exclaimed Emily, in a tone of the tenderest commiseration; I will bear your blessing to your child. O, should I not know him, think you, *Arthur's* child, amid a myriad of cherubs?

"Come!" she continued, "let us pray that this worn spirit may soon rejoin him in the mansions of the blest. Come, my sisters come, and pray for the soul of the departing one." And she beckoned around her the lost, unfortunate creatures—the crime-stained inmates of that prison. They all knelt with the deepest reverence round that humble bed—the murderess, the incendiary, the thief, the blasphemer; they who had never heard the voice of prayer before, and among them knelt the most penitent of all; the once gay, reckless Lord Arthur Stanville.

Never had the chaplain prayed more fervently—never had he dared so confidently to promise mercy and forgiveness; he felt as one inspired—yea, he felt he might speak of peace, of pardon, of regeneration, even to those guilty things whose hearts were rent with contrition; for the Lord was in the midst of them. At the conclusion, Emily opened her eyes, which beamed with love and hope, gazed fondly on all, then raising them to heaven, and clasping her hands, she sank back on her pillow, and when Arthur stooped over her, to kiss and bless her once more, he pressed his warm lips to the icy ones of Death.

The benevolent chaplain forced him away; and as he franticly deplored her death, and referred his errors to the great temptations by which his youth had been surrounded—the chaplain, in an admonitory, yet kind voice, said to him—

"'Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God tempteth not any man, but every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lusts and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth DEATH.'"

HAPPINESS OF CHILDREN.—There is one special reason why we should endeavour to make children as happy as possible, which is, that their early youth forms a pleasant or unpleasant back-ground to all their after-life, and is consequently of more importance to them than any other equal portion of time.

To ———

AND I must leave thee—be it so!
Nor sighs—nor burning tears shall tell
This aching heart's despairing woe,
While breathes my pallid lip—farewell!

But deem not I have burst the chain
Which mighty Love flung o'er my soul;
Its giant strength but mocks at pain,
And spurns at Time's despised control.

That love is poor which must be fed
With votive offerings day by day;
The light thy beauty once hath shed,
No shadows quite can take away.

I never sleep, but on my brain,
In lineaments distinct and clear,
Thy blessed image comes again—
Thy thrilling voice again I hear.

It may be—we no more shall meet;
That soon this warm and faithful breast
With life and love will cease to beat,
And find the grave's unbroken rest!

Yet even should this, beloved, be,
Oh! still believe, till hush'd in death,
My heart will murmur prayers for thee,
And bless thee with its latest breath!

E. W.

HANS RÜDNER, OR THE FIGURE OF 9.

(*Continued from page* 46.)

"WELL, be it so!" said the prisoner; "let there be no farce about it! This woman has betrayed me, but I pardon her—I AM RUDNER—Rüdner *Lincks-Auge*," he added, fearlessly and proudly.

"Go, tell the hangman," said a senator, "that his day's work is not yet accomplished."

"That paltry wretch who, with the assistance of two others, has made me a prisoner," quoth Rüdner, "I played with him yesterday at two hundred paces' distance. I was about to plant a ball in his left eye—but pity withheld my hand. Had I followed my first impulse, he would have fallen dead the next instant, and (bitterly he continued) I should not now be standing before you with fettered hands."

"You reckon with certainty, then, on lodging a ball at two hundred paces' distance in the eye of a man?"

"Ay, ten—one after the other. They shall enter through the same hole!"

"Pooh, impossible!" said the arquebusiers of the city, who assisted at the execution, with the banner of their craft displayed.

"Because you are all bunglers," said the poacher, with an ill-suppressed sneer, "you imagine that I am no better: good! if you desire to be amused, I am ready, before I die, to show you how to handle an arquebuse."

"Agreed! agreed!" shouted several of the by-standers, eagerly closing with the proposal.

The senators did not oppose the wishes of the people, and the chief of the arquebusiers said:—

"Let a bottle be placed at two hundred paces' distance. If the ball enter through the neck without breaking it, I would most humbly suggest, right worshipful senators, that a free pardon be accorded to this man."

"A mere nothing!" said Rüdner.

"True," said another of the arquebuse troop; "besides, chance might serve his turn, for the devil hath his luck. This lawless galliard hath borne off nine of the fairest maidens in all the

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district: let him, then, with nine balls, write the figure of 9 upon the weathercock which surmounts the Thor Ernscheinmer (a gate so called); let him hang else!"

The by-standers roared out their applause.

"If he fail but once (continued the same voice)—if one of the balls is ill placed, assuredly we will hang him."

"Good! good! excellent!" shouted the crowd, charmed at the idea of having two sights instead of one.

"Agreed," said Rüdner. "If I do what is required of me, I shall have my pardon?"

"Yes, yes," cried the arquebusiers; "we shall demand it!"

The senators consulted together for some time; and, as the majesty of the law boasted no great supremacy in those days, they informed Rüdner that the condition was accepted.

"Let me have an arquebuss, powder, and nine balls," said Rüdner.

"Place him beneath the gibbet," said the burgomaster; "put the rope round his neck, and if he not as good as his word, pull until death ensues!"

Hans Rüdner examined the arquebuss without seeming to pay the smallest attention to the pains-taking and revolting laboriousness with which the executioner disposed the fatal knot, so that, at the slightest signal, he might execute the burgomaster's order. Rüdner charged the piece with powder and ball, and rammed the wadding tightly down. After finishing these preparations with the minutest attention, he fired, and the weathercock, turning on its pivot, showed itself pierced through and through.

"Oh, that's nothing at all!" said one of the arquebusiers.

"Any one might do as much," said another.

"I'm waiting for the remaining balls," said a third.

"I'll wager a brace of florins," said a fourth, "that he is hung before the third ball."

"My business now is with the second, and not with the third ball," said Rüdner. "Hold for a moment—look sharp—there it is. Is it well placed?"

The arquebusier assented.

"Now for a third," said Rüdner; and he fired. "Does that describe the curve-line accurately?"

"To admiration!" was the reply.

"And the fourth—and the fifth?" quoth Rüdner: "there, the 0's made; I've only to put the tail to it now."

"Better and better!" cried out the astonished arquebusiers, forgetting their hatred of the man in their admiration of his skill.

"Now for the sixth!" The ball flew from the muzzle of Rüdner's piece, and lit as accurately as if the head schoolmaster of the town had designated its place.

"Long live Rüdner!" shouted the crowd; "the foremost marksman in all the world!"

Thousands of people, who, a few moments before, eagerly desired the poacher's death, now offered up ardent vows for his safety! Such is human nature. The arquebusiers trembled with apprehension, lest the remaining balls should not be so accurately placed: the young woman who had been the involuntary cause of the situation of jeopardy in which he was placed, pressed her infant closer to her breast, and her heart beat audibly, to think that one single ball diverging in the smallest degree from the right line, might be the signal for his instant execution.

The three remaining balls were fired, and ranged themselves in the order which was necessary to complete the figure of 9 with as much accuracy as if they had been placed there with the hand.

"Hürraa!" cried the young woman.

"Hürraa!" echoed the arquebusiers.

"Hürraa!" repeated the people.

Rüdner was instantly released from his hempen cravat, and carried in triumph before the senators.

"What dost thou mean to do," was the first question asked, "with the life which we are about to render to thee?"

"I will employ it in earning the character of an honest citizen."

"Lawless man, why didst thou not begin sooner?"

"My companions prevented me. They are dead—may they rest in peace! If this young woman consents, I shall become her husband to-morrow; and Frankfort shall possess no better citizen."

Hans Rüdner kept his word. He became "an honest citizen, a good father, and an exemplary husband," in the familiar words of the epitaph engraven on I know not how many thousand head-stones. He was unanimously appointed chief of the arquebusiers of that city. Go to Frankfort on the Maine: above the gate which is called the Thor Ernscheinmer, you will see a small Gothic dungeon, surmounted by a weathercock. Look closely, and you may read the figure of 9 traced upon it by the nine balls of Rüdner Lincks-Auge.

B.

FALLING STARS.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"What we commonly call 'a falling star,' is believed by the Arabs to be a dart, launched by the Almighty, at an evil genius, and on beholding one, they exclaim 'May God transfix the enemy of the faith!'"—*Chambers's London Journal*, vol. ii. p. 68.

Child of the desert! if *thou* view'st with dread
The meteorite flashing o'er thine head,
And deem'st the errant orb a fiery dart
Launch'd from God's flaming bow, to pierce the heart
Of unbeliever, sin-taught to forget
The hand divine, that in the heavens set
Those radiant sentinels, to overlook
A Universe, He and His angels took
In forming beautiful, peculiar care,
That man, on earth, a type of Heaven might share,
And sleep serenely, conscious through the night
Those stars watch'd still, with eyes of loving light.
Oh! how should *we* behold such messenger,
Who boast a creed, that teaches to refer
A sign of love or wrath to him, in *all*,
Holding the merest atom cannot fall
Without a special mandate from on high?
Yet, love or hatred we alike defy,
Nor scarce believe his might, until the blow
Of anger, long-provoked, prostrates us low!
Oh, strange perversity! that man must be
His duty ever taught by misery!
Prosperity—ophthalmia of the soul!
Blinds him completely to the bland control
Of heav'nly love, but when its rage appears,
Lo! then he trembles—lo! the culprit fears;
And with a terror more profound than thou,
Mahomet's worshipper, he veils his brow,
From what he *knows* are twice-barb'd arrows sped
By the Almighty at his humbled head—
Sickness and sorrow, hopes that ruin'd lie,
Are ravages of stars, sent from the sky,
By his command, to force the stubborn breast
To own the power, reluctantly confest.
Oh! would that every star that shines, might be,
Or fix'd, or falling, warning still to me—
A timeful warning—that I may prepare
To win his mercy, nor his anger dare—
That faith in him, within mine heart, may far
Outweigh the Arab's dread death-missioned star.

Note.—Since writing the above, I have met with a most appropriate illustration of the subject, among the poems of the celebrated James Montgomery, and so extremely beautiful, that I feel it unnecessary to apologise for introducing it at length.—T. T.

"Amidst the marshall'd hosts of night,
Shone a star supremely bright;
With marvelling eye, well-pleased to err
I hailed the prodigy—anon
It fell—it fell like Lucifer;
A flash, a blaze, a train—'twas gone!
And then I sought in vain its place
Throughout the infinite of space."

FRIEDRICH TRAUBEN; OR THE STUDENT'S REVENGE.

In the days of the Empire, when Napoleon's glory was at its height, and the recent disruption of the ancient monarchical and aristocratic establishments of France—

——"Disastrous twilight shed
O'er half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexed monarchs,"—

the despotic powers of Europe felt themselves constrained to institute a most rigid censorship, with a view to prevent French propagandism from finding its way into the hearts of their dominions, and arming their subjects with a portion of that revolutionary fury which had produced such disastrous results in France. But not all the vigilance of an almost Oriental despotism could prevent the electricity of thought from passing link after link through the chain of human minds, and confiscations, imprisonments, and perpetual exiles were rife in the Austrian and Prussian dominions.

Amongst the marked victims of the Austrian government was a youth named Friedrich Trauben, not yet advanced beyond his two-and-twentieth year, but of great talents and commanding eloquence—possessed, in short, of every attribute which could concur in forming an influential leader of the impetuous Bürschen of Vienna. He had organised an extensive and powerful secret confederation, whose existence the most unforeseen treachery had disclosed to the government. Receiving a timely warning of the fate which momentarily awaited him, he had been constrained to take refuge in France. Paris was of course his destination; and the influence of a few of his countrymen, resident in that then European metropolis, readily obtained for him the situation of secretaire-interprète to M. de Marly—one of Napoleon's councillors of state, and a man of great consideration at the imperial court. Friedrich's great talents had made him extremely useful to the councillor in discharging the extensive duties of his post. But no approbation of the councillor—no marks of favour lavished on his *protégé*—could ever dissipate the settled melancholy which bespread his intelligent countenance, or subdue the calenture with which he burnt for a restoration to his father-land. Often had he applied to M. de Marly to procure the removal of his proscription by diplomatic intervention—for the governments of Paris and Vienna

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were then upon passable terms of understanding, and the projected marriage of Napoleon to Maria-Louisa was whispered at the French court. But the councillor turned a deaf ear to all Friedrich's entreaties, for the very sufficient reason that the youth had evinced too much capacity—too docile and laborious a spirit—to render it at all convenient to dispense with his services. A peremptory and final negative from the councillor made Friedrich determine never more to address him on the subject; and, while high principle prevented him from abating his attention to the councillor's affairs, his melancholy was but deepened in its intensity.

The councillor was married to a very young and lovely woman, connected by blood with the *ancien régime*, in accordance with that portion of Napoleon's policy, which aimed at consolidating his dynasty as much as possible by allying his "men of the empire" with the old and illustrious families of France. The councillor's almost constant admixture with affairs of state, the unwearied assiduity with which he participated in the "hurly-burly" of secret political discussions, his strong personal ambition, and eager desire of aggrandizement, made him the very reverse of a domestic man. Between him and his beautiful bride there existed but little sympathy; and, when the latter appeared with him at court, the only feeling with which De Marly regarded her was that of flattered vanity and reflected distinction.

Under such circumstances, no one will be surprised that Madame de Marly did not survey the councillor's interesting young secretary with eyes of indifference, but, on the contrary, felt a high degree of esteem for his character, and of respect for the shade of melancholy which clouded his personal history. To this was added no small portion of that feminine curiosity which in all ages and countries takes such an amazing pleasure in penetrating a piquant veil of mystery.

Friedrich Trauben's face was still more youthful than his years. His complexion was so pure, and his features so delicate, that he appeared scarcely nineteen years of age. His countenance was open and engaging, his physiognomy pleasing in the extreme. His long light brown hair, divided on his forehead after the manner of the German students, fell in numerous ringlets on his neck; his profile, very unlike that of the vast bulk of his countrymen, was of almost antique purity; his large blue eyes were surcharged with melancholy; and a sad, sweet smile almost uniformly played upon his lips. His figure was slender, but neat and gentlemanly, and his easy carriage lost nothing of its grace under the simple clothes which he wore. His costume, strictly in accordance with that of the German universities—for he was too true a Deutschlander to subdue his Bürschen reminiscences of Vaterland—consisted of a frock-coat of a rather coarse blue material, pantaloons of the same stuff, and large black boots which came up almost as far as the knees.

One evening that the councillor was wholly occupied in secret conclave with Napoleon, Madame de Marly, seated in one of her saloons, enjoyed the, to her, delightful pleasure of hearing Friedrich sing some of his native melodies, with a fine tenor voice, of which he perfectly understood the management.

At the conclusion of one of these spirited strains, Madame de Marly, addressing him in her peculiarly winning tones of voice, assured him of the deep interest which she took in his welfare, and entreated him to admit her into his confidence, and acquaint her with the mystery which hung over his past life.

Friedrich murmured a few indistinct words in reply, and kept his eyes fixed timidly on the ground.

"Friedrich," pursued Madame de Marly, "why do you refuse me this proof of your confidence? Do not attribute my request, I beseech you, to indiscreet curiosity, but rather to the most lively interest in your future fortunes, and the most sincere desire to serve you."

Overcome by this kindness, "Alas! Madame," replied Friedrich, in a tone of indefinable melancholy, "what shall I say to you? There is nothing in my past life that can merit from you a moment's attention. My misfortunes have been vulgar, sordid, monotonous. My life has been that of the poor and the orphan, in all its sad uniformity. In my griefs, Madame," he added with bitterness, "there has been not one particle of poetry or sublimation."

"Do you then wish to reproach me?" was Madame de Marly's gentle reply. "Is the vulgar desire of amusement the interpretation which you put upon my question?"—After a short silence she added: "You are right, I should not have made this request. It is only those who are happy that can look to the past with an eye of satisfaction or indifference. Alas! for the unfortunate every remembrance is a regret."

"Yes," replied Friedrich, with an air of deep determination, "but the wretch who reckons his years by his sufferings, can console himself by reflecting that each day his earthly task advances to its close!"

The look which he wore was that of resigned despair, and a tear trembled in Madame de Marly's eyes. Perceiving this tribute of silent sympathy, Friedrich added: "But, after all, Madame, I shall never be able to repay you for your kindness; and this is to me a new regret. You are the first—the only person that has ever condescended to give me a word of pity."

"Of pity!" echoed the lady, with a strong negative emphasis on the word.

"However the sad relation," added Friedrich, "may harrow up my heart, I owe it to my benefactress."

"Ah! I can well understand the susceptibility of delicate minds. But be assured—I am not altogether unworthy of your confidence. Are not suffering souls sisters in affliction?" added Madame de Marly, lowering at the same moment both her voice and her eyes.

Friedrich seemed not to hear her, and commenced his recital in the following terms:—

"I lost my father whilst I was yet an infant. He filled the humble but respectable post of receiver of imposts in a burg not far from Vienna. My mother survived him but for a short time. After his death, she concentrated all her tenderness on me. The sole remembrances of my infancy date from that period. I waked at times by night, and found my mother almost uniformly in tears, clad in her mourning garments, seated near me, and regarding me with a look of fixed anxiety. I have piously preserved some lines traced by her hand during these tedious watchings. I was not able to read them until a somewhat later period: 'A secret presentiment warned her,' she said, 'that there was but little time left her to live, and this brief interval she was determined to pass in gazing on her infant, depriving herself for that purpose of sleep. She would soon sleep but too much!'"

"Poor mother!" ejaculated Madame de Marly, wiping away a tear.

Friedrich continued in a tremulous tone of voice:—"Alas! she was not deceived, Madame! Her year of mourning had not expired when I lost my mother. I was left an orphan without the slightest provision. The pastor of my native burg received me through charity, for I had not one living relation in the world. This minister was the best of men; his disposition was of wonderful sweetness, his piety perfectly angelic. But unfortunately for me, his wife's character was the very reverse of all this. She saw with feelings of bitter hatred her husband lavishing on me almost the same care and tenderness which he expended on his own children. It is useless to tell you, Madame, how much I suffered then. Much, much indeed! for I had rather have died than complained, rather have suffered any amount of torture than acquaint my benefactor with the repulsive treatment which I experienced from his wife, and thus have probably embittered his days. Unfortunately, too, the minister's two children were fiercely jealous of me like their mother. All the advances which I made towards them were repelled with disdain, and with cold contempt they kept themselves aloof from the 'poor beggar;' then I went to pray and weep on my mother's tomb!

"The good minister, wrapt up in his studies, and in the discharge of his pastoral duties, was ignorant of all that passed. At first he reproached me gently for my sad and solitary temper. His sons, more perhaps through playful cunning than malice, told him it was I that fled from their society, not they who shunned mine; and their mother, far from exposing this falsehood, confirmed their complaints. By degrees, the good pastor's remonstrances grew more serious, and I began to perceive that he treated me with coldness. I do not accuse him,—my God! I do not accuse him. He believed me to have been guilty of the most indefensible conduct towards his children. Alas! how wretched this discovery made me. He was my sole protector—my only friend in this world. I endeavoured by every possible means to gain the good-will of his family, but in vain. Seeing this, I resolved to try a last resource. Taking no manner of pleasure in the customary sports of my age, which I was obliged to partake of alone whenever I courted that *délassement*, I had sought in the pursuits of study some distraction from my various chagrins and annoyances; and then the good minister was so delighted at my success, that I applied myself to my books with redoubled ardour. Often he addressed me thus with a sigh: 'You are of a dark and haughty character. You shun the society of those who ought to be to you as brothers. But, at all events, you repay the care which I have expended on your education. My sole regret is that my own children do not display your aptitude.' In truth, the pastor's two sons, idolized by their mother, were much less advanced in their studies, though older than myself, and in every class I was uniformly before them. I thought that possibly my unwearied application and success had caused the jealousy and estrangement which I so much regretted. Determined, at whatever price, to

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regain the pastor's affection, who, doubtless irritated by false reports, became every day colder and colder in his manner towards me; feeling that I never could succeed in accomplishing this object so long as his wife and children retained their hostility, I decided upon allowing the boys to have the advantage over me in our common studies. With this view I designedly committed several gross mistakes, and for the first time in two years the minister's sons were before me in class. Alas! I was cruelly deceived; the triumphs which I rendered so easy of attainment to them did not in the slightest degree alter their disposition towards me."

"Unhappy boy!" cried Madame de Marly, "on the contrary, you, perhaps, forfeited the only protector whom Heaven had left you."

"Yes, Madame, the minister took for idleness and sloth the secret sacrifice which I had made to his dearest affections. He came at last—he that was so good, so generous! to throw in my teeth the bread which he had given me, the roof with which he had sheltered me; telling me that an idle, ungrateful, and haughty, headstrong boy, like me, was unworthy of the slightest interest! Oh! Madame, I will confess to you that for an instant I had the cowardice to be on the point of telling him all, and thus carrying away with me, as my only treasure, the affection of that excellent man. With a heart full of bitterness to overflowing, I went to the cemetery of the town; my grief was so profound, that, clasping my hands, and throwing myself on my knees, I cried out, as if my mother could have heard me: 'Oh, my mother! how they treat your child!'"

"Unfortunate young man!" ejaculated Madame de Marly, raising her eyes towards heaven.

"I wept much, and arose more calm and submissive. The thought of my beloved mother had inspired me with noble sentiments. I blushed for the dishonourable idea which had entered my mind, of unfolding to the minister the unjust and cruel conduct of his family towards me, and thus rendering him miserable—him, to whom I owed every thing; him, who had been made, without being aware at all of it, the instrument of a domestic conspiracy. I preferred to leave him, without causing a single painful emotion in his bosom."

"Noble and generous soul!" cried Madame de Marly; "and what became of one so young?"

"I was then just sixteen years of age, Madame. The minister, at the moment of parting with me, felt all his old attachment revive, and expressed his strong desire to retain me. I perceived that the causes which now compelled my departure would never cease to exist; I threw myself in his arms for the last time, and then took my leave.

"I went to Vienna. The minister had recommended me to one of his friends, a learned professor in that city. He employed me as his secretary. He was *brusque* in his manners, and of a severe disposition. He quite overwhelmed me with employment, but at least I gained a livelihood. As long as I could support these fatigues, I supported them. To satisfy him, I laboured with all my strength; indeed, beyond it, for after a lengthened series of the most distressing night-work, I became seriously ill, and was carried to the hospital for the poor. There I remained for a long time. The greatest part of the suffering which I had to endure consisted in the sort of patronizing familiarity with which I was treated by mendicants of coarse habits, often of criminal disposition. The difference which education had created between us made this association perfectly odious in my eyes. Incapable of escaping from their persecution, and sometimes resenting it, I became the butt of every description of ill-treatment; I was weak and single, and I resigned myself to suffer."

"Poor child!" said Madame de Marly: "There is not a single human grief from which you have been permitted to escape!"

"Still I did not despair. The numerous employments in which I had been engaged during the two years that I remained with the professor, had completed my education, and enlarged my sphere of thought. I believed myself capable of making out a subsistence by dint of mental toil. On leaving the hospital, weak and without means, I returned to the professor who had before employed me. He had engaged another secretary. Then I passed some bitter, bitter days! I became familiar with want; hunger was ever by my side; and I felt all the horror of those dreadful struggles, where necessity urges you to stretch out the hand, and shame restrains you!"

"Oh, my God, even this extremity!" said Madame de Marly, hiding her face with her hands.

"Unable to bring myself to beg, I became a prey to the most gloomy and desperate thoughts, when a happy chance brought me in contact with a friend of the excellent minister by whom I was educated. Through his agency, I obtained a place in one of the offices of the Imperial Chancery, and was thus saved. For some months I was perfectly happy, almost confident as to the future. I employed my leisure hours in perfecting my education, when a new blow struck me. The minister who had so charitably given me an asylum in his house, dying suddenly, left his wife and two sons in absolute penury. Though older than I, and indeed almost men, they were utterly incapable of making any struggle in the world. One of them enlisted in the army; the other was of a weakly constitution. I took him with his mother into my poor abode. I now occupied my leisure moments in giving instructions in languages and geometry; and I had the good fortune to be useful in my turn to the family of him who had so generously assisted me."

"But that family had treated you with the utmost cruelty."

"I never recalled this to my memory, Madame, except to infuse into my conduct towards them all possible delicacy. I should have regretted nothing more than to suffer these unfortunates to perceive that I was desirous to take advantage of my position to make them repent their former injustice."

"And in this laborious way of life, what pursuits did you engage in to distract you.—I do not speak of pleasures?"

"When my incessant round of labours left me a short interval of repose, I went, during the summer, to take a stroll through the country. But these holidays were indeed rare. Upon the winter nights I read with delight the works of our German poets, and sometimes those of France. I did not complain of my lot. It was obscure and humble, but peaceful and honest. I was proud, indeed, I will confess, very proud of the idea of being able, young and weak as I was, to support two persons, in addition to myself, by my own unassisted labour. Their ardent gratitude repaid me for all my toils; for that poor widow and her son, recognizing all the wrongs which I had previously received at their hands, recompensed me with an abundance of tender acknowledgments. My sole regret was that the good minister had possibly in dying retained the most unfavourable impressions against me."

"And what came to trouble a life so pure, so nobly and disinterestedly employed?"

"A fatal impulse, with which I now sometimes reproach myself, for it exerted a deplorable influence on the lot of those two poor creatures, whose sole support I was."

"Ah, I perceive! was it not then that you became affiliated to a secret society?"

"Yes, Madame. But if I regret the impulse which made me embrace the cause of liberty, because it compromised the means of subsistence of my benefactor's family, I am still, and ever shall be, proud of the convictions which dictated my conduct!" cried Fredrich, his cheeks glowing, and his eye sparkling with enthusiasm.

"Oh, Madame, if you but knew how noble and holy was the war which we declared against tyranny, and egotism, and intolerance! We desired at once to rescue Germany from the invasion of France, and reclaim and wrest from the antiquated dynasty which ruled over us, those young and vigorous franchises of which your sublime Revolution has sown the immortal seeds throughout Europe! Instead of continuing a bloody and fruitless struggle with France, we desired to raise her in arms, in the name of humanity, against the dazzling but disastrous despotism that weighs upon her still——"

"Silence! for Heaven's sake be careful!" exclaimed Madame de Marly, seized at once with fear and admiration, as she heard Friedrich expound his dangerous doctrines with noble exaltation.

Friedrich, led on in spite of himself by the force of his violent opinions, proceeded without appearing to have noticed Madame de Marly's interruption:—"We desired to blot out the last traces of tyranny from the face of the globe—we desired to enthrone justice on the ruins of lawless power. Amid shattered thrones and dynasties, we desired to extinguish the reign of destruction and violence. We desired peace, prosperity, and wisely restricted liberty—for the rich we desired less superfluities, for the poor more necessaries. We desired that men should be judged by their acts and their personal worth solely, and that the unjust privileges of birth should be abolished for ever. We desired that in France, as well as in our own country, acting still in concert with the pure spirits that retained their fidelity to the glorious emancipation of 1789, the broken frame of feudalism should not be permitted to rear itself again under a new form. But pardon me," said Freidrich, lowering his voice, and exhibiting an air of graceful timidity, which presented a charming contrast to his momentary exaltation; "pardon me, Madame, these words must wound your ear. It is ungrateful in me to pronounce them before you. I should not forget that I am now in France, and have been received there in a spirit of generous hospitality."

(To be continued.)

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LITERATURE, &c.

The Amnesty; or, the Duke of Alba in Flanders. By C. F. Ellerman, 2 vols. Longman and Co.

When we took up these volumes for perusal, we certainly did not expect to find, in the *début* of a novice, a work so full of interest and information. Want of space prevents us from making such extracts as would introduce our readers to the leading characters, and give them an insight into Mr. Ellerman's style of writing. We must content ourselves by briefly stating, that many of his scenes are full of life, and traced with a masterly hand.

We were pleased with Don Orlando's interview with the Minister, which shows clearly, that preferment in bygone days, as in the present, was generally obtained by favour. The fate of the hapless Eunice Monfore deeply interested us. The author has cleverly painted some scenes between the infuriated Iconoclasts and Roman Catholics. His descriptions of that merciless tyrant, the Duke of Alba, are good: and we experienced much regret at the untimely fate of the Counts of Egmont and De Horn. We were captivated with the pathetic interview between Fray Antonio and his long-lost Cordelia, which is drawn in a decidedly artistical manner. Old Herrera's is a very good character, and his poetical letter is not a bad specimen of the author's attempt to court the Muse. Young Fernando Alcantara's soliloquy in the sculptor's studio pleased us extremely, as did the grave-digger's song, which is original.

Mr. Ellerman has very quaintly brought to the Duke of Alba's notice, that baneful custom of interring the dead in densely crowded cities. It is the more *àpropos* at this moment, when petitions to Parliament are being signed for the abolition of so injurious and unhealthy a practice.

That there are errors in the work we admit; but who is faultless? Perhaps there is a little too much dialogue; and yet this has its advantages, especially as we have seen with pleasure, that the author has endeavoured to be concise in his style, and avoided wearying his reader by incessant repetitions. We caution him to avoid some of his *foreignisms* for the future, and have no doubt but he may, if he persevere, become a popular novelist.

We right cordially recommend "The Amnesty" to all our readers and the public.

FROM

OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevard des Italiens,
June 26th, 1843.

In former days fashion was rather a tyrannical Goddess, her least decrees were laws requiring uncomplaining submission; now-a-days, in these times of freedom, her reign is milder, and she accommodates her wishes to the caprices of her followers. The result is certainly favourable to general effect, that dull monotony has given place to endless variety, and also the modification of various fashions which can never be becoming to all;—provided style, good taste and elegance, are preserved, all is well. Thus may the demi-large sleeve be seen side by side with the tight one, without looking ridiculous or particular. The materials for the promenade, the most inquired for, are *taffetas* in plaid of several colours, *foulards* of small checks in three shades, *taffetas* and *barèges* striped. For evening *négligé*, *taffetas glacés* and plaid, *barèges* striped and checked, *brocatelle d'été* of *fil de chevre*, *pekin zebré*, &c., ornamented with deep flounces, or on wide *biais*, the *corsages* with *draperie* and short sleeves with two *biais*. Dresses for country wear are preparing of *fil de chèvre*, *corsage à la Vierge*, *mouchoe à la religieuse*, ornamented with *bouillons* and pretty cuffs of *Valenciennes*. Some *redingotes* of *foulard* in plaids have *corsages* to lace, and open sleeves with puffs.

The silks shot in three colours are the most admired; and this style is observed in all *taffetas*, watered silks and *pekins*: *chiné* plaids have succeeded to the rich brocades of winter wear; they are without trimmings, the richness of the colours requiring no ornament.

Barège appears to be decidedly the favourite material of the season; there is much variety in it; some with satin stripes, stripes *à jour*, *bouquets* forming *colonnes*, various colours on a white ground, or shades of the same colour; the make of them rather gives the stamp as to their use of *négligé* or dress. Tucks are generally preferred on them, and to render them a little less simple they are edged with fringe, or even lace, for evening wear; in this style a robe of *barège*, called Imperial, with shaded wreaths of blue on blue, was with four tucks, trimmed with *application* of *Brussels*; the *corsage* was *à la Grecque*, with inlet corresponding to the trimming; the *ceinture* was of *barège* trimmed also with lace tied at the side, the ends very long.

The deep flounces maintain favour, and are particularly suited to tall figures; when made of silk materials they are pinked, lighter materials are scolloped in worsted or silk. *Ruches* of *tulle* are very pretty for coloured *tarlatanes*, of which material elegant *peignoirs* are made, accompanied with *pelerines*, the size and form being modified to the degree of dress or *négligé* required. White is much worn of an evening, and as the gathers of the skirt are not worn quite so much in front, the embroidery on them is seen to more advantage; *peignoirs* of muslin trimmed round with *Valenciennes* inlet, divided by plaitings of ribbon, is a new style that pleases much. For young ladies, blouses *à la Rachel* of very clear muslin are made, resembling the Roman tunic, if they were not so long, and the muslin so clear, and without any starch, to fall with grace; the only trimming is a little embroidery, or a wide *rivière* above the hem, the sleeves not lower than the elbow.

Barèges for the promenade are usually ornamented at the sides with two *bouillons*, and *foulards* are with two rows of narrow trimming; the point of the *corsage* is decidedly rounding, the backs plain or full in the centre. Many sleeves are made *à la Louis XIV.*, the dresses for the seaside, in preparation, are *peignoirs* of *foulards*, *ecrus* checked in blues or greens; others are white *barège* checked pink or blue; others of white *poult de soie* with small shaded *bouquets*; they all have large *pelerines* trimmed with fringes of the same shades; and sleeves demi-large, with *revers*, complete the *négligé*. In a style less simple, the robes *caméléon*, with three deep flounces *en biais*, giving the effect of three skirts. Sleeves *à la Louis XIII.*, and under ones *bouillonnés* of muslin, small square collar *à la Louis XIII.*, on a high body,—high bodies are very fashionable. There is not so much fulness worn on the hips, and a smaller *tournure* seems likely to be adopted.

Glasgow plaids are much worn in Paris, the shades of which, and checks *en biais*, are much approved; they are generally trimmed at the bottom with three deep flounces *en biais*, or very deep fringes; the body is also ornamented with fringe or trimmings *à la Pompadour*, which, when arranged with taste, have a pleasing effect. *Poult de soie royal glacé*, trimmed with deep flounces pinked, and *corsage à la Marie Thérèse*, is much used for visiting dresses, particularly of dark grey and marine blue. When the weather permits, (even in Paris,) white dresses are sometimes seen, a little in the style of the blouses *peignoirs*, worn some years since, with *corsage à la Vierge*, not quite high, full all round from the *ceinture* to the top; sleeves *bouillonnées* with band of embroidery or fine plaiting at the top; these dresses are pretty in white *batiste*, as well as in *barège*, *cotpoly*, *tarlatane*, and any transparent material; others are with tight bodies, the back being full in flutes *en eventail*, and *ceinture* of ribbon with long ends, *biais* or flounces on the skirt, headed by a *ruche* of ribbon *bouillonné*. Many *redingotes* also are made of *gros de Tours*, *taffetas de Berne*, plaids shaded or *glacé*, *droguet*, *pekin de Grenade*, with corsage pointed and *en biais*, ornamented by two rows of buttons; the skirt open, having *colonnade* of ribbon *bouillonné* on each side. Pretty *peignoirs* of *foulard ecrus* are made to close with three rows of very small buttons of mother-of-pearl, placed as close as possible; but when as dresses, they are with four tucks reaching nearly to the waist. Many dresses are made of the *guimpe* form, with *revers*, which are wide on the shoulders, and very narrow towards the waist, and small *pelerines*; the *ceintures* are now worn either with buckles, or of ribbon with long ends; the fulness of the skirt is confined at the height of the hips, by five or six *seconds pointe*, which lengthen the waist, and give much grace to the form.

Redingotes are also made with double sleeves that is to say, divided in the middle of the arm, so as to admit the end of the sleeve, either of the same material, or of white muslin; these *redingotes* with short sleeves are pretty; the small upper one should be wide, rounded in front of the arm, and finished with *biais*, *ruches* of ribbon, or fringe, according to the trimming of the dress; some of *batiste*, with sleeves of muslin, were trimmed with inlets, divided by *bouillons* of muslin all round. Two very pretty dresses recently worn, were, one of watered silk, the skirt trimmed with two deep flounces of black lace; the *corsage* was *à la Vierge*, with small *pelerine*, forming *berthe*, finished round with a trimming *festonné* in a point on the front, and reaching down to the jockey; the other was a plaid, the skirt was ornamented with two flounces placed about half the width apart, and headed by a gimp trimming, *corsage en cœur*, with rounded point and tight sleeves.

Peignoirs of white *barèges* have also been made, lined with pink sarcenet, and trimmed with *point de Venise*, pink and white; the fringed *dentelles* are also pretty, of fine worsted, to put round scarfs, shawls, and *mantelets* of white *barège*, now so fashionable. Many dresses are ornamented in the *tablier* style, but gimp is much replaced by *ruche* of ribbon; and in full dress they are of gauze or lace, as being lighter and more elegant; however, for watered silks and *droguets* gimp and braid continue to be used.

Frange dentelle is a new creation; it is a kind of network of different sorts of open stitches, which by means of a running thread at the top may be drawn to any fullness, and is placed on shawls and silk *mantelets* in white; it is sometimes used to head two or three tucks on white *barège* dresses; *berthe* and sleeves are trimmed to match.

Cannezous composed of inlet of lace and embroidery, are much in demand just now, as well as the *fichu Marie Antoinette*, which is much used for the house, and with a dress of *tarlatane* the effect is very pretty, when trimmed round with inlet and fluted lace.

The *paletots* for summer wear are very pretty, as are also the scarfs *catalanes*, *mantelets Pompadour*, *mantilles à la vieille*, *mantilles Marie Antoinette*, with the flat *ruches*. A *mantelet* of embroidered muslin, lined with green silk, was trimmed all round with broad lace; a *mantelet* of blue-watered silk, round behind, hollowed out at the arms, and falling in front with rounded ends, high to the throat, and closed in front, was trimmed all round with a narrow fluted frill, headed by gimp, the same trimming formed *rabat* round the throat; a *mantelet* of *taffetas d'Italie* was very short behind, full in front at the waist, where it was tied by a *nœud* of sarcenet ribbon, and falling with long square ends in front, was trimmed all round with broad lace; a second small *pelerine*, forming *revers* in front, was also trimmed with lace as far as the waist, where it terminated; another *paletot* of embroidered *tarlatane* was with two *pelerines* rounded in front, and each was trimmed with a double row of *Valenciennes*; a third *pelerine* was formed of five rows of *Valenciennes*, which terminated in a point in front at the waist; this *paletot* was lined with green silk, and closed in front

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with *nœuds* of ribbon of the same colour. The *mantelets à la duchesse* are much approved, they are lined with pink or blue, and trimmed with lace, having double heading surmounted by embroidery in *application*; this embroidery in *application*, the *guipure d'été* is very fashionable.

Paille de riz sewed are ornamented with a branch of lemon-blossom mixed with Bengal roses; and bonnets of deep blue have a *bouquet* of feathers of the same colour; and open straws are lined with colours, having feather matching. Some crape bonnets are particularly small, and mostly white, ornamented by blue-bells, if of green crape, by a Bengal rose; the *Penelope* bonnet continues to enjoy the favour prognosticated for it, and will be likely to survive many seasons. *Capotes* of *poult de soie*, of the *écru* colour, are lined with pink, *organdys* with lilac or blue *gaze*. *Capotes* are particularly pretty, having three or four bands of lace placed on the front, of a moderate size, a little wide at the ears, and slightly raised behind; the *capotes* of watered silk ornamented with three narrow bands of *gaze marabout*. Some bonnets are simply ornamented with plain ribbon in flat plaiting, particularly on common straws. Straws are very fashionable; Leghorns, sewed straws, *paille de riz*, and fancy straws.

Capotes of *paille de riz* have been made, with crown of plaid silk, red and green, and *capotes* of white crape, with half-wreath of yellow roses and Parma violets; a bonnet of pink *poult de soie* was ornamented with four rows of *point d'Angleterre*, laid flat on the front, divided by two small *biais* of crape, the first row being of lace, which edges the front; a long white feather fastened at the side by a *nœud* of pink sarcenet ribbon falling on the side.

Caps for morning wear are very simple; the *bretonne* form is in request, with double *papillon* falling the length of the cheek; caps with hanging lappets without brides, and bonnets *Lyonnais*, with small rounded *papillons*, admitting lace and some ribbon; the *papillons* trimmed with a twisted *ruche* are pretty. Caps *à la Charlotte Corday*, and *Marie Antoinette*, of lace and lilac ribbon, with Swiss caps, are fashionable.

A few words more before concluding; the trimming of dresses should be adapted to the material; that which looks very well on one kind will not suit another; some dresses of *caméléon* silk are made with one or two deep flounces, almost always pinked, or with two very deep *biais* in long waves, edged with *ruches* of ribbon; these two styles of trimming are admired by those who like something a little out of the common way. *Organdys* embroidered in white or colours are pretty, and also *tarlatanes* printed in *feuille de rose*, and the colour of the Maltese orange, which is so becoming to the *brunette*.

Some dresses of *pekin glacé* have trimmings pinked, or of plaited ribbon above the deep flounce, and generally short sleeves. A robe of *organdy* for a wedding dress had five flounces of lace, the top one not being more than the width of the hand from the *ceinture*; the effect of this style of trimming is the same as double and triple skirts, it is particularly pretty for *barège*. *Mantelets* trimmed all round with deep frills, edged with ribbon, plaited *à la vieille*, are becoming for tall figures. A new style of watered silk is made, possessing the softness of *cachemire*, and less shining, resembling more the watered silk of bygone days.

Au revoir, E. C.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.

No. 1.—*Public Promenade Dress.*—Robe of *caméléon* silk; the *corsage* high and *à cœur*, with frill of lace, and rounded at the waist; tight sleeves with trimming *à la vieille*; the skirt is ornamented down the centre with three rows of trimming *à la vieille*. *Capote* of *gaze lisse* in *bouillons*, with wreath of flowers.

No. 2.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of *ecru foulard*; the *corsage* is half high, with rounded point, and sleeves *à la Louis XIII.*, with under ones of muslin; three deep flounces on the skirt. *Manteau* of green silk, with half sleeves, and *rabat* at the throat, ornamented with buttons, the whole trimmed round with narrow black lace, and wider lace at the arms and ends of the scarf. *Capote* of white *tulle* fluted, with *ruche* round the edge, and *demi-guirlande* of field flowers.

No. 3.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of striped *barège*; the *corsage* is *à cœur*, and full from the shoulders to the waist, which is rounded; tight sleeves with jockeys edged with a *ruche*; two very deep *biais* on the skirt, headed and edged with a small *ruche*. Bonnet of Leghorn straw, ornamented with feathers, and *coques* of pink ribbon inside.

No. 4.—*Public Déjeûner Dress.*—Robe of *glacé* shot silk; the *corsage* is high, and lacing at the sides shows the white under body; the centre of the skirt laces in a similar manner. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with feathers, and *Algérienne* scarf.

No. 5.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of *pekin d'été*; the *corsage à cœur*, with *revers*; tight sleeves with *biais*. Bonnet of *paille* crape, back view of bonnet, Figure No. 3.

No. 6.—*Public Déjeûner Dress.*—Robe of *barège*; the *corsage à cœur*, with rounded point, and frills crossing the shoulder, terminate at the waist; tight sleeves with frill at the top, and two very deep flounces on the skirt. Bonnet of pink silk, with bird of Paradise and trimmings *à la vieille*.

No. 7.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of lilac silk; the *corsage* is high, with frill of lace, and with *revers* vandyked and edged with gimp; tight sleeves, with similar trimming on the wrist and top, and two *revers* of it descend the skirt *en tablier*. Bonnet of fancy straw, lined with pink and trimmed with pink ribbon.

No. 8.—*Young Lady's Déjeûner Dress.*—Robe of striped *barège*, with two flounces *en biais*, the top one headed by a *ruche* of the same; *corsage* of white muslin *à coulisses*, with lace frill, and long sleeves with jockeys edged by a *ruche*; *ceinture* of ribbon with long ends. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with carnations.

No. 9.—Pink crape bonnet, with *marabouts*.

No. 10.—Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with roses.

No. 11.—Bonnet of *paille* crape, with satin *rouleaux* round the edge, and small ostrich feathers.

No. 12.—Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with silk crown.

No. 13.—Bonnet composed of lace and pink ribbon, with *bouquet* of drooping flowers.

PLATE II.

No. 1.—*Public Dejeûner Dress.*—Robe of green *taffetas*, the *corsage* is a little full at the waist, with *berthe* trimmed with fringe, and long tight sleeves with fringe; two rows of very deep fringe round the bottom of the skirt. *Mantelet* of embroidered *tulle*, and crape bonnet with shaded feather.

No. 2.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of *écru poult de soie*; the *corsage* is high, and pointed, richly ornamented with gimp, half sleeves of two *bouillons* divided by gimp, and lower sleeves of muslin in *bouillons*; the skirt is ornamented in three rows down the centre, with gimp. Bonnet of green crape, ornamented with *feuillage and marabouts*.

No. 3.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of pearl grey silk; the *corsage* is open to the waist, with *revers* of pink-watered silk, confined back by bands of gimp; the skirt is open in front with similar *revers*, and under-dress of watered silk, tight sleeves ornamented with braid. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with small *marabouts*.

No. 4.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of *barège*; the *corsage* with point and tight sleeves, with jockeys; the skirt has two very deep flounces *en biais*, headed by *ruches* of the same. *Cannezous* of embroidered muslin trimmed with lace. White lace bonnet over pink gauze *lisse*, and wreath of small roses.

No. 5.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of colored *tarlatane*, the *corsage* is pointed, and with *berthe*, trimmed with fringe; two rows of fringe ornament, the sleeves and the *biais* on the skirt are edged with fringe. *Capote à coulisses* of white silk and *barège* scarf.

No. 6.—*Dinner Dress.*—*Peignoir* of *organdy* over pink; the *corsage* is *à cœur*, with fulness from the shoulders to the waist, which is pointed; a frill of lace is placed full round the top, and descends the body and edges; each side of the skirt in *vandykes*, the points meeting with a *nœud* of pink ribbon. *Coiffure* of *tulle* and flowers.

No. 7.—*Young Lady's Dinner Dress.*—Robe of coloured *tarlatane*; the *corsage* is pointed and *à cœur*, with short tight sleeves and *sabots* of lace; small lace *pelerine*, deep tucks on the skirt; *coiffure* of hair in ringlets, with gold pin and tassels at the back.

No. 8.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of *barège*; the *corsage* is with rounded point, and *berthe*, with trimming *à la vieille*; long tight sleeves, with jockeys, and a very deep flounce on the skirt; headed by a trimming *à la vieille*. *Capote* of *paille de riz*, with wreath of roses.

No. 9.—Bonnet of *paille de riz*, trimmed with lace and flowers.

No. 10.—Bonnet of white lace, over green gauze *lisse*, with feathers.

No. 11.—Cap composed of lappets of lace, with wreath of flowers.

No. 12.—Bonnet of *paille de riz*, trimmed with pink ribbon.

No. 13.—Bonnet of *paille* crape, with feather of the same colour.

PLATE III.

No. 1.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of striped *poult de soie*; the *corsage* is high and pointed, ornamented down the front with rich gimp trimming, which continues enlarging down the centre of the skirt; the sleeves are small but fulled lengthways, with two bands of gimp across the arm. *Capote* of crape, with wreath of flowers on the crown.

No. 2.—*Public Déjeûner Dress.*—Robe of *caméléon* silk; the *corsage à cœur* is pointed, with short sleeves; a *ruche* of silk ornaments the skirt, forming tunic. Bonnet of white lace with long drooping feather, and *mantelet* of black lace falling very low on the dress, with *pelerine* of the same, trimmed all round with lace.

No. 3.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of shot silk, with tight body *à cœur*; the skirt is ornamented *en tablier*, by *biais* and quillings of silk. Cardinal *pelerine* of white *tulle* with *revers*, and armholes trimmed all round with a plaiting of net edged with pink, and a pink piping in the centre. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, trimmed with shaded pink, and white ribbon and feathers to match.

No. 4.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of *barège*; the *corsage* is open to the waist, with *revers*, half sleeves *à coulisses*; the skirt is also open with *biais en revers*. Under dress of muslin made high, with fulness confined by bands of work. *Capote* of *paille de riz*, ornamented with flowers. Child's dress of white muslin, trimmed with lace.

No. 5.—*Morning Dress.*—Robe of *cotpaly*; *the corsage à cœur*; but rounded at the waist, with sleeves of moderate fulness, and habit shirt with small square collar, trimmed with lace. Cap of *tulle*, trimmed with lace and green ribbon.

No. 6.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of gray silk; the *corsage* is with point, and *berthe* of the same, finished with a *bouillon* of silk and *rosette*; two deep flounces on the skirt, and sleeves with fulness and double jockeys. Cap of *tulle*, trimmed with blond lappets, and flowers.

No. 7.—*Young Lady's Morning Dress.*—Robe *peignoir* of *foulard*; the *corsage* is high, a little *en*

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cœur, and closes in front; the sleeves a very little full, with a jockey ornamented with *soutache*; the skirt is similarly ornamented down the centre. *Coiffure* of hair in *bandeaux*.

No. 8.—*Morning Dress.*—Robe of *barège*; the *corsage* is high, and ornamented with fringe and gimp on the epaulets; a gimp trimming descends each side of the skirt, rounding off at the bottom. Cap, back view of Fig. No. 6.

No. 9.—*Capote à coulisses* of *paille* silk, trimmed with *biais* of gauze *lisse* and flowers.

No. 10.—Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with shaded *marabouts*.

No. 11.—Morning cap formed of muslin, and inlets trimmed with narrow lace.

No. 12.—*Capote* of lilac silk, with trimmings *à la vieille*, of ribbon.

No. 13.—Bonnet of pink crape, with *bouillon* of gauze *lisse* inside, and ornamented with small *marabout* feathers.

Child's Dress, No 1.—Frock of *barège*; the *corsage* is high, and long tight sleeves. Two tucks on the skirt, headed by *soutache*. Leghorn straw bonnet lined with pink, and *ruche* of ribbon at the edge; long white feather laid across. *Mantelet* of black silk, trimmed with flat ribbon *ruche*, with double heading.

Child's Dress, No. 2.—*Redingote* of *colpoly*, checked and trimmed with bands of velvet, fastening with small buttons all down the centre; *pelerine* of the cardinal form, bonnet of fancy straw lined with lilac silk, and crown of silk with *ruches of* ribbon and *rosette* at the side.



THE SIMOOM.

"In colour (says Mr. Bruce) the simoom is like the purple part of the rainbow, but not so compressed or thick. It does not occupy twenty yards in breadth, and is about twelve feet high from the ground. It is a kind of blush upon the air, and it moves very rapidly." Though he took the usual precaution of falling on his face and pressing it to the sand, he did not recover from the pestilential effects of inhaling the vapour, till long afterwards. —*Travels*, vol. iii. p. 357, 4to edit.

I.

Lo! from the East a haze comes on,
Like to the rainbow's purple hues;
O'er narrow space 'tis thinly drawn,
But all surcharged with deadliest dews;
Flat to the earth! and bite the sand,
Pilgrim, unless thou court thy doom;
A pestilence sweeps o'er the land;
It is the fell simoom!

II.

There hangs a blush upon the air,—
A burning blush, for from his wings,
As lightning-fast his form they bear,
Unerring death the demon flings.
Flat to the earth! and bite the sand,
Pilgrim, unless thou court thy doom;
A pestilence sweeps o'er the land;
It is the fell simoom! M.

HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN.—Man, who in his "pride of place," thinks he knows everything, has certainly, unless he be a medical man, not the most remote idea of one thing—namely, the sufferings of women, from diseases peculiar to the sex, and which require the utmost care and skill in the treatment. Many thousand females in this metropolis, are at this moment suffering physical tortures, from which our sex, with all their boasted fortitude, would shrink dismayed, and if obliged to bear them, would sink under the infliction. Of these, a very large proportion are utterly unable to pay for medical attendance—and there is no hospital in which they can receive admission, as females suffering under female complaints. Out-door relief may be obtained; but in many of the cases the successful treatment, and best prospect of relief, in a great measure depend on proper rest from household duties, and out-door fatigue; movement, of any kind being attended with renewed agony and risk of life. The instances of misery and deep suffering from these diseases, are much more numerous than would be generally supposed, being often concealed from delicacy of feeling, and despair of relief. A deep conviction of the misery, which the poorer classes endured from the want of a hospital especially and peculiarly for the diseases of women, prompted some benevolent individuals in the metropolis, to project the establishment of one, and they have succeeded in obtaining most distinguished patronage,—and the *nucleus* of a fund for ulterior arrangements. A provisional Committee has been formed, of which the Duke of Rutland is President, and a suitable building having been procured, into which they will admit as many cases as their fund will at present warrant, and extend the benefits as their pecuniary means increase. J. Dean Paul, Esq., the banker, is the Treasurer to the Committee, and E. Futvoye, Esq. Secretary, (either of whom will receive subscriptions or donations,) and the medical officers are, Dr. Robert Ferguson, Consulting Physician; Dr. Rigby, Physician; and Protheroe Smith, Esq., Surgeon. We earnestly hope that Providence will prosper their benevolent intentions; and that the rich and benevolent—(and should not the rich be benevolent?) the Ladies, especially, will aid this attempt at ameliorating those woes "which flesh is heir to," and which, as falling upon Woman, calls not only for our sympathy, but for our active exertions to relieve.

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PLATE I.

LONDON AND PARIS



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OH! TOUCH FOR ME THY HARP AGAIN.

THE POETRY WRITTEN BY MRS. LATHAM, THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY W. GRANTHAM.

Andante con espress.

Oh! touch for me thy harp a-gain, And soothe my trou-bled

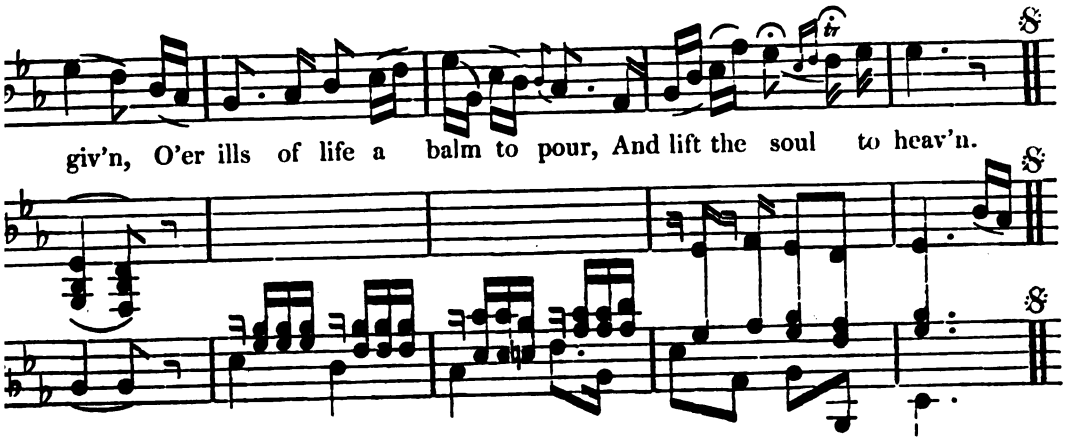
breast; Oh! let me hear that plain-tive strain, 'Twill hush my griefs to rest. 'Twill hush my griefs to

ad

cal.

rest. Then touch for me thy harp once more, To thee the gift is

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SECOND VERSE.

Those soft melodious notes of thine
Like heav'nly music flow,
And each tumultuous thought of mine
Suspends its sense of woe.
Then touch for me, &c.

THIRD VERSE.

Methinks I hear a seraph's voice,
That bids my sorrows cease,
Bids ev'ry throbbing pulse rejoice,
And breathe the breath of peace.
Then touch for me, &c.

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THE LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, AND MUSIC.

EMBELLISHED WITH MUSIC, ARRANGED WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, HARP, AND GUITAR.

AUGUST, MDCCCXLIII.

THE INFANTICIDE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Blood has as oft, alas! been spilt
As much from woman's *shame* as *guilt!*
She will, the first dark crime to hide
From mourning friends, and scorning pride,
Veil it in one of deeper gloom;
And step by step descend to doom;
Anxious but from each human eye
To screen her act of sin-stain'd dye,
Not fearing God's,—which yet might save
From crimes, that lead but to the grave.

MARGARET WATSON, my laundress, being suddenly left a widow, with a large family, and knowing her to be a most industrious and deserving woman, I immediately took her third daughter, Ellen, then fourteen, into my service, to do plain work, and anything, in fact, of not too laborious a description in the house; and in a short time I had the pleasure of discovering that I possessed in the modest pretty looking girl a real treasure.

To no one had Nature been more bountiful. She had a sweet countenance, with soft, blue, loving eyes,—a complexion faultlessly fair,—a profusion of beautiful light hair, and a slight willowy form, graceful in the extreme. But it was not Ellen's beauty which so much struck me, as her varied talents,—her affectionate, yet most respectful manners,—her innate sense of propriety and refinement. Had she been born in a more exalted sphere of life, the commonest care bestowed on her education would have made her the highly accomplished and elegant gentlewoman. As it was, in a few months, and only from magazines and old dresses, she became a finished mantua-maker and milliner, and was accordingly inducted into the post of honour she panted to fill, that of my lady's-maid.

Residing for the greatest part of the year in the country, in a large mansion, remote from any town, with an extremely limited circle of friends,—a husband almost constantly engaged in business or pleasure, and with a *sickly* infant to attend to, I became, from Ellen's constant and unobtrusive attentions, so attached to her as to insensibly convert her into a sort of humble companion. Yet, never in my most unreserved moments did she ever forget the difference of rank between us; still was *she* the grateful domestic—*I*, the kind considerate mistress.

She watched with me over my sinking child, night and day; she wept with me at its incurable sufferings, and when it died her regret was long and unaffected for it. She sympathized with me in every domestic trouble, rejoiced in every happier change of fortune, and was in every respect one of those rare instances of a good and faithful servant, occasionally met with, who takes a real interest in the welfare of those whose daily bread—daily prayers—daily joys and sorrows she shares.

When she had been with me about two years, I was grieved to remark a most sensible change in her health and spirits: she entirely lost that exquisite neatness of person for which she was generally admired; her hair was no longer curled or braided smoothly over her forehead, but was thrust under her cap in the most slatternly manner: she was dejected to the last degree, and often when she answered my bell I could perceive she had been weeping. It was in vain that I questioned her with the tender anxiousness of a sister on the cause of her sorrow,—that I endeavoured to console her for it,—that I sought the best advice,—nothing appeared capable of doing her the slightest good, or luring her from her absorbing melancholy; her only wish was to leave me,—not to be a burden to me,—not to add to my other distresses,—but to this I would never consent.

At length, one morning, to my inexpressible horror, I was aroused from slumber by my cook rushing into my room, screaming in breathless agitation, "that Ellen Watson had just delivered herself of a child, which she had destroyed."

In an instant I was at the bedside of the miserable girl, who, pale and exhausted, was lying still and immoveable as a corpse. Not one resentful feeling mingled with the tender compassion I experienced for that poor desperate young creature, but weeping over her in undisguised agony, I exclaimed, "O, Ellen! had you but made a friend of me, all this misery and disgrace might have been avoided. Never, never, for one moment, did I suspect your situation! Never, never, for one moment, did I suspect you had a lover! Why, why did you not tell me all? I have ever been a kind, indulgent mistress to you, and I am a woman, Ellen, like yourself, and can feel for you, pity you, and might have saved you from the awful consequences of your indiscretion."

"Oh, my dear, blessed lady," said the poor girl, raising herself up, and hiding her weeping shame on my bosom, "you have indeed been most kind to such a wretch, most considerate."

"If you really were so conscious of my kindness, Ellen, why not ere this have revealed the dreadful truth to me? why, by concealing it, plunge so deeply, so inextricably into crime? Oh! who to contemplate you, with your sweet, mild countenance, your childish look, your childish form, would think it possible that you could calmly and deliberately have meditated for months on such an atrocity!"

"I did not meditate on it; indeed, *indeed* I did not. It was the act of an instant, the *unpremeditated* act of an instant. I heard my babe cry—that cry which was to proclaim my shame and disgrace to all—that cry which was to proclaim it to *you*,—and overwhelmed, frantic, mad—*mad* at the bare idea, I knew not what I did; and when I recovered, they pointed tauntingly to the mangled remains of my infant, and shouted *murderess* in my shuddering ear! Oh! they showed no mercy for the sudden shame that overpowers a forlorn young creature in the hour of her sin and sorrow, when, too, she is quite, quite alone. Oh! they made no allowance for the strong temptation that *then* seizes the frail, weak heart, abandoned in her mortal anguish to the suggestions of Satan. But *you* are merciful,—*you* can pardon and pity your poor, lost, distracted servant!"

Overcome by her excessive emotion, and exhausted as well by extreme physical suffering, she sunk back on her pillow in a state of complete insensibility, from which, however, she was speedily aroused by the unceremonious entrance of the constable into the room, with a warrant to apprehend the prisoner, followed by a troop of the excited villagers; and had it not been for the opportune arrival of my own surgeon, for whom I had sent on the first alarm, I really believe she would have been dragged from her bed to undergo an examination before a neighbouring magistrate, previously to her committal to the county jail; but on his protesting that the unfortunate culprit was not in a fit state to be removed, that, in fact, such a step would be attended with the most imminent risk—nay, perhaps endanger life, I entreated the constable to leave her until she was a little stronger, promising most solemnly that she should not escape, and that as soon as she could be moved without injury to her health, he should be informed of it; for that it was far from my wish to screen vice from justice, my only desire being not to act towards her contrary to common humanity. This explanation, with a medical certificate, satisfied the humble functionary of the law, and he and his riotous train peaceably withdrew.

Seeing that Ellen had dropped off into quiet slumber whilst we had been arguing this important point, I said to the surgeon, in a tone of reproach, after having detailed to him all the horrible facts of the case, "Oh, Mr. Rogers! if you had but informed me of the poor thing's real situation, all this dreadful scene would have been spared; I might have sent her away without its transpiring, and she would have been saved from a premature or ignominious death;—for you could not be ignorant of it."

"Certainly not, my dear madam; but it is a rule with us not to reveal any such affair, unless the question is propounded to us first. Had you, for instance, asked me if such were the case, I should at once, and unhesitatingly, declared that it was."

"How could I ask a question of which I had not the remotest suspicion?"

"That *is* most extraordinary, madam, in a

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married woman, the mother of a family; for the girl's appearance was certainly enough to awaken suspicion in your mind, and, indeed, in all those around her."

"Not where you have full confidence,—not where you imagine a being to be all innocence and purity: let her appearance be what it will, you cannot suspect her—indeed, *indeed*, you cannot."

"My dear madam, I admire your charity; but it would not have been professional in me to have voluntarily undeceived you."

And so, because I did not understand the conventionalities of the medical profession, I thought, a poor young creature has been hurried to perdition.

At this moment Ellen awoke, with a most heart-rending shriek, as if she had just escaped the torture of some horrible dream; and was on the point of starting out of bed, but I laid my hand gently on her shoulder, begging her to be composed, and collect her scattered and agitated ideas.

"Oh, such a dream!" she said—"such a dream! But for you, *you*, who have no right to save me, they would have dragged me to the scaffold, without granting one hour for penitence or prayer."

The surgeon, having administered an opiate, left, with a promise of seeing her again early in the evening; enjoining, in the mean time, the strictest quiet to be observed in her room. I therefore resolved to establish myself as her only nurse for some hours, feeling nothing but pity for her, for she was a creature only to awaken it. Seated by her bedside, in mournful contemplation of her sweet face, and marking the silent tears streaming unchecked from her mild blue eyes, upturned to the sky with an almost seraphic expression of repentance, I could but marvel how, *even*, in a moment of delirium, she could have committed an act, which filled me with horror to think of.

"I wish you could go to sleep, my poor Ellen," I said, kindly taking her hand; "it would do you so much good."

"Good!" she exclaimed, with a ghastly smile; "O madam, nothing can do me good *now!* And as for sleep! I dare not encourage it, for then I have such dreams, I feel all my horrid pangs over again, I hear my child cry,—oh! that cry, hark! Do you not hear it too? No, no, you cannot; it is only heard by my *heart*, there it will resound so long as I live. Oh, it was a terrible cry, that poor murdered babe's!"

"Then you did murder it, Ellen? That was horrible!"

"They say I did," she replied wildly, "but perhaps it was only to frighten me! Was it to frighten me, ma'am?"

"Alas! no,—I fear it is only too true."

"Then I shall be dragged to prison—tried—convicted—and hung," she exclaimed in a paroxysm of despair. "Oh, I will never live to bear that shame,—I will kill myself first."

"Ellen, I entreat you to be composed; you must, indeed, if you do not wish to drive me away. The shame is not in the punishment, but in the crime that provokes it; and yet, you, who are so tortured by the commission of the one that has plunged you into such disgrace and misery, can talk of committing another of a more heinous nature still,—that of rushing into the presence of your Maker, with your soul yet stained with the blood of your child, instead of abiding patiently and humbly his good time, and enduring unmurmuringly whatever penalty He may award you here, receiving it as an atonement for your turpitude. If I hear you utter such another sentiment, you will force me to believe, that, instead of being an object of commiseration, you are a very wicked, hardened girl."

"Oh, my dear, *dear* mistress, do not think so of me—pray, *pray* do not; I knew not what I said. Oh, you do not know how your poor Ellen's head is bewildered. My senses seem almost to have forsaken me. I am ready to repent; only tell me what I must do to be saved,—I know I stand in an awful situation, madam."

"You do, indeed, my poor thing,—I dare not attempt to disguise it from you; you have the outraged laws of your country to satisfy, and the just indignation of your God to appease.

"Little did I imagine, when two short years since I received you from your widowed mother, while she wept tears of gratitude to Providence for the brilliant prospects of her child, that at its expiration I should have to resign my charge, not to her arms but to the gloom of a dungeon—to languish in grief and solitude, until torn from it only to meet an ignominious death. But such is the fate the indulgence of a criminal passion has entailed on you—a fate from which, if you live, nothing can rescue you. It is, therefore, your duty to prepare to meet it as becomes a Christian; the first step of which is entire and perfect forgiveness of your enemies. And where have you a greater than the villain who brought this shame and misery on you, and then left you, coward that he is, to brave it alone? Tell me who he is,—tell me where he is to be found, and he shall come, and on his bended knees implore and receive your pardon. Only tell me who the monster is who has done you this wrong."

"Oh! I dare not—I dare not tell *you*," she exclaimed, wildly wringing her hands, while her countenance underwent a most extraordinary change. "Not for worlds would I breathe *his* name to *you*—it would kill you to hear it, and you have been such an angel of goodness to me."

A dark suspicion flashed across my mind—I had a brother—I could not suppose him such a wretch as deliberately to plan the seduction of innocence: but he was young—Ellen was beautiful; I had often heard him admire her, and in an unguarded moment Heaven only knows what might have happened. I felt convinced that he was the father of her child; and, seizing her hand, I exclaimed, in inexpressible agony, "Ellen, it is Alfred!"

"Your *brother*, madam! Oh, no! would that it were!" And, with a shudder, she snatched her hand from me, and burying her face in the bedclothes, sobbed convulsively.

Wrought up to the most awful and intense anxiety, both by her grief and mysterious expressions, I exclaimed, no longer able to endure the state of suspense, "Ellen, who is it then? I insist upon knowing."

"Oh, my God! my God!" she cried, "was there ever such a trial?" And ere I was aware of her intention, she started out of bed, flung herself at my feet, and clasping my knees with the energy of a maniac, screamed aloud, "It is my *master!*"

"Your master? my husband? Impossible!" I exclaimed, recoiling from her in perfect horror.

"It is indeed, madam, but you *would* know; yet do not curse me, do not curse him. Oh, if you only knew what we have both suffered—what wild and visionary schemes we have planned to keep you in ignorance—what despair we felt, when you, from kindness, opposed my leaving you—how my master still loves you, and despises me,—you would pity and forgive us both!"

I did not interrupt her—I did not heed her—I was astounded, overwhelmed with the tremendous idea that *my* husband was a seducer;—that *my* husband, under the same roof with his wife and children, had so completely corrupted that young girl's mind, by a long course of vice, that at sixteen years of age she had not shrunk from murder!

My first impulse was to rush from the room and upbraid him with his baseness; but I prayed to the Almighty to direct me for the best. I sat down to collect my distracted thoughts—to try to reflect. I had had troubles—sore, sore troubles, before—and he had always helped me through them. I had been reduced from affluence to poverty, by the speculations of my husband;—I had learned to forgive and forget that—to bear privation with cheerfulness, and to rejoice when another fortune was left me to bestow on him;—I had lost my first-born boy, just as he had begun to call on God to bless his mother, in his lisping prayers,—to that I had learned to bow with resignation, and be thankful for the two yet spared to comfort me;—but this—this last fatal trial, how should I ever be able to survive it? How ever learn to forgive and *forget* such an injury to my love, my confidence, my hopes? My temples seemed actually ready to burst in their agonizing throbbings; I rose from my chair, and clasping my hands tightly over my brows, I hurried up and down the room with the speed of a lunatic.

"Forgive me! forgive me!" shrieked the wretched girl, alarmed at the wildness of my manner; "forgive me! for I feel that I have but a few hours to live."

In an instant I was restored to reason; I thought only of her danger, which certainly was imminent, she having remained on the cold floor so long. I took her in my arms, kissed her with passionate fondness, and placing her in bed, I resumed my watch by her side, weeping in subdued but cureless anguish.

"Do you forgive me? *can* you forgive me, madam?"

"Yes, Ellen, from the depths of my soul; may the Lord of Mercy pardon you, too."

"Oh, madam! madam! you have given me more than life in those precious words!—But, pray, extend your pardon to my poor master,—he is no seducer! Oh, it was in a moment of temptation unthought of, *unfeared* of by us both! We did not—indeed we did not—meditate guilt. I would have died ere injured you; and you have been a witness of the silent sorrow that is eating away his heart. It was on that fatal night, when you left me alone, through my persuasion, to watch by your sick babe, after you had passed six sleepless nights by his couch, that my master came as usual to take leave of the little sufferer; when, in the midst of a torrent of gratitude for my care of him,—when, in the midst of a torrent of praises for my virtue and goodness,—when, in the midst of despair and anguish lest he should lose the darling I was watching and weeping over,—he actually made me the wretch I am!"

Good Heavens! I mentally ejaculated, how inexplicable is the human heart! What! at the dread hour of his child's dissolution—when he knew that the wife he had sworn to love and cherish, was preventing the night watches

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in weeping and prayer that its innocent spirit might pass away without one earthly stain, to load it with such an atrocity! Oh, how doth evil beset our path! Oh, how doth the Prince of Hell reign *too* in this world!

When she had finished her harrowing recital, which she did, by painting the anguish and remorse they had endured for months past, I begged of her, in the most solemn terms to tell me without any disguise, whether any other human being had reason to suspect her intimacy with her master? She assured me, in a manner which I could not doubt, that no one had. I then took my resolution, —I then resolved to save my husband,—to preserve the father of my babes,—cost me what it would,—be the sacrifice ever so painful. I administered another composing draught to my poor patient, hoping, that now her mind was relieved "of the perilous stuff that weighed upon it," she would become more calm, and perhaps sleep. But, no—she continued to grow more restless, until I felt so alarmed, that I dispatched a messenger for the surgeon's presence. Her anxiety to see her mother was beyond description; it was in vain that I assured her, she had not time to reach us; that she knew she was gone to nurse her sister Mary in her confinement.

"Nurse Mary! has she been confined, then? Ah! she did not murder *her* baby! she had no occasion,—it was born in innocence! But mine, mine, *mine* was the offspring of disgrace and ingratitude,—I was glad to hide it from *you!*"

"My dear Ellen, let me beg of you to endeavour to be more composed; shall I pray with you, my poor child?"

"Do, do, do—not *with* me, but *for* me; I can only listen," she exclaimed, with terrifying energy.

I knelt down by the bedside, and clasping her hand between my own, while tears of anguish streamed from my eyes, I entreated that she might be pardoned, and received into the mansions of grace. In a few hours after, Ellen Watson died;—and as I bent over her silent corpse, I vowed to keep the secret her dying breath had deposited in my bosom.

While I was yet weeping over her, her mother arrived, and was almost distracted to find she was too late to bless and forgive her erring girl. Never, *never* shall I forget the scene of terrible and unaffected grief then presented to me. She took the insensate remains of her child in her arms, laid its head in her bosom, hugging it to it with the deepest affection, deluging it with her tears,—calling on it to speak to her,—to hear her blessing,—to pardon her for trusting her, so young and lovely, out of her sight. "But," she said, turning her tearful eyes on me, "I was too proud, ma'am—I was too ambitious for her, the prettiest, the cleverest of all my children. I thought if I could but get her into your service her fortune would be made, and I am punished for wishing to raise her above her brothers and sisters, who are all honest and virtuous."

Every word went to my soul, for *my* husband was the cause of this poor widow's despair. Yet, in the midst of my compunctions for her sufferings, I felt a something almost amounting to joy, that she would never learn his guilt, that its knowledge was mine, and mine alone. I know not how he received the intelligence of his victim's death,—he learnt it from the frantic shrieks of Ellen's mother resounding from the glooomed apartment. I had not courage to encounter his shrinking glance,—I had not the cruelty to wring his soul in its mortal agony,—to force him to crush the groans of his bursting heart.

I saw him not until I had schooled my looks for the dreadful part of self-restraint I had determined to perform. It was no affectation to plead indisposition as an excuse for separate apartments—I was really ill with the conflict I had endured.

For one whole year we lived in an awful state of estrangement; yet without one word of explanation being asked or given on either side for it. *He* was silent from conscious guilt, and *I* from the fear that if the subject was once broached between us, the fatal truth would be revealed, when my husband, driven to desperation by the humiliating idea that he was at my mercy,—that it was in my power to reproach and despise him for his perfidy,—might for ever banish from his bosom the "still small voice" that daily and hourly admonished him to repentance.

That he was a sincere penitent I felt convinced. Every habit and pursuit of his life was changed. I read every struggle of his heart; I saw his eyes grow dim with tears as he gazed mournfully on me; I saw that the fatal sin he had committed was ready to burst in confession from his lips; I saw that his knees ached to bow before me to crave forgiveness, pardon, peace. But that was not my object; I wished to restore him gradually, but permanently, to self-esteem,—I wished to reconcile him to his own conscience,—I wished for him to remain for ever ignorant that I knew his former crime, or, if he guessed that I was unfortunately acquainted with it, he might learn from the deep, the intense love my silence evinced, not to fear my resentment;—I wished, in fact, to insure happiness for him, for myself and children, for the future, and not estrange him from the domestic hearth by useless upbraidings for the past.

About this time his mother, who long had been in a declining state of health, received the welcome summons of releasement from her earthly pangs and afflictions. Yet, ere she departed to be no more seen, she wished that all her children should be assembled around her death-bed to partake of the holy sacrament together. Nothing can be more affecting than to be called to the pillow of a beloved relative for such a melancholy purpose, even when only the ordinary regret of losing a being long endeared to the heart is to be borne, and who has for years been in a state of preparation for the glorious transition. But, on this occasion, I felt agonized in the extreme. I knew that my husband would have to bow in the presence of his God by the couch of his expiring mother. Would he dare to do it? Was his soul sufficiently purified for such an oblation, or would the upbraidings of a guilty and long pent-up conscience suddenly burst forth to overwhelm with terror and dismay her last moments. Pale and haggard he knelt down. I took my place close to him, closer than I had been, far, far *closer*, for the last dreary lingering year. I received the sacred elements mechanically. I heard not "that the body of Christ was given to preserve me to everlasting life," nor "that his precious blood was shed" for the same purpose. I heard not the pious responses of the dying Christian uttered in the joyful hope of a glorified resurrection. I heard not the parting benediction of the devout minister. I *heard* only the convulsive sobs of my contrite husband, who, with his face buried in the bedclothes, was pouring out the anguish of his heart in the bitterness of remorseful repentance.

"William," I said, and I laid my hand on his shoulder, "dear, *dear* William, pray compose yourself." He *felt* we were man and wife once more!—he seized my hand, and placing it silently on his throbbing heart, bowed over it with inexpressible reverence; how much of eloquent gratitude was in that one action!

"Come nearer to me, my children," said the resigned and venerable old lady, who was propped up with pillows, looking calm and serene as an already beatified spirit, "that I may bless you again before I die."

We all arose from our knees, and approached her in solemn weeping sorrow, my husband still grasping my hand with the tenacity of a newly-recovered treasure. After calling on the Almighty to bless and watch over us, with that fervour with which a dying mother always bestows her *last* prayer, she continued, "in a few short hours, perhaps moments, I shall stand before that gracious Being, who, through life, has blest me beyond my deserts, to thank him for the great and signal mercies he has vouchsafed me; but for *none* am I more thankful, than for the joy and comfort you have been to me, oh, my children! you, and your wives, and your little ones. I leave you all happy, prosperous, and virtuous. I shall not have to plead for *one* crime committed by one of my children. Love and support each other, —be still virtuous, and you will still be happy. You, in particular, William, my first-born son, love and cherish your wife; for lo, I have studied her heart, and found it fruitful in goodness and piety. Love and cherish her then, O my son!"

"I will," he exclaimed, straining me passionately to his bosom,—"I *will*, for I know *all* her worth."

Oh! as I felt his heart beat against my own,—oh! as I once more encountered his eye, bent full upon mine, with a gaze of the holiest love and confidence,—I felt that my victory was achieved—I felt that he would love and cherish me—I felt that he was mine unto the grave—that my *silence* had saved my husband, the father of my children—my *silence* had saved that old dying Christian mother from descending to the tomb in despair for the sins of her offspring. Was I not repaid for it? was I not rewarded for all I had endured? Surely, surely, for my sacrifice and his sufferings, the angels would blot his one fault from the book of trespass, so that his sainted mother might never, never know it to taint the bliss of that heaven to which she was hastening.

LINES.

I saw each well remember'd face
With kind smiles softly beam;
I saw the old familiar place
Of childhood's happy dream.

At that moment then I felt
The joy of many a by-gone year;
And to my God I grateful knelt,
And thank'd him for his blessings here.

Tho' my heart with life's sad care,
Since youth, hath oft-times pain'd;
I breath'd a fervent, heart-felt prayer,
(Tho' joys were lost) for what remain'd.

When I see old friends' dear faces,
Smiling as in days of yore;
And feel lock'd in their kind embraces,—
Oh! I am happy then once more.

ELLEN S.

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CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

CAEN, in Normandy, the birth-place of this heroine of the revolution, is one of the most ancient and curious towns in France. The churches are numerous, the steeples grotesquely constructed, and surmounted with cocks and arrows of a most venerable appearance. Caen also abounds with old houses, whose frameworks with wood are visible round their borders, most fantastically sculptured and painted. The town is shaped precisely like a horse-shoe. In allusion to this circumstance a French topographical writer has the following impudent remark:—"Providence, or chance, is sometimes pleased to write history with houses. Every one knows that Caen, under William the Conqueror, and at several other times, gave England several violent *kicks of a horse's hoof, of which England still bears the marks*" (donna aux Anglais de violens coups de pied de cheval, dont l'Angleterre garde les marques)!

In visiting Caen some time since, I explored it with especial pleasure as the birth-place of Charlotte Corday, in whose story I took the liveliest interest. Strange to say, I met with some amongst her fellow-townsmen, who had never heard even her name!

I inquired of several. To one I said: "Will you be kind enough to inform me in what part of the town is the house that used to be occupied by Charlotte Corday?"

"Monsieur, voici celle de *Malherbe*," was the reply.

Others gravely answered that they knew no lady in Caen of that name, and referred me to the post-office!

This ignorance is, in a great measure, explained by the extremely modest and retired life which Charlotte Corday led in Caen before the *éclat* of the great deed, of which Paris, and not Caen, was the theatre.

MADEMOISELLE MARIA CHARLOTTE DE CORDAY, the grand-daughter of the celebrated CORNEILLE, was of a noble but reduced family: she was born near the village of Saint-Saturnin des Ligueries, not far from Caen. Like the maid of Orleans, she passed her early youth in the fields, clad in a simple russet gown, with bare arms and shoulders, running, with her loose hair flying in the wind, through a forest of orchards which abound in that part of Normandy. The straw roof of the house in which she was born has been replaced with tiles. It has a court-yard attached to it, with some apple-trees in the midst of it, a bell hung in a turret, a well, an enclosing wall, and a tuft of ivy which forms a sort of cloak to a shoulder of the wall.

Near Saint-Saturnin is shown the source of a streamlet, partly concealed beneath osiers and willows. Some old men assured me that they had seen Charlotte, while a child, lifting water from this source in the hollow of her hands. This humble streamlet, which loses itself in the grass, but which somewhere doubtless reappears, quitting its solitude and silence to mingle with foaming billows, presented to my mind a touching image of the life of Charlotte Corday—calm and limpid in the rustic shade, but troubled profoundly at a later period, and in a great city, by the breath of revolution.

Charlotte Corday quitted this charming rural life to enter at Caen into the Convent of the Holy Trinity. This establishment, founded by Queen Matilda, the consort of William the Conqueror, had, with the advance of time, acquired great revenues and high prerogatives. The *Religieuses* of the order of Saint Benedict wore black robes, with the exception of the *guimpe*, or stomacher, and the veil, which were both white. They lived under the same roof, but without being cloistered, and each had the privilege of taking one or two young ladies as boarders. Charlotte Corday was received into this convent, together with her sister, by Madame de Lauvagny, their aunt, who had taken the vows. The vast and commodious buildings of the convent extended to a little hill behind, including gardens, courts, and oratories. The church, which is still standing, is a very curious edifice in the Anglo-Norman style of architecture. Its exterior chaste, grave, collected, with but few doors or windows visible, gives it very much the air of a veiled nun at prayer. It was evening when I visited the church. The wind sighed through its ancient towers. The moon rose behind them enveloped by a white cloud. She looked like a pale nun, in her snow-white wimple. What a sad, yet pleasing light does the view of places and objects cast upon the remembrances of history! It was indubitably at the Abbaye-des-Dames that Charlotte Corday acquired that severe and sombre turn of of mind, which, excited by events at a subsequent period, resulted in so tragic a close.

An aged *Religieuse* informed me that Mademoiselle de Corday applied herself at first to devotional pursuits with the utmost ardour and enthusiasm. But, mixed with her religious zeal, there was a fund of pride and obstinacy, which often produced a reprimand from her aunt. Here she learned to read and write, to draw and work at tapestry. But for the other ordinary employments of female leisure, she had the utmost repugnance. Her bold and firm hand was not made to hold a needle. When she had attained her seventeenth year, as her tastes were not centered in the cloister, and as the revolution, though still distant, presented nevertheless a menacing aspect, and diverted numerous females from conventual life, Mademoiselle de Corday left the Abbey of the Trinity for the house of Madame de Bretteville at Caen.

After a very lengthened search, I at length succeeded in making out this house, in which Charlotte Corday passed so many of her adult years. It was situated in the Rue Saint Jean, No. 148. Though recently repaired, this house has undergone few changes, and through the portions which have been retouched it is easy to discern its ancient form. Hid in the extremity of a small court, it has a perfect historical character. Well might a dark and terrible resolution ripen underneath that humid roof, thickly covered with moss, in an ill-lighted chamber, before a sad and solitary window, where the process of silent thought was never disturbed by the sight of wayfarers in the street. The sun seldom, if ever, shines upon the court. Its aspect is cold and severe, and it appears saddened by an eternal shadow. The massive staircase, which leads to the chamber formerly occupied by Mademoiselle de Corday, is of stone, with a voluted balustrade. As an Italian monk compresses his lips and lowers his eyes in ascending the *Santa Scala*, I, a simple traveller, regarded for some minutes, with sad looks, the rigid steps of that stone staircase which Charlotte Corday descended on the 9th July, 1793, never more to press it with her footsteps.

Upon the occasion of this visit, I got into conversation with an aged turner, who, when a child, occupied with his mother the shop situated at the opposite side of the street. "I see her still," he said, "in that corner of the court, by the side of the well, with a blue-riding dress, a plain felt bonnet of a conical shape, set off with ribands, and a starched gauze *fichu* upon her bosom. She was a proud and beautiful young woman, who did not romp or sing like other girls, who laughed little, and spent her time in reading."

The only remembrance, in truth, that Charlotte Corday has left behind her at Caen, is a remembrance of beauty and wisdom. The first circumstance appears the more remarkable, as the women of Normandy are, for the most part, good-looking. They are almost the only women in France that know how to carry their heads properly. In whatever shape they twist their head-gear, whether into the form of "helmets," of "pyramids," of "cathedrals," or of "obelisks," for they have all these shapes and designations—the cumbrous appendages being uniformly fastened under the chin with lace—they carry their heads well and proudly. This circumstance is no doubt attributable, in a great degree, to the superb style of *coiffure*, as well as to its positive weight. The women of Caen are said to come next in the statistics of French beauty to Caux, which is admitted to be the Georgia of France.

There is but one authentic portrait of Charlotte Corday in existence. All the artists (and their name is legion), who, during the revolution, and in these latter times, have applied themselves to the delineation of this historic head, have been content with the ideal. David, the painter, in his "Death of Marat," not having the beautiful model before his eyes, could only give his recollection of the face of this heroic woman, who was executed a few days after she had slain the monster, who was absurdly styled the "Friend of the People." Since that period, the artists of France have invented a Greek head, a sort of goddess of Liberty, in the *Girondiste* taste, which they have christened at all hazards, Charlotte Corday. During the trial her likeness was taken, and thousands of copies of the engraving were bought up with avidity; but its fidelity was pretty much on a level with all such catchpenny productions. The true likeness of Charlotte Corday forms a most interesting historical document, of which we should be deprived, but for a felicitous and singular chance.

M. Lecurieux, a celebrated French portrait-painter, walking one day under the pillars of the Halles, at Paris, discovered, exposed for sale at the door of a vendor of odds and ends of furniture, a smoked and dirty painting, which he suspected to possess some intrinsic value. It bore the traces of mutilation by sabre-cuts. He purchased it for three francs. Upon his return home Lecurieux washed the picture, and immediately there appeared, beneath the crust which covered it, a charming female head. Continuing his work of cleaning, the artist saw with delight these words forming themselves, and traced by a pencil with the same colour in which the robe was painted, "*Charlotte Corday.*"

This portrait, of which an initiated person would guarantee the resemblance, as in the case of those of Titian or Vandyke, without ever having seen the original, was evidently taken from nature. The date it bears is 1789; and Charlotte Corday was then in her twenty-first year. The painter has represented her in

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the costume of the time, wearing a corset of silk, which gives considerable prominence to the bosom, and throws the shoulders very much back. The neck and bosom are very much uncovered by the robe, but partially concealed by a *fichu*; the hair very abundant, disposed in numerous tufts, and sprinkled with a light cloud of powder. The forehead is not very high, but beautifully shaped. The eyes are of a greyish blue, like the sky of Normandy, and the look is fixed and resolute. The mouth is so fresh and pure-looking, that it seems never to have been touched by a human lip. The chin, slightly angular, announces a firmness of character which is equally read in the eyes and in the set of the head; but—what is particularly worthy of remark, and suggestive of sad thoughts, when we reflect upon the termination of her career—the most charming portion of the portrait of Charlotte Corday, the most engaging by its softness and exquisite formation, the most perfect in grace and in dazzling whiteness, is that neck, which was afterwads severed by the guillotine!

This portrait, which is a perfect masterpiece, both of drawing and colouring, affords no bad illustration of the prevailing manners at the end of the eighteenth century. The gallantry and scented frivolity of that epoch may be read in the *corsage* of blue satin; in the extravagant shape into which the *coiffeur* has twisted the hair; in the coquettish sprinkling of powder; in the delicate rose-tints which bespread the cheeks; in the sweet and priceless dimples of the mouth; in the eyes, which are the very colour of love. The nascent revolution shadows itself forth in the look of severity and deep reflection, which the innate principle of thought imparts to those bright blue eyes; in the stormy pallor of the brow; the energetic expression which the lips, with all their sweetness, wear, and the imperious carriage of the head. That fair and graceful female figure is half in the roseate sphere of Louis Quinze, and half in the bloody sky of Robespierre!

A number of artists have been inspired with felicitous ideas in treating this subject, which has latterly been quite a "rage" in French *studios*. One of the prettiest of numerous pictures which I have seen of the Gallican Judith, was one by Schæfler, representing the heroine in her dungeon. Since M. Lecurieux's discovery, it is to be hoped that, for the future, the real will in all cases be substituted for the ideal head. No beauty of abstract conception can ever transcend the admirable and most suitable expression that breathes from every portion of the recovered canvass.

Charlotte Corday spent a very solitary life at Caen with her aunt. She passed almost all her time in reading; and her favourite authors were Raynal, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and her illustrious Grandfather Corneille. Hers was a devoted and susceptible soul. The French philosophy of the last century made her a heroine; Christianity would have made her a saint. Her chief companion and bosom friend at Caen was a young lady named Eléonore de Faudoas, who was guillotined in her sixteenth year! The beautiful neck of Charlotte Corday was spared for a few years longer, but, strongly illustrative of the stern horrors of that epoch, two young and lovely girls from the same village became the bloody victims of that worst of despotisms, the democratic; and, associates in their lives, neither in their manner of death were they divided!

Mademoiselle de Corday visited with her aunt at the first houses in Caen and its vicinity, and the character which she bore was that of an amiable and well-educated girl. Her manners, however, were in some degree found fault with; they seemed too masculine and *brusques* for the period. Her female friends, that is to say, her rivals, said that she was a boy disguised as a young lady. No doubt this disposition to rise superior to her sex sprung from the strength and exaltation of her ideas and sentiments.

FROM

OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS,
July 26, 1843.

CHERE AMIE,—

As walking dresses at this moment claim most general attention, I, at once, shall proceed to describe a few that have come under observation. Very pretty *redingotes* of *taffetas de Milan, de Sicile, de Valence*, are trimmed in the centre with *bouillons à la vieille*, as well as the dresses of *taffetas Arabes, pekines, pekins croises* with sprigs, open at the sides, with high bodies and tight elbow sleeves; the skirt, body, and *biais* of the sleeves, closing with cords of the same colour as the dress.

In *négligés*, dresses of muslin or *batiste ecru* are much worn; the *corsage* is full in the back, plain in front, and closing with small *agraffes*, *pelerine* of the same, trimmed with sarcenet ribbon *à la vieille*, and three tucks on the skirt. A dress of pink *barège* was ornamented at the bottom of the skirt by three rows of pink sarcenet ribbon *ruchés à la vieille*, placed about the width of each apart; tight high body, with rounded point and small *pelerine* forming *berthe*, tight sleeves, with jockeys formed of *ruches*. A dress of *poult de soie, vert de mer*, was ornamented in front by gimp in *point de Venise*, very narrow at the point of the body where it commences, and descending to the bottom of the skirt enlarging *en tablier*; tight high body ornamented with gimp in the fan-form, and tight sleeves. A dress of Scotch plaid was trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with two deep *biais* in large vandykes edged with a pinked *ruche*; high body with point and small *pelerine* forming *revers* placed on the side seam of the body, and falls on the edge of the sleeve, rounding off behind at the height of a dress *berthe*, trimmed with a *ruche* all round; tight sleeves with *ruches* forming jockeys. A dress of *poult de soie, caméléon*, was ornamented with three rows of *frisés* ribbon of the colour of the dress; high body with rounded point, and three rows of *frisés* ribbon from the shoulder gradually diminishing in size to the point; sleeves *à l'orientale* edged with *frisés* ribbon, and under sleeves of cambric cut with three bands, embroidered and terminating with rich cuffs of lace.

The *Clementine* check or *carreau* is a novelty which gives additional elegance to the plaid; very pretty dresses are made of it with *demi pelerines à cœur*, made rather low, allowing the *chemisette* of muslin to rise above it; the sleeves *demi longues*, showing the under sleeves of *bouillons* and inlet. Morning dresses, of the *peignoir* form, of coloured muslin, are encircled with three narrow trimmings fluted very small, and edged with *Valenciennes*; the large *pelerine*, or *demi mantelet*, may be worn with it of the same material and trimming. The *taffetas d'Italie* are much varied in patterns; the prettiest are checked green and *Parma* violet, violet and orange; indeed, the latter mixture is very general this season for everything.

For summer evening dresses, the robes *opale*, *caméléon*, *arc en ciel*, are decidedly the most elegant and suitable; their names indicate the light aërial effect which is produced by the skirt of pink gauze under the *arachnée* muslin of blue embroidered in white, which gives the tints their names imply; the same style is also used for *mantelets à la vieille*, *echarpes Pompadour*, and *mantilles Castellanes*, which, whether trimmed with plaitings of gauze ribbon, or *tulle festonné*, or lace, are charming *fantaisies* of the season.

Dresses for more simple wear, though not less pretty, are of *poil de chevre* or *barèges des Aldudes*, ornamented with deep flounces, or wide *biais* in a wave; satin stripes on *ecru* ground are the most admired; for dinner or *petites soirées*, the most approved style is white muslin striped, low body and tight sleeves, and *fichus* of lace *à la Marie Antoinette*; for the same purpose, there are robes of *organdy* or fancy materials, with tight bodies, with *revers* of the same forming *berthe*. For morning wear or *negligé*, nothing is more suitable than *piqué*, either white or nankin colour, *corsage à revers* embroidered at the bottom, and up the front of the skirt, with round braid; sleeves *à coude*, also embroidered on the seams. When the weather is very warm, white is in demand in the *peignoir* form, made of embroidered *jaconas*, trimmed with *ruches festonnés* of India muslin, with inlets of *Valenciennes*, edged with *Valenciennes*, of *organdys* with almost imperceptible stripes, pink, blue, or lilac, tied with *nœuds* of *taffetas*, with large sleeves raised halfway up the arm with *guipure d'été*. *Coutil* is much used for travelling and country wear; dresses of this material are trimmed with several rows of narrow velvet of the same colour as the dress. Nankin dresses are embroidered with white gimp, and others of *barège* fasten with buttons of *turquoise*; a *fichu* made high, trimmed with broad *Valenciennes* lace, on which the embroidery of the collar is continued, complete these costumes. The *toile marquise*, which is between *barège* and *gaze*, is pretty for summer dresses. *Peignoirs* of *taffetas scarabée* are worn in warm weather; the sleeves are wide, with cuffs; the *corsage à revers*, and a *demi pelerine* in three points; the front open shows an under-dress of *organdy* with flounces; the *ceinture* of *taffetas* with ends, a *fichu* of embroidered muslin trimmed with four rows of *Brussels* lace.

A *redingote* of *cachemire royal* was ornamented down the front with a row of ribbon *coques* intermixed with small gold buckles; tight plain body, and tight sleeves with jockeys, on which were *coques* and buckles; *pelerine* crossing into the *ceinture* formed a double fold on each side in front. A dress of *caméléon* silk had a deep flounce surmounted by a row of *ruches à la vieille*, tight sleeves trimmed in the same style, plain body, *pelerine* with point and sleeves forming jockey, trimmed round with *ruches à la vieille*. Robes of *taffetas*, either of *caméléon* or opal silk, have been made in rather a new style, the body and skirt being both open and laced with wide braid in the *Tyrolien* style; the sides of both body and skirt are edged with a *bouillon à la vieille*; the sleeves are *à la Medicis*; a *mantelet* of India muslin, edged with *festonné* trimming. A bonnet of *tulle illusion*, ornamented with peach roses, complete this *recherchée toilette*.

A dress of pink *barège*, with a deep flounce *en biais*, headed by a *ruche* of the same, body and sleeves *à coulisses*, was accompanied by a *mantelet* of green *taffetas* rounded behind, slightly hollowed out at the arms, and falling in front with rounded ends trimmed all round with a plaited frill; the small collar was trimmed with the same plaiting, not spreading beyond the shoulder, and met in front the trimming of the ends. A *capote* of pink crape ornamented with sarcenet ribbon, and *voilette* of pink crape, completed this *toilette*. A dress of *taffetas glacé* in shots of lilac was trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with two rows of fringe; low body with *berthe* of the same, trimmed with fringe; tight sleeves with fringe which forms jockeys; *mantelet* of embroidered *tulle*, deep behind, cut square at the height of the arms, falling in front with long square ends, trimmed round the throat

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with a fall of lace and closing with a *nœud* of lilac ribbon. *Capote* of green crape in folds, interlined with *blond*.

The capricious changes of the weather during this season have rendered the *pardessus* more than usually useful; they are pretty generally worn of silk material with wide *biais*, or a *guipure* of gimp; the more elegant are of muslin, lined with *paille* or lilac silk, and trimmed with lace; they are particularly fashionable for the public promenades; they have half sleeves made very wide, and are confined round the waist with a ribbon *ceinture*; they have also the merit of being less common than the *mantelets à la vieille*, consequently are more *recherchés*. When the weather is really warm, of which we have only occasional days, the large black lace shawl or lace *mantelet* are worn, through whose transparent folds the figure is entirely seen. White *mantelets* are trimmed with lace, and lined with coloured crape, which does not interfere with their transparency. *Mantelets* trimmed with gimp are much in favour, as well as those of shot silk round behind, hollowed out at the arms, and long ends in front rounded, trimmed with six small *ruches* scolloped. *Camails* of muslin are trimmed all round with a *ruche* of the same fixed to the *camail* by a narrow pink sarcenet ribbon; a hood of muslin forms *revers* in front to the *ceinture*, and is trimmed with a *ruche*.

Mantilles of *taffetas*, violet colour, and *mantilles vieille femme* of *taffetas*, puce colour, are worn, as well as those of India muslin, made long and rounded behind, trimmed with deep *Valenciennes* lace, headed by a *bouillon* lined with ribbon. *Mantelets* of black lace, trimmed round with lace plaited *à la vieille* are very elegant, and nothing is prettier than the *paletots* of *taffetas d'Italie*, fitting to the waist full on the shoulders and at the *ceinture*, open in front, with *revers* and square collar trimmed with black lace; the lower part does not reach below the knees, is rounded in front, and is trimmed with black lace, which reaches to the *corsage*; sleeves *à l'orientale*, tight at the top, and widening at the elbow to the centre of the arm, where they finish with a lace frill; a long *ceinture* of lilac sarcenet ribbon completes this dress.

Though we can hardly look for much novelty at this moment in bonnets, elegant ones are always appearing. Leghorns, ornamented with a bunch of *feuillage* and green ribbon and pink flowers inside. Bonnets of white *taffetas d'Italie*, ornamented with ribbon and lace; *pailles de riz*, with ribbon *capucines*, and long feather, shaded to match the ribbon; bonnets of apple green crape, with a bunch of *liseron*, with *feuillage* of feather; *capotes* of white crape, ornamented with long lappets of crape and a bunch of lilac, &c. &c., with *capotes of application*, and *capotes* trimmed with a scarf. Crape bonnets have also shaded ribbons,—that is, trimmings of ribbon of the same colour, commencing with the dark shade and finishing with the lightest. The most elegant bonnets are of *paille de riz*, ornamented with ribbon, the shaded *rosettes* or *choux* imitating the rose in shades from the palest pink to the China rose; those of white *tulle bouillonné* have a simple branch of *feuillage*. A branch of green leaves is much used on bonnets. A bonnet of *paille de riz*, with bunch of mignonette, and ribbon shaded green and white, is very pretty.

White seems much approved for bonnets this season; *pailles de riz* and transparent crapes are in demand, and for *négligé* or *demi-toilette*, sewed Leghorns, *capotes* of *gros de Naples*, with folds ornamented with sweet peas, *acacia*, or *camellias* mixed with heath; open straws are transparent or not according to fancy, but generally have veils.

In flowers and feathers nothing exceeds the lightness of flowers of *marabout* ornamented with leaves of shaded velvet, *panaches zephir*, and *plumets russes*.

The round caps termed *à la paysanne*, *à la Babet*, *à la Bretonne*, are frequently trimmed with dark ribbon, deep blue or *cerise* shaded, which style is particularly adapted to young women; a wreath of flowers or ribbon is placed on them; they are particularly suited to light hair.

Au revoir,

E. C.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.

No. 1.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of striped silk, with high body and tight sleeves. *Mantelet* of pink silk, trimmed all round with frillings of the same, and heading pinked. Bonnet of fancy straw, trimmed with shaded ribbons.

No. 2.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe redingote of shot silk; the *corsage* and skirt are both open and laced with cord, the sides finished with *ruches à la vieille*; half long sleeves with under ones of muslin, *guimpe* of plaited cambric with inlet of lace. Bonnet of fancy straw, with wreath of small flowers.

No. 3.—*Public Déjeûner Dress.*—Robe of *organdy*; the *corsage* is full, with plain piece and inlets at the top; long sleeves with jockeys edged with inlet, two deep tucks with inlets introduced near the edge on the skirt, and *paille de riz* bonnet with long drooping feather.

No. 4.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of pearl gray silk; with pointed body and sleeves *à la Louis XIV*. *Mantelet* of black lace with double collar, trimmed with two rows of broad lace round the back, the ends rounded. Bonnet of fancy straw, ornamented with plume of cock's feathers shaded in *paille* colour.

No. 5.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of striped silk; the *corsage à cœur*, with two rows of trimmings *à la vieille*, which meet at the waist and then continue down the skirt *en tablier*; sleeves *à la Louis XIV.*, with under tight ones of the same. Bonnet of pink crape, the crown is of rather a novel form, trimmed with ribbons of the same colour.

No. 6.—*Morning Dress.*—Robe of striped *barège*; the *corsage* is full from the shoulders, and confined round the waist with a cord; tight sleeves with double jockeys; a trimming *à la vieille* descends the front of the dress, enlarging towards the bottom. Cap of *tulle* with *coques* of pink ribbon.

No. 7.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of *caméléon* silk with pointed body and tight sleeves; *pelerine* of rich lace, with narrow fall of lace round the top. Bonnet of *tulle illusion* lined with *paille* gauze.

No. 8.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of striped *tarlatane*; the *corsage* is pointed, with fall of lace round the neck and row of buttons down the centre; tight sleeves with trimming *à la vieille*; the skirt is open in front with the same trimming at the sides, *fanchon* of lace with *nœuds* of lilac ribbon and flowers.

No. 9.—Dinner cap composed of a small lace veil with flowers at the side.

No. 10.—Bonnet of *paille de riz* of the cottage form.

No. 11.—Bonnet of *paille de riz* trimmed with blue ribbon.

No. 12.—Bonnet of white crape, with small plume of feathers tinted at the ends with pink.

No. 13.—Dress cap of point lace, hanging low at the ears, with roses at the sides.

PLATE II.

No. 1.—*Public Déjeûner Dress.*—Robe of *glacé* silk; the *corsage* is pointed, and has two falls of lace headed by a *ruche*, which form point in front; sleeves *à la Louis XIII.*, with *revers* of lace, and under sleeves of muslin in *bouillons*; the skirt is open, and turns back *en revers* trimmed with lace; the under skirt has flounces of lace. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with feather laid across.

No. 2.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of *foulard*; the *corsage* is high, with *revers* ornamented with *plissé* ribbon in diamond pattern, and *brandenbourgs* at the points; tight sleeves with jockeys; the skirt is ornamented in a diamond pattern, with ribbon and *brandenbourgs*. Bonnet of crape with feather.

No. 3.—*Young Lady's Dress.*—Robe of *organdy*; the *corsage à la vierge*, the fulness confined by lace inlets; short sleeves, with full *biais* and white mittens; the skirt is ornamented with several rows of lace inlet divided by work; apron of *glacé* silk, embroidered and trimmed with fringe. *Coiffure* of hair in plaits and ringlets.

No. 4.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of *glacé* silk; the *corsage* is tight, and turns back in front, with *ruches* and buttons, and forms double point at the waist; tight sleeves, with cuffs, finished with a *ruche*. Bonnet of *tulle illusion*, with veil and flowers.

No. 5.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of striped silk; the *corsage à revers* trimmed with fringe, and a little fulness at the shoulders; the sleeves *à coulisses*; and bonnet of *paille de riz*, trimmed with *paille* ribbon.

No. 6.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of pink *barège*; the *corsage à cœur*, and tight sleeves; *pelerine* of *point d'Angleterre*, trimmed with lace, headed by *ruches à la vieille* of *tulle*. *Coiffure* of hair in ringlets and plait.

No. 7.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of *tarlatane*; the *corsage* is plain, with *ceinture* and *berthe* composed of three rows of lace, divided by inlets; two very deep tucks on the skirt. *Coiffure* of hair in ringlets, with flowers at the back, and *nœud* of ribbon.

No. 8.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of embroidered muslin; the *corsage* is a little full, with broad band of work round the top, forming point in the centre; the sleeves are full lengthways, and two very deep flounces on the skirt, each edged with work; and the last headed by work to match. *Capote* of lilac *gaze zephir*, with *marabouts* and *feuillage*.

No. 9.—Cap of point lace, with wreath of roses crossing the head.

No. 10.—*Capote* of *paille de riz*, with wreath of flowers.

No. 11.—Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with feather.

No. 12.—Bonnet of *paille* crape, with *ruches* of *tulle* and flowers.

No. 13.—Dress cap, formed of a lace veil, drooping at the ears.

The Parisian *belles* observe much simplicity in their out-door costumes. A *barège* dress, with three deep flounces; a *capote* of crape, with flower or flat feather, and *mantille* of black lace, or *tulle* trimmed with broad lace. When the weather is chilly, a *redingote* of *caméléon* silk is worn, trimmed with *ruches* or plaitings of ribbon; *corsage* tight and pointed, with *demi longue* sleeves, and under ones in *bouillons* of muslin; scarf of *barège* all white, with transversal stripes, or a *redingote* of short watered silk, buttoning from the throat to the feet with three rows of buttons; bonnet of white *poult de soie* lined with pink, ornamented with a *nœud*, forming double *chou* having long ends, which fall on the throat. *Toilettes* for the house are of quite a different style; many *peignoirs* are of shaded or plaid *taffetas d'Italie*; the skirt is open, showing under one of white, with tucks or flounces *festonnés*. Many of these *peignoirs* are with short sleeves. Several new styles of the sleeves *Louis XIII.* have recently been made for a splendid *trousseau*; they are open from the wrist to the elbow, and the opening has trimmings to correspond with that on the dress; thus a *redingote* of white *barège* was lined with pink, and trimmed all round with a ribbon *ruche*, which was repeated on the sleeve as above, and closed with ribbon. A *redingote* of *foulard ecru*, open and lined with blue *sarcenet*, was trimmed with broad fringe, which was also repeated on the sleeve. This style possesses the merit of originality, nor is it likely to become common.

The scarfs worn this season are very elegant and rich. The Turkish stripes are very fashionable

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intermixed with beautiful pines. The most approved are stripes of red and white, orange and blue, and particularly those with three or four colours.

Some pretty *paille de riz* bonnets are ornamented with a scarf of light colour and white flounces, and *capotes* of green *tulle* are with *ruches* and *choux* to match. Bonnets are also made of Brussels lace, ornamented with *marabouts* of the colour of the lining of the bonnet.

PLATE III.

No. 1.—*Promenade Dress.*—*Redingote* of *glacé* striped silk; the *corsage* is high, with *revers* in vandykes, edged with *ruches à la vieille*, which, meeting at the waist, are repeated on the front of the skirt, enlarging in size to the bottom; tight sleeves with jockeys. *Capote à coulisses* of *tulle illusion*, with wreath of flowers.

No. 2.—*Public Dejeuner Dress.*—Robe of checked *barège*; the *corsage* is high, with rounded point and frill of lace round the throat; tight sleeves, with lace jockeys, and two very deep lace flounces on the skirt, headed by *ruches*. Bonnet of green crape, with drooping feather.

No. 3.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of *pekin glacé*; the *corsage à cœur*, and rounded point, ornamented with flat *ruches* from the shoulder to the waist; half sleeves of silk covered with flat *ruches* and lower ones of white muslin *à coulisses*; two very deep flounces on the skirt, *festonnés* at the edge, and headed by a flat *ruche*. Bonnet of white crape, ornamented with gimp trimming and *marabouts*.

No. 4.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of white muslin, with double row of embroidery above the hem. *Mantelet* of *taffetas d'Italie*, with inlet *à jour* of gimp, and trimmed all round with a *bouillon* of silk. Bonnet, front view of one just described, Figure No. 3.

No. 5.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of *foulard*, *corsage* with point and tight sleeves. *Cannezous* of embroidered muslin, with inlet and narrow flutings of *tulle*. *Capote* of *paille* silk with full crown and field flowers.

No. 6.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of pink *tarlatane*; the *corsage* with point, and short sleeves with two bias, two deep flounces on the skirt. *Cannezous* with collar of embroidered muslin. *Coiffure* of hair in *bandeaux*.

No. 7.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of bleu *Constantine*; the *corsage* is very open *en cœur*, with double *revers*, embroidered *en soutache*, long tight sleeves; the skirt is also open, with two *revers* on each side corresponding to those on the body; *fichu* of cambric, with small double collar. Bonnet of white crape ornamented with heath.

No. 8.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of striped *barège*; the *corsage* is pointed with *revers* trimmed with frill of the same *festonné*; short tight sleeves with *frill*, and two frills descend each side of the skirt *en tablier*. Cap of lace, with puffings of ribbon dividing the front trimming, and terminating at the side in flat *nœuds*.

No. 9.—Bonnet of blue crape, with *bouillons* of *tulle illusion*.

No. 10.—Bonnet of white crape, similar style to one just described.

No. 11.—Dress cap of point lace, with lappets and flowers.

No. 12.—Bonnet of *paille* crape, with feathers.

No. 13.—*Capote* of lavender silk, with wreath of ivy leaves.

THE YOUNG HEIRESS AND HER COMPANION.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

We came together, she and I,
To her rich home, and glad;
Laughter was twinkling in her eye,
But mine with grief was sad.
Oh! she was *going* to her home,
But I had just *left* mine;
I did not think of ills to come,
Yet, could I but repine;
My Mother I had left, to go
For the *first* time—is that not woe?

Each inmate of the house came out,
When we stopp'd at the door;
I never saw so great a rout
Of welcoming before;
And then with kisses and with care,
She was placed like a queen,
Within an almost regal chair,
To bask in the Yule's* sheen,
Whose flashings burnish'd o'er her face,
And lent it a supernal grace.

Her mother rose impatiently
To kiss her o'er again,
Firstly her lips, then eye by eye,
And each blue forehead's vein;
And then she moved a little off
With eyes full to the brim.
Ye childless ones forbear the scoff,
For Love, like Grief, can dim.
Then sudden smiles those eyes illume,
Like rays of Lampyria† in gloom.

Then anxious thoughts of travel's toil—
Its racking wear and tear—
Its feverish fatigue and moil,
For one so frail to bear,
Arose in that fond mother's heart,
Chasing those smiles away,
As musingly she sat apart,
To new-born fear a prey;
Thinking her darling child look'd pale,
And weeping for her fancied ail.

The little kitten near *me* sat,
And peer'd up in my face;
I never saw a youngling cat
With such a fondling grace;
And then she sprung into my lap,
Purring to welcome me;
Her kindness seem'd to fill the gap
Of lonesome misery;
And, as I blest her from my soul,
My tears flow'd down without control.

But, ah! for *them* I might have wept,
Blinded to my despair
By Joy, that those rapt parents kept
Fetter'd unstruggling where
The polar-star of all their hopes,
Their only one, reclined,
Beauteous as sunbeam when it slopes
To warm the western wind;
They could not heed the tears *I* shed,
So I stole softly to my bed.

I strove my aching eyes to close,
But, oh! 'twas all in vain;
A thousand home-fraught thoughts arose
Of unexampled pain;
My fearful heart could not embrace
The future dark and dread;

* Yule-log, Christmas log.
† Glow-worm.

The arid, sandy desert space
Unguided I must tread—
Like trav'ller lone, who gains the height
Of mountain, sees but waste in sight.

I thought of that far happier one,
Now on her father's knee,
With the hush'd mother looking on
In silent ecstacy;
And then I saw her in her bed,
That mother watching by,
Or, bowing o'er her lovely head,
Whisp'ring murmuringly—
"Bless thee, my dearest, sleep serene;
You must be tired, my precious wean!"*

As if she would not sleep in bliss—
"That child of many pray'rs!"
Who had *just* felt a mother's kiss—
Just felt a mother's cares.
And Jealousy, with serpent crest,
And Envy, pale with rage,
Within my agitated breast
An awful war did wage;
And Antias† I cursed, that she
Should so contrast our destiny!

As sullenly I mused, a light,
As if an Agnel's eye,
Broke on the gloominess of night,
Replenish'd from the sky;
And then methought I heard a tone
Close to my startled ear,
Such as an Angel breathes alone
Within yon choral sphere;
Exhorting me to patient be,
And bow to God's benign decree.

When I rejoin'd them in the morn,
A kinder sentiment,
One of more social love, seem'd born;
But, no! their hearts *content*
With having Nature's claim fulfill'd,
Could now diffuse to all
The drops that Pity's fount distill'd,
That glitter as they fall.
The mother saw I had not slept,
And kiss'd the eyes that had so wept.

And then she took me by the hand,
And patted my wan cheek,
Speaking in winning tones so bland
As only such *can* speak—
Women, with minds refined by love
And Christian charity,
Who only in the cycle move
Of home-felicity—
She said, "She'd school her heart to be
My missing Mother unto me."

The father, in my face the while,
List'ning his gentle wife,
Gazed with a fond complacent smile,
With kind approval rife,
While their fair child, my sister-friend,
With eyes of sparkling glee,
To me her arms she did extend,
How warm! how tenderly!
Clasping me fondly to her breast,
Most lovely to be so carest!

Then I recall'd with burning brow
The murmurs of the night;
And breath'd to God a secret vow
Those errors to requite.
My soul sobb'd with its new-found bliss—
And then laugh'd with delight—
Oh! what an hour of joy was this!
How fair was *all*, how bright!
I could not curb my ecstacy,
But *kissed* the kitten in my glee.

* Child.
† The Goddess of Fortune.

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LITERATURE, &c.

Douglas Jerrold's Illuminated Magazine. Nos. 1, 2, 3. No. 2, Crane Court.

THE first attraction in this elegant monthly miscellany is the name of the Editor, who has long been familiar to our minds from his histrionic productions, the "Rent Day," "Hazard of the Die," &c., and latterly by the talented, sarcastic, but philosophic, "Letters of Punch to his Son." The Illuminated Magazine, under his able editorship, has become a valuable monthly for the library of the literary man, the drawing-room of the accomplished lady, or the study of thoughtful youth. A calm, manly, philosophic tone, gently breathes through the varied products of Jerrold's pen—truth and humanity are its invariable adjuncts. The best, warmest, and kindliest feelings of our nature are ever instilled, which must penetrate deeply into the youthful bosom, and lead us "children of elder growth" to look with sympathy on the infirmities or miseries of our fellow sojourners in the harassing conflicts of life. Were we desired to point to any particular article, we would at once name "The Old Man at the Gate," the "Order of Poverty," and an article in the "Button Holder," on the speech of the French Ambassador.

But enough of the Editor—he is ever on the alert to advance the benignant reign of reason; in such a cause can we but desire his success? Let us now give a passing word to his auxiliaries.

In the "Boys of London," by the well known successful author, Mark Lemon, we have a faithful portraiture of the sufferings, the early dawn of particular characteristics, and the progress of vice from peculiarity of situation, in portions of the rising generation, which display a keen perception of human character, and will point to the philanthropic mind the evils he may be able to assuage or remedy by a knowledge of their cause. The "Passages in the Life of Smudge," lifts the curtain which hides the quackeries and impositions of mere picture painters and picture dealers, to the injury of genius and art. The singular and well written tales of the "Sisters of Berne," and "The Doomed Son," are startling proofs of fact being stranger than fiction. "Sindh and its Ameers," appeared, in conjunction with the late news from that unfortunate county, singularly apropos — the celebrated and talented authoress, Mrs. Postans, has also contributed another brilliant and vivid sketch of Aden. "The Philosophy of the Pistol," by Mr. Postans, also bore the appearance of a foreknowledge of the painful and inhuman affair which has to be the subject of a criminal court. "Death and the Drawing Room," and "The Employment of Factory Children Commission," are articles causing us gravely to reflect, to feel shame, and to resolve that such things shall not blear the fair fame of our enlightened and Christian country.

The elegant graces of poetry also adorn the pages of this work, judiciously selected for their intrinsic worth and beauty. We must conclude by observing that the pages are interspersed with beautiful wood engravings from the magic pencils of Kenny Meadows, Leech, Hine, Brown, &c., and the delicate and truthful burine of Landells. The work is printed in quarto, encased in an elegant wrapper, and published at such a price that startles us in our consideration from whence can arise any remuneration for such a goodly gift. We earnestly solicit our readers to judge of the faithfulness of our remarks by a perusal of this first-rate miscellany.

A Short Treatise on Life Assurance: with the Rates of all the Offices in London, Mutual, Mixed, and Proprietary, alphabetically arranged. By FREDERICK LAWRANCE, Esq. London: Pelham Richardson, Cornhill.

ENTERTAINING, as we do, very strong feelings on the *great importance* of *Life Assurance*, we hail this admirable little work as a messenger sent forth to thousands, who have, up to this time, known nothing about its mysteries;—for mysteries indeed have the unexplained tables of many among the "*ninety Offices*" appeared to the casual reader. Mr. Lawrance deserves well of his country, for the talent he has displayed, and for the manner in which he has arranged the matter that composes his very useful book. Every one who looks into it must also be pleased with the liberality of the Author. To read the Preface is sufficient to insure a perusal of the whole. Mr. Lawrance is himself the Secretary of a Life Assurance Company—and one, too, among the many, which is founded on most advantageous arrangements for the public; still he offers no recommendation in favour of his own particular Office, but concludes his Preface thus:—"With this object, (the public good,) and solely with a view to increase the number of Policy-holders, this small work is published, at a price (One Shilling) which must come within the means of thousands of persons. The Author *most distinctly wishes it to be understood, that he does not intend to advocate the interest of any one particular Office; each will be allowed to stand on its own merits*, and no doubt will meet with the proper proportion of business, arising from *an increased knowledge of the science.*" This is the way to treat a subject of such vast importance to every Father—to every Mother—and to every Child in the Kingdom! "The world was not made for Cæsar," —and while Mr. Lawrance has performed an immense service to the public, he deserves the thanks of every Assurance Society now in existence. We conclude these brief remarks by urging every father to buy this shilling book,—to *read it attentively*,—and not to lose a day in making a *certain* provision for his family, according to his means and station. And it is a duty which *every mother* owes to herself, and to her children, to urge the subject upon her husband's attention. We hope to recur to this useful little work again in our next, with a few remarks from its suggestions, as regards *Family Endowments.*

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—Through the kind indulgence of Mr. Batty (the present proprietor), we lately enjoyed the treat of a private view of his most beautiful stud of horses. We were never more gratified! We know not whether most to admire the great beauty and docility of the noble animals, which draw forth our nightly applause, by their admirable training, and wonderful feats in the circle,—or the extreme neatness and order in which they are kept. But, certainly, the greatest curiosity of all, is in the pony stable. It is quite a little fairy;—the smallest horse in the known world! Her Majesty Queen Victoria, was thought to possess the most diminutive of the species, but he is *quite a giant*, when compared to Mr. Batty's! The ponies are mostly from the Isle of Shetland, and they are, indeed, all perfect specimens of the breed. Many of our readers, in their visits to the Amphitheatre, must have been struck with the beautiful *spots* of the horse "Taglioni;" and of another in the stud, still more regularly marked. When enjoying the spectacle, we have repeatedly heard persons near us observe, that these spots were *artificially produced!* We take this opportunity of contradicting the popular error. We have not only seen the horses cleaned, and have handled them; but we have Mr. Batty's assurance that they are, as the leopard, *born with their spots*:—indeed, a contrary opinion always seemed to us most absurd. But, from the horses,—one word for the performance. This cannot be surpassed; and the very crowded houses which have attended Mr. Batty, since his opening, show the high estimation in which his endeavour to please the public has been held. We wish him, as he deserves, continued success.

THE CHINESE COLLECTION.—Each time we visit this magnificent Museum, we are more struck with its grandeur. The late events of the war, and the success of British prowess in the Celestial Empire, render every thing connected with that extraordinary nation of intense interest to almost every one; and the fashionable attendance which we witness whenever we go to the Exhibition, fully proves that it is as much excited now as at the first opening. The known world does not contain any thing so unique; or which places the intelligence, enterprise, or industry of a *single individual* in so conspicuous a light. It is almost past belief, when looking at the immense variety, whether of natural or artificial curiosities, to conceive how it was possible to combat the prejudices and the jealousies of the Chinese, and to transport even their very gods to this country. To afford some idea of the immense value of these curiosities, it may be sufficient to state, that the King of the French lately offered the proprietor of the Chinese Collection *one hundred thousand pounds!* that he might become its future owner; and which large sum was declined, as not being near the value. We hope that the anxiety of the French monarch to enrich his collections of *virtu* will not prompt him to amend his offer, and thus deprive the British public of the opportunity of viewing one of the most splendid Exhibitions in the world. Our own Parliament ought rather to step in, and by a grant of money commensurate to the value, make the *Chinese Collection national property.*

THE PATENT RICE STARCH.—This admirable production has so successfully rooted itself in public estimation from its superiority over every other kind of starch, that it wants not our humble testimony to its excellence—still we cannot withhold our mite. We have tried it in our household, and we find it to be, what every body who has used it says it is;—the *only starch that deserves the name.* It is prepared in the same way as "other starch, by boiling, but *without wax, gum*, &c. which would be injurious,"—and it is used by Mrs. Weigh at the Royal Laundry at Kensington Palace, and by a host of Laundresses, each employing from 50 to 100 hands, who have all sent testimonials which corroborate our own. But it is not merely for the Laundry that this excellent article is superior; but for its use in the various manufactures where a *stiffening* is required, it stands unrivalled—as the experiments of scientific men have established. We have been induced to offer these remarks, because our investigation establishes the ground we took, when the Patent Rice Starch, was first announced to the public, to have been correct. We were totally unknown to the patentee, even by name, but we argued against three other persons that this article *would supersede all starch!* We argued from a knowledge of the properties of the grain from which it is made, through our having used Rice for a different purpose. For the sake of the enterprise which has been employed to bring this article to its present perfection, we rejoice that we were right.

THE HUMAN HAIR.—The climate of England affects the constitution in that particular way, whereby seven persons out of ten, of both sexes, begin to lose their hair at the age of from twenty-two to thirty-five. Various remedies have been proposed as a preventative; such as wearing flannel next the skin (to those who do not adopt clothing of that material), sleeping without a night-cap, &c. &c.; but experience has shown that it is needful to employ some external stimulant to the Hair, whereby it shall be strengthened to meet the relaxation consequent on the sudden alterations in the temperature of the atmosphere. For this purpose there is none equal to a preparation sold by Mr. LABERN, of Judd-street, and by him styled "Botanic Cream." We have ourselves tried this admirable, innocent, and very elegant article, and have never found any other to have the desired effect.

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WHY AM I BLEST?

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY CARLO MINASI.



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I cannot sing of moonlight bow'rs,
For these thou ne'er hast rov'd with me,
Nor can I dwell on happier hours,
Those are the best, I've pass'd with thee.

The playful zephyrs as they dance,
May fan the hectic flush of youth;
But sweet's the blossom of romance,
That early ripens into truth.

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THE LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, AND MUSIC.

EMBELLISHED WITH MUSIC, ARRANGED WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, HARP, AND GUITAR.

SEPTEMBER, MDCCCXLIII.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BEAUTY.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"What I have, therefore, here to say, only regards the vain part of the sex, whom for certain reasons, which the reader will hereafter see at large, I shall distinguish by the name of Idols. An Idol is wholly taken up with the adorning of her person. You see in every posture of her body, air of her face, and motion of her head, that it is her business and employment to gain adorers."—*Spectator, Vol. III., p.* 183.

"HEIGHO!" sighed the beautiful Dora Lismore, rousing herself from a long, and, to judge from the shadow on her fair brow, by no means pleasing reverie.

"What a woeful sigh, Dora," exclaimed her equally lovely friend, Mina Stratton; "what could cause it, dear?"

"Regret—regret—regret, Mina, bitter, heart-torturing regret. To-morrow I shall be *eight-and-twenty*, and yet unmarried! Is it not enough to make one sigh?"

"Why, I candidly confess," replied Mina, "that I *do* think it rather strange that you still wear the willow, Dora; but it must be your own fault, *ma chère*, for you must have had many, many most desirable offers, I am convinced, so beautiful as you are, and so much in high society, of course, as you have been. Come, do tell me why you rejected them, that I may shun the fatal *écueil* of disdain which has kept you single until now, *ma belle desolée*."

"No, Mina, mortifying as the confession is to my *amour propre*, I never had but *one* serious, honourable proposal in my life?"

"Is it possible? What could have been the reason of such an extraordinary ophthalmia? *parmi les hommes, mon Dieu!* I can scarcely believe it—you! so lovely, oh! who could look on you and not idolize you? I, as a woman, worship your resplendent beauty; am never weary of gazing on that angelic countenance, that matchless form."

"Ah! if you knew the odious, the hateful heart that beauty concealed, you would fly from me with terror and abhorrence. Beauty! my beauty is but a veil flung over a mass of loathsome hideousness. Would you believe, to look at me, that I was envious, malignant, false to my dearest friends,—incapable of one generous sentiment,—shrinking at no crime to obtain my own desires,—lying,—deceitful,—base,—yet all, *all* for nothing; in every scheme have I been defeated—every one, and at eight-and-twenty am still Dora Lismore!—Oh! I could die with shame and mortification to think what an idiot I have been;—to think the sins I have committed for nothing—for *nothing!*"

"Dearest Dora! your violence quite alarms me; I cannot, I *dare* not believe there is any truth in these bitter self-upbraidings. Do not think any more of a subject that evidently gives you such pain; I only spoke in jest."

"Jest! It is no jest, Mina, to be forced to look back on the *past;*—to read the crimes and follies written on the heart by the indelible hand of Time;—to feel that we have wasted its most precious boon, misapplied every talent, and laid up for ourselves an inexhaustible store of bitter regrets, of self-reproach, and anguish, which even the sincerest repentance cannot obliterate. Oh! it is no jest, I repeat, to be compelled to mourn over *ourselves* with the groaning agony of a despairing spirit, yet to feel deeply, enduringly feel, that every pang is richly merited—is only a just retribution—only what we *deserve*.

"But as you, my dear Mina, are only on the verge of the flowery path which I have trodden and found so thorny, I will, for your benefit, detail the dreadful facts which rendered it so to me; and, oh! may you profit by my faults and my sufferings. Yet, alas! how difficult is it for the warning voice of experience to awaken a saving echo in the heart of youth!—to guard it against the dangers which beset every advancing step of life. No, though *one rose from the dead*, it would not be checked in the impetuous career of passion; yet, as sure as there is a God to judge right from wrong, a conscience to approve or condemn, so sure will it find that every good deed conduces to felicity, and every bad one to unutterable misery.—May you not find it so, as I have done, *too* late!

"This language, no doubt, appears strange from me—me, apparently always so gay, so thoughtless, so happy,—but it is the only language native to my heart now,—the only language I hold when I commune with it alone.

"It is painful to reflect on a mother's memory, save with that holy and reverential resignation which blunts the sting of sorrow; but to her most culpable indulgence, her injudicious education, must I refer every misfortune, disappointment, and disgrace, which have overwhelmed me up to this moment.

"Oh! if women only considered how sacred was the deposit entrusted to them by the Almighty, when he bestowed on them the guardianship of infancy, how careful would they be to train their children worthy to be restored to him. But, alas! how few mothers think that every precept, every example of theirs is for ever engraven on the young and ductile minds of their offspring; that the child looks up to its mother as to a superior being, and that all she does, every word she utters, it remembers, and cherishes for imitation and observance through life.

"Everything that surrounded me from earliest infancy was artificial; I was reared in an atmosphere of deceit and adulation; falsehood was on every tongue, dissimulation on every countenance; I heard the friends—the menials, flatter my mother, in her presence, for follies and weaknesses they censured and despised her for in secret; and I have heard my mother laud and extol to the very echo those who, as soon as they left her, were the victims of the most cruel sarcasms, the most atrocious ridicule. Was it not natural that I should soon learn to stifle every generous emotion, to fawn on those I detested, to consider friendship a convenience, and love only to be tolerated as a promoter of ambition, or a gratifier of vanity? As for religion, I knew nothing of it—absolutely nothing;—my mother thought it gloomed the mind, awakened disagreeable reflections, and brought on premature old age—a thing she had a perfect horror of,—beauty being, in her estimation, the one thing needful. As soon, indeed, as reason dawned on my mind, I was taught its paramount importance;—every article of food, every movement, having reference to the advantage it would be to my complexion. The invariable command given to Ma'm'selle Tricoter was, 'Let *la jolie petite* run about in the Park; exercise is so beneficial to the complexion'—an injunction she was very willing to obey, as it enabled her to flirt more at her ease with a handsome young surgeon, who always *accidentally* joined our daily walks. I think I see the artful creature now, shrugging up her shoulders with well-affected astonishment at his appearance, exclaiming at the same time, 'Est bien, vous encore, monsieur? En verité cela est bien étrange.' But I was young then, and piously believed that we really did meet him *sans dessein, mes yeux ont été desillés* by experience, since then, *merveilleusement*.

"When I had attained my fifteenth year, and verified all the prognostics of my family, by growing up exceedingly beautiful and accomplished, my mother thought it time for me to be launched on the troublous tide of fashion. Not one admonition did she give me to warn against the seductions of the world;—not one prayer did she breathe that the child of her bosom might escape the snares and temptations it spreads for youth and beauty, and that I might eventually land in the haven of virtuous love and domestic peace. No; her exhortation was to carry myself gracefully, to practise all the *minauderies* she had taught me with such care, and to be especially attentive to my dancing; her vow was, that ere long I might, by my unrivalled charms and graces, obtain a coronet for the fair brow she kissed, in almost adoration of its loveliness.

"A young baronet of our acquaintance coming into a large additional fortune, and giving a splendid ball in consequence to the neighbouring nobility and gentry, an aunt of mine (for my mother artfully affected the most perfect indifference about my establishment in life, the better to succeed in her ambitious

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plans,) hailing this event as an almost providential opportunity for me to make my *coup d'essai* in the *beau monde*, contrived to get an invitation for me and herself to remain an entire week after the ball, with the select and envied circle of intimate friends, who were to enjoy a succession of festivities during that time.

"How she did it I have no idea, for she was by no means popular with the Baronet's widowed mother, who resided with him. It must have cost her an infinity of cringing, falsehood, and humiliation, I am convinced; but of that I was, happily, ignorant.

"No expense was spared on the occasion. I had the most elegant dresses from town, and not a word was allowed to be spoken to me that could in the slightest manner either depress my spirits or affect my temper; I was literally fed with the ambrosia of flattery, until it absolutely palled on my satiated vanity; yet why I was so adulated, why I was neither to be vexed or dispirited, was kept a profound secret from me; my mother and aunt thinking me too immature in the ways of intrigue to be made privy to their plans.

"I was, as my sagacious aunt predicted, the *belle* of the room,—the admiration of all,—and the object of the young baronet's especial and exclusive attentions. Yet, although it was, literally speaking, my *first* ball,—the *first* time I had ever been so expensively and becomingly dressed,—the *first* time I learnt the glorious ascendancy of superior beauty, and enjoyed its triumph, in the ill-concealed envy of others—I had, however, none of those thrilling *élans du cœur*, arising from the spontaneous gladness of an innocent, untainted unsophistication of mind. Passionately fond as I was of dancing, and really excelling in that elegant accomplishment, I did not dance, as I have seen girls of *fifteen* dance since, with a happy gleefulness of spirit, an enchanting oblivion of all save the fascinating amusement in which they were revelling, delightful to behold from its pure unworldliness, its beautiful freshness and simplicity of soul. No! all I did was for *effect*—every movement, look, word, or action, all, *all* was for effect. In fact, art had completely superseded nature; I was a lovely, a matchless piece of falsehood. During the whole evening, while others thought only of pleasure, I was devoured by an insatiable curiosity to know the impression my beauty had made,—what every one thought of me; my restless glances wandered round the room to see if every eye was attracted by my charms, and the fever-spot of vanity burnt almost to blistering my glowing cheek, as I tried to catch the whispers of the young men, as they stood apart in groups, criticising the ladies; who, also in groups, affected to laugh with a joyous hilarity at the insipid *niaiseries* which women think it becoming to utter on such occasions, at the same time dying with spite and mortification at the barbarous want of gallantry of the lords of the creation, which reduced them to the *ennuyante* necessity of amusing each other.

"On retiring for the night, my aunt, in whose apartment I slept, questioned me most anxiously as to the conversation which had taken place between our handsome young host and myself, assuring me she had serious reasons for wishing to know whether he had said anything *particular* to me. I repeated every word to her, as far as I could remember, which certainly did not amount to much, for he was naturally a shy youth, not long from college, and consequently not very *au fait* at *les petits soins*, so pleasing to our sex. There was another youth on whom she catechised me more severely still, the Honourable Frank Gaythorne the *fidus Achates* of Sir Arthur Bardon, over whom, from superior tact, a brilliancy of imagination, and a felicitous talent at repartee, joined to an unerring judgment in horses and dogs, he had obtained a most powerful and dangerous ascendancy. He was the younger brother of a peer, who, from great losses on the turf, had been obliged to live abroad for years.

"Such an one, you can readily imagine, would be most obnoxious to my scheming aunt; she therefore expressed the most unmitigated detestation of him, exaggerating his faults and blemishes of character most outrageously, and cautioning me against his arts, actually with tears in her eyes. But there was no occasion for this display of tender regard for my welfare; I felt, from the first moment, an unconquerable aversion for him—it seemed as if at a glance he had read my character, and enchained me as if by a demoniac spell to his dread influence. I shrank from his caustic remarks, his biting sarcasm, his intimate knowledge of the wiles and insidiousness of my own heart, his daring profligacy, his undisguised profaneness, his defiance of all laws, moral or divine.

"Supremely designing himself, he instantly penetrated my aunt's motives in introducing me, in the full flush of youth and beauty, to his inexperienced and wealthy friend, whose comfortable *maison de garçon*, was far too convenient to him, to be inconsiderately converted into a *ménage de famille pour mes beaux yeux*. He therefore determined to defeat my aunt's laudable plans for my early establishment in life; and this he did by affecting to be intensely enamoured of me himself, knowing the almost chivalric generosity of his friend, in affairs *du cœur*. I did not know then the reasons of his disgustingly persevering attentions, during the evening, and, in fact, every hour of my visit. I only learnt them long after, in an impertinent explanation he had the audacity to make me, when I casually met him at Cheltenham.

"For four days succeeding the ball there was nothing but gaiety and amusement thought of,—carpet dances, concerts, theatricals, and every thing the young and prosperous could devise to beguile the time, and banish reflection.

"It was evident that Sir Arthur was struck with my exceeding beauty, but that he was restrained by friendship from avowing his predilection. Every night I went through the same wearisome ordeal; and every night I was compelled to make the same disappointing response, 'Sir Arthur had not said anything *particular* to me.' Not that I was anxious that he should,—a baronet was by no means sufficient to satisfy my aspirings.

"My aunt, desperate at this total failure of her hopes, and yet convinced of Sir Arthur's prepossession, resolved, on the last night of our visit, on a sublime *coup de maîtresse*, to force him, if possible, to a declaration. On retiring as usual for the night, she, to my great astonishment, took out a charming *robe de nuit*, from a box, and holding it up to my admiring eyes, said, 'Ah! I see you think it lovely; put it on, Dora; the *ponceau* ribbon and the lace will suit you delightfully, dear.'

"'Good gracious, aunt! why should I wear such a night dress? It's more fit for a bride, than me!'

"'Never mind what it's fit for, put it on—I have a reason for wishing to see how you look in it, love, that is not worth while explaining.' I accordingly complied with her request, not without wondering what on earth could be her secret reason for making it,—it certainly became me *à merveille*. When she had sufficiently extolled the effect it had on my appearance, she suddenly exclaimed, with well-affected alarm, 'Good God! what a smell of fire! don't you perceive it, Dora?' then snatching the combs out of my hair, she let it fall over my shoulders in a studied confusion, as if I had just awakened from a sound sleep,—(it curling naturally, as it does now:) when, seizing me by the arm, she rushed into the corridor, exclaiming wildly, 'Fire! fire!' The first person who appeared was Sir Arthur, in his *robe de chambre*, when my aunt, with matchless effrontery, said, "Oh! my dear Sir Arthur, I am ready to expire with terror, and my sweet timid Dora has actually fainted; do support her while I run for a restorative,' saying which, she forced me into the bewildered young man's arms, who was literally too *ébahi* to offer any resistance, and vanished. What could I do then but affect to faint, which I did, by closing my eyes, and falling heavily on his shoulder, *selon les regles des belles*, and heroines of romance. Scarcely had I effected this interesting *posé*, when Frank Gaythorne issued from his apartment, smelling abominably of segars, when beholding us, he exclaimed, 'By Jove! Bardon, but you're in luck! How the deuce came that lovely creature in your arms, at this "witching hour of night?" almost in '*puris naturalibus*,' too, if not entirely so.

"Belle sans ornement, dans le simple appareil
D'une beauté qu'on vient d'arracher au sommeil"

"'How lovely she looks,' he continued, bending over me, until I felt his hot breath actually on my cheek, 'does she not?'

"'Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here.
That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!'

Only one, for no doubt, Bardon, you have been first in the field,' and he attempted to kiss me.

"'By heaven, Gaythorne! you shall not touch her,' exclaimed Sir Arthur, energetically.

"'*Oh! pardonne, mon preux cavalier!* But do inform mine ignorance, how Miss Lismore came to be in this delectable situation? *Un vrai coup de théâtre*, to catch you, I'll answer for it.'

"'Nonsense! her aunt smelt fire.'

"'Ha! ha! ha! and thought you'd *stand* fire! *n'est ce pas?* Capital, upon my soul! Fire, indeed! it must be spontaneous combustion, then, which, by the bye, is most probable, for Mrs. Colonel Cahir, as she glories in being called, *imbibed* monstrously at dinner.'

"Imagine my feelings during this detestable sally.—

"'Then *ma nièce chérie*,' he continued, 'to second *ma tante* so admirably! it is delicious! I never saw a young lady in a more complete FAINT!'

"Fearing to hear more, I affected to revive, and gazing round with a pretty bewilderment, I exclaimed—

"'Where am I? where is my aunt?'

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"'Oh!' cried Frank Gaythorne, with provoking mimicry, 'where is my aunt, indeed!'

"Fortunately for me she appeared at that moment, or, I really should have fainted from shame and mortification; she was followed by several of the guests, and other inmates of the house, whom she had needlessly roused from their beds, and who presented a group, which, had I not been so prominent an actor in the disgraceful comedy just enacted, would have highly diverted my sarcastic humour; but as it was, grotesque as the scene undoubtedly was, I was glad to hurry from it, and conceal my disgust and vexation in our own bed-room, where, as soon as we arrived, amidst a torrent of tears and sobs, I upbraided my aunt for exposing me to such humiliation, making me the tool of her shameful and most unfeminine stratagems. I detailed every word that had passed between the two young men, even not concealing the insinuation respecting her supposed intoxication, when, to my perfect horror, she replied with the utmost *sang froid*, and impassibility, 'Don't be vexed, Dora, if this little innocent scheme has failed; I have twenty others to put in practice for you, dear, although I don't think this stupid young baronet worth trying them on. So go to sleep, and don't spoil your eyes with crying. A woman of the world, love, like me, is not very easily discouraged.' Saying which, she gave me a fond *bon soir*, turned on her side, and was soon fast asleep. But it was in vain that I endeavoured to follow either her advice or example, I lay awake weeping for hours, and never knew, until then, the heart could shed such bitter and contrite tears. I had often wept before from suppressed passion, from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, but never, never from feeling, from wounded sensibility, from outraged delicacy. Oh! that odious night ought to have been a lesson to me; would that it had! but the naturally corrupt and perverted heart soon forgets the transitory emotions awakened by a virtuous sorrow, and relapses to all its former arrogant pride, and mundane turpitude.

"In the morning it was no affectation to plead indisposition, to avoid joining the breakfast party, nor did I descend to the library until I hoped all the gentlemen had departed for the chase. My aunt carried off the nocturnal adventure with admirable presence of mind, 'protesting her dread of fire was a perfect monopathy, and that she never would be for the future unprovided with a patent fire-escape in her bed-room.' I saw by the smile of incredulity curling the disdainful lips of her fair auditors, and their furtive glances from me to each other, that Frank Gaythorne had been amusing them with the humiliating truth; I was therefore completely *navrée*, and overwhelmed with shame and distress, and rejoiced when the carriage was announced to take us from the hateful scene, glad that none but my own sex were there to sneer at my mortification. Short was the triumph of self-gratulation, for on the steps of the terrace stood Frank Gaythorne, and a knot of young men, evidently assembled there by him, to be spectators of the effects of his unmanly wit upon my aunt and myself. On seeing us approach, he hastened with exaggerated *empressement* to offer his arm, which I feared to refuse; then, with affected solicitude, 'he hoped I had taken no cold from my very *exposed* situation on the previous night,' observing, 'in this brutal climate it was dangerous for young ladies to wander about such confounded cold corridors *à la déesse*, i. e. in a state of *nudity*, and strongly advised my aunt, in case of another alarm of fire, to wrap me in a blanket, to escape the *désagrément d'un rhume*.' In fact, the wretch seemed resolved to hold up my aunt's folly *pour égayer* the clique he had around him, and as the carriage drove off, bowing with mock solemnity, he cried, '*Adieu, au revoir, ma belle*, I shall never forget your agonizing *feint!*' Never, *never* shall I forget the ringing laugh that echoed around at this finale of unmanliness. You may marvel, perhaps, at such a display of malignity, but, as I said, he was a man without the slightest principle of honour, very handsome, very vain, and very poor, and I really believe, as far as such a man could spare any portion of his affections from himself, he bestowed them on me; but seeing my marked aversion for him, and undisguised preference for his friend, whose wealth alone he deemed his superiority, the baser passions of his heart were naturally roused: hatred, jealousy, and revenge, for such, alas, is human nature; and hence the exercise of that wit, only bestowed to wound.

"I sincerely hoped I should never behold him again, but that hope was fallacious; we met frequently afterwards, and although he never renewed his obnoxious attentions in a pointed manner, he yet sought every covert opportunity of humbling the proud girl, who, even at fifteen, had been insensible to the talents that led captive so many gross adulators.

"A year after this eventful period, Sir Arthur Bardon married a young Welch lady, with not one half of my personal pretensions, and totally portionless; so that I am convinced, had it not been for Frank Gaythorne's base interference, I should have been Lady Bardon. He was the first to announce the marriage to me, taking a malignant pleasure in exaggerating Sir Arthur's admiration of his wife, his wealth, the splendour of his establishment, and, in fact, enlarging on all those points he knew so well would wound and mortify me to the quick; taking care, however, to suppress his own quarrel with his friend, and contemptuous banishment from his house, concluding by observing, 'that when I had found all my manœuvres fail, I might perhaps remember with gratitude his slighted affection, and sarcastically advised my repentance not being too late; as he held *une vieille fille en horreur*,' I would rather have died than have conceded one particle of the abhorrence in which I held him, to have obtained his most servile submission. His very idea terrified me; it was so fearful to reflect upon. Nature had indeed created in him a beautiful monster, but every quality, both of mind and person, was rendered subservient to his villany. Never, in all my experience, have I had the misfortune to meet with any other man so consummate in vice, so finished in depravity.

"For the next three years I was hackneyed about to every ball, race, or public exhibition, but without avail; not but what I was universally admired, but all ended in empty flattery. Nothing can express the disgust and *ennui* I felt, even in the gayest circles, knowing the object for which I was paraded and tricked out in the extravagance of fashion, and knowing also that every one was aware why I was thus literally hawked from one scene of folly to another. Oh! there is a heavy penalty to pay the world for being a beauty.

"It is inconceivable what mortifications and rebuffs my mother and aunt submitted to, to get me invited to houses, where, without such degrading efforts, I was, from my birth and education, entitled to be admitted, as an honoured guest. Oh! the times I have blushed at their want of pride and self-dignity! Oh! the times I have been almost tempted to mar, with my own tingling fingers, tingling with shame, the fatal loveliness for which they endured such humiliation! I used to shrink with an involuntary dread from entering a place where I was only tolerated for my beauty, and shown up for the amusement of unprincipled prodigates. But by degrees, these salutary returns of better feelings became extinct in my soul; I took the world in utter detestation, and resolved to be avenged of it, by seconding my mother's views in every way, and winning a splendid prize by my fascination.

"For this laudable purpose, a fresh field was necessary; and after much consultation, my mother bethought her of a relation living in very good style in Scotland, but with whom, from a variety of circumstances, she had not had much intercourse, but never, luckily, any quarrel.

"She therefore wrote to Lady Glenferne, stating that my health was extremely delicate, and that being ordered a more bracing air, my mother and self would have much pleasure in visiting Glenferne Castle for a time, and renewing the delightful intercourse, whose long interruption had been a source of unceasing regret to her.

"This artfully worded epistle obtained an immediate answer, and most kind invitation from the unsuspicious Lady Glenferne, expressive of the pleasure she anticipated in a reunion with such long-estranged relatives, whom, however, she had never forgotten; she also added an invitation for my aunt, Mrs. Colonel Cahir, which, of course, was most readily accepted.

"I must inform you, that previously to my mother's writing to this *dear* and long-neglected relative, she had ascertained that Glenferne Castle and Lauriestone Castle estates joined; that the Earl of Lauriestone was young, handsome, rich, and *disengaged*, and that the two families were on the closest terms of intimacy. Here, at last, then, her hopes would be crowned, —she should see her daughter, her lovely idolized daughter, a Countess.

"How was I admonished to take advantage of this providential circumstance! How was I entreated to study the young Earl's tastes, and to conform to them!—to be gay if he admired vivacity, or pensive if he inclined to melancholy! Again was the all powerful aid of dress called into requisition; and as it was to be the *last* expense, as I was to become a Countess so soon, my mother was most profuse in her orders, and I started for Scotland with a toilette the most *recherchée* and becoming.

"On reaching our destination in Perthshire, we found Lady Glenferne living in a state of almost feudal splendour, in a magnificent castle, in the midst of a rich and noble forest, and backed by inaccessible mountains, with an expansive lake at the bottom; she was surrounded by a retinue of servants so numerous as to resemble rather a standing army than mere private domestics. She received us with that warmth of cordiality which so eminently characterises the Scotch nation; you felt immediately that the welcome was of the *heart*, not the cold conventional one of affected and ceremonious affability. She was tall and elegant in her figure, with a mild beaming counte-

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nance, and most winning smile; she must have been superbly handsome; and, although an early disappointment had kept her single to beyond the middle of life, she had none of the asperity of a mortified old maid, on the contrary, she was full of the gentlest amenity and benevolence, with a cheerful and constant piety regulating every thought and action; her heart appeared to be continually overflowing with thankfulness; she really inspired virtue in all those who came in contact with her; I felt, for a time, purified. My mother and aunt were totally different beings, after a few days; the demon of ambition, apparently, being totally and entirely lulled to sleep in their bosoms; but the magic name of the Earl of Lauriestone awoke it to all its wonted vigour.

"Lady Glenferne was exceedingly struck with my beauty, and expressed a desire, as soon as my mother thought I was sufficiently strong to bear the fatigue and excitement, to give a ball, for the sake of introducing me to the neighbouring nobility: this was just the thing I was secretly sighing for, I had long been weary of playing the invalid, simulating an interesting cough, and hearing my splendid natural colour called sadly hectic; so I declared myself suddenly quite recovered, that the change of air had had a magical effect on me, and that the ball would do me good rather than harm; consequently, cards of invitation were immediately issued for it, and preparations made on a scale of extraordinary grandeur. Some families were invited for some days, and among them, the Earl of Lauriestone's. It would be vain attempting to describe the rapture of my mother and aunt, and even my own, at this near consummation of our schemes; which exultation, however, we carefully concealed from Lady Glenferne, who was too pure and high-minded to lend herself a moment to anything so base and dishonourable.

"I was too well aware of the effect of dress, to neglect it on such an occasion. My mother and aunt were in ecstacies at my appearance. Lady Glenferne declared I looked perfectly angelic, and, in fact, *je me sentis orgueilleusement belle*, and certain of conquest. *Il fallut que ma physiognomie me trahît*, when I was introduced to the Earl of Lauriestone, for I heard Lady Glenferne say to my mother, 'Mais regardez donc Dora—jamais je ne l'ai vue si jolie.' I found him eminently handsome, with that quiet elegant deportment and manner which distinguish our young nobles. There was one circumstance attending his wished-for acquaintance which we had never calculated upon, and which rather disconcerted us at first. We naturally thought to meet him alone in his glory, and therefore made no particular inquiries respecting him. But, lo! he came attended by two most important personages in the drama—his mother, a shrewd, observant woman, and a younger brother, handsomer, more engaging than words can express. Lord Lauriestone paid me only the polite attention which the courteous and well-bred man shows indiscriminately to every one of the gentler sex; but Charles Morton, his brother, soon—too soon—learnt to worship me, taking every opportunity of pouring out the rich tide of his glorious affections at my feet. It was impossible to resist his passionate eloquence—his devotion. I had never heard the voice of affection before—never been loved. I could not close my heart to his earnest pleadings; I could not close my eyes to his superlative beauty; and I returned his love, truly and sincerely; yet was I, alas! too ambitious to resign all hopes of obtaining his titled brother. Yes,—to disguise none of my baseness from you, that you may mark its retribution, and take heed of it,—I concealed the extent of my passion, taking care, however, to give him sufficient encouragement to keep alive his hopes, that I might be sure of one if I failed in my attempts to obtain the other, and begged of him to observe the greatest circumspection before my relatives, who would not consent to such a marriage; while I, on my part, the more completely to deceive all parties, would affect the utmost indifference for him. This I did, that he might not be astonished at my conduct towards his brother, on whom I intended to essay the whole force of my charms, ere I resigned the coronet he had to bestow. I was now quite *au fait en toutes les malices des filles à marier; agiter mes mains en relevant des boucles qui ne sont pas dérangés, faire voir mes poignets en prient un jeune homme de lui rattacher une manchette*, but all was useless on the impassible Lord Lauriestone; his indifference perfectly confounded me. At first I imagined it was assumed, to mislead his mother, who, watchful as a lynx—as widowed dowager countesses generally are—seized every opportunity of thwarting my plans, as I fancied. But when we were alone he paid me no more attention. Then came the idea, like a flash of lightning, of his affections being pre-occupied, perhaps by some unworthy object. In fact, I soon became convinced that it was so; but how to detect with whom perplexed me in the extreme. My mother and aunt had so far lulled Lady Lauriestone's suspicions of their having any designs on either of her sons, by affecting the strongest desire to keep me unmarried, that she graciously invited us to spend some time at Lauriestone Castle. One evening, about a week after we had been there, I took a book, with the intention of reading it in a retired part of the garden, or rather, in the hope of encountering Lord Lauriestone, who was absent from home, and who was very likely to return by the path I had chosen. I had been seated some time on a knoll of soft moss, screened by a thick cluster of American shrubs, then in profuse flower, and more absorbed by my own conflicting thoughts than the poem I held in my hand, when I was suddenly startled from my propriety, by hearing the voice of Lord Lauriestone in earnest and tender conversation with some person with whom he was walking: they approached close to where I was, and seated themselves, totally unconscious of my dangerous vicinity; for I was completely hidden by the thick foliage which embowered me.

"His companion was evidently a woman, and young; she was weeping bitterly: I heard him kiss away her tears; I heard him, from the rustling of her dress, draw her closer; and I was sure, from her stifled sobs, that her head was buried in his bosom. 'Be composed, I implore you,' he said, in a voice of modulated sweetness; 'you do not know how your tears distress me.'

"'I do endeavour to be composed always before you, dear Edmund,' replied a soft feminine voice. 'But, to-night, I cannot control my tears. Oh! you do not know how many, many I shed! I am conscious of no crime, yet my soul is heavy within me. I am bowed down with an oppression as of guilt; I am weary of this long concealment—this clandestine intercourse. When my father blesses me, and calls on God to bless his innocent child, the confession of our hidden love flies to my lips, to stop his blasphemy, for God knows I am not innocent.'

"'Not innocent! where is the angel more pure? oh! my own Linda, my own betrothed, do not, for mercy, indulge such terrible ideas. You know how I love you; oh! for my sake, bear with this necessary deception yet for a little while; my mother will consent at last.'

"'Never, Edmund, never; I know her haughty spirit too well.'

"'Then, dearest, still you shall be my wife. Have I not loved you almost from infancy? Did we not both receive our earliest lessons of piety together from the lips of your father? All that is good and gracious in me I owe to him! Did I not kiss away your first tears of sorrow from those dove's eyes, when your saintly mother died? Yes,' he added enthusiastically, 'my love is beautiful! she has dove's eyes!'

"'Ah! you always flatter me, dear Edmund,' she answered; and I could picture the sweet smile, and blush, which accompanied those words, as she looked up with those *dove's* eyes into his face. 'But alas!' she continued more sadly, 'do not imagine for a moment that my father would ever consent to my becoming your wife without the sanction of your mother; nor could I wish it. I am not *proud*; but I could not bear to be spurned from her bosom, Edmund!'

"'Nor shall you, Linda; she shall learn to love you, to bless you, for her son's happiness.'

"'Oh! how precious it would be to believe you! But I dare not be so sanguine; and this unfortunate separation fills me with an inconceivable terror, that I cannot shake off.'

"'It will not be for long, dearest; your cousin will soon recover. Besides, can we not write as usual? the faithful Jessie will surely be our friend a little longer. Oh! with what impatience shall I fly to the old beech tree, to receive your dear letters, and deposit mine!'

"'What! will you really write to me, dear Edmund?'

"'Write to you! When did I ever miss a day, Linda?'

"'Never before, but now—'

"'Now! what? do I not love you every hour more fervently, more enduringly? What can you fear?'

"'The temptation of greater beauty, higher accomplishments—Miss Lismore—'

"'Miss Lismore!' he exclaimed, in a tone of annihilating contempt; "do not *dare* to degrade yourself by the comparison! Are you not all that is pure, holy, and innocent, and she!—but I will not insult your ears by my opinion of her; I only fear for poor dear honest Charles falling a victim to her arts; for myself, I defy them.' Here, after mutual protestations of love and constancy, they rose to retrace their steps, and I hurried to my own room overwhelmed with the discovery I had made of Lord Lauriestone's engagement to another, and his horrid, *horrid* opinion of myself.

"I was so overcome with the shame and humiliation of standing so low in his esteem, as not to be considered *even* worthy of his younger brother's affections, the man I still sincerely and fondly loved, that I could not conceal my grief and agitation from my mother and aunt, but made a candid confession to them, not concealing Charles's affection for me, and my own for him, even imploring my mother with tears

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to sanction it, which I really believe, for the sake of my future happiness, she would have done, had it not been for my demon of an aunt, who ridiculing *mes rêves de jeune fille*, as she designated the only pure feeling that ever warmed my selfish heart, actually promised me the affections of Lord Lauriestone, despite of the apparently insurmountable obstacles now in the way of so desirable an object.

"My mother's momentary tenderness vanished at this assertion, and even my own love for Charles was forgotten in the superior desire of bringing his brother to my feet, and forcing him to atone for his lately utter contempt.

"My aunt's vile plan of success was to intercept the letters of the lovers, then to awaken Lord Lauriestone's jealousy, and while he was smarting under the supposed infidelity of Linda, (who I found was the only daughter of the clergyman of the parish,) I was to step in, like the angel of pity, and pour the 'oil and wine' of tender sympathy into his wounds; in fact, to present 'some new infection to his eye, that the rank poison of the old might die.'

"The most important step was to secure the letters; that required a *confidante*—whom to trust we knew not. My aunt was old—my mother delicate and timid; they must be secured at night. I knew the old tree well, and I undertook to visit it alone, in the solitude and stillness of midnight, when rest was on the face of the earth, and all but God and angels slept, for one of the most nefarious purposes that ever entered into the imagination of evil, that of severing two fond, young, trustful hearts, which were all in all to each other! My courage almost failed me in the first attempt, but when I had secured the letter of Linda, and *clutched* it with the strong grasp of hate, jealousy, and nervous terror, I felt emboldened to persevere in my crime. How I gloated over its artless and passionate contents! how truly did this mountain-child of nature know to love! what irresistible power in her unstudied eloquence! her unsophisticated tenderness! Well might her noble lover idolize her as he did!

"The next letter I obtained was from Lord Lauriestone, expressing a thousand fears for her, on account of her *silence*—a thousand protestations of unalterable love. Then came one from her, filled with tender reproach, and vague jealousy. Then one from him, taxing her with fickleness, and upbraiding her with falsehood. The pot of destruction was seething beneath the fire our desperate plot had kindled, which my aunt augmented by artfully phrased comments about the reported marriage of Linda Murray, with a cousin of hers, a gallant son of Mars, and strengthening these reports by anonymous letters, which she contrived to place in his way, while I, on my part, affected a profound melancholy, appearing indifferent to all the gaiety and pleasure which surrounded me, and taking delight only in the profoundest solitude. My mother and aunt continually endeavoured to call his attention to my altered health, and depressed spirits, *vainly* conjecturing the cause of my evident suffering, but *fearing*, sadly fearing, it arose from unrequited love.

"At first, he was totally insensible to these covert attacks, being really too much absorbed by his cruel disappointment in Linda's affection. But gradually he began to take an interest in my health, and did not shun me with the unaffected abhorrence he had invariably done since his break with her, when we met.

"At length, one evening, on retiring to my room, my maid gave me a note, containing merely these few words, written with a trembling hand—'Be in the back drawing-room, to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, if your pity is really sincere for the miserable Lauriestone.' 'Then I have succeeded!' I exclaimed, in an ecstacy of triumph, forgetful of the presence of my maid, whom, however, I had no reason to distrust, 'I shall be his countess. I shall force him to retract his odious opinion! I shall hear him, in that thrilling voice, call on Heaven to witness his love for me! He will kiss *my* dove's eyes! He will worship *my* beauty! He will be my slave, and I shall be avenged of those words which yet blister my heart.—"And she! but I will not insult your ears by my opinion of her." Proud haughty lord! will you not more grievously *insult her heart*, by your opinion of me now? Ha! ha! ha! already I hear her cries of anguish and despair! Weep on! Weep on! he will not kiss the tears from your dove's eyes now!'

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

LINES.

A rose I pluck'd from its tender stem,
Blooming bright and gay;
But within the flowery gem,
A noxious reptile lay.
"Thus oft," exclaim'd I, with a tear,
"Doth painful grief and woes
Consume the human heart, as here,
This insect doth the rose."
While in beauty's richest dyes
Thus blooms the outward part,
The world, ah! little dreams what lies
Corroding at the heart.

ELLEN S——.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

(*Concluded from page* 61.)

MADEMOISELLE DE CORDAY was, in accordance with the fixed rule that all educated French ladies must figure as politicians, a warm adherent of the Girondiste party, of which the bloody Marat was the bitterest enemy. For more than six months Marat's paper, *l'Ami du Peuple*, pursued the heads of the party of the Gironde with unwearied animosity, and, of course, represented Marat as the Cato of the revolution. All the diatribes in his journal—all his speeches in the tribune, terminated thus:—"We must destroy the Gironde!" Mademoiselle de Corday saw in these efforts the destruction of liberty.

With that patient assiduity and unwearied tenacity of purpose, which at disturbed and revolutionary eras are almost equivalent to genius, Marat, at length, succeeded in destroying the Gironde. To use his own phrase, he passed his besom (*balai*) through the Convention. Charlotte Corday swore his death from that hour, and coolly and deliberately did she execute her threat. It was not the deity of Vengeance, but of Justice, that she invoked. She reasoned thus: his death was necessary for the preservation of liberty, and for the public safety. She felt perfectly assured that, upon immolating the idol of a large section of the people, her head would inevitably roll upon the scaffold. But she scorned this result, as an item not to be introduced into her exalted calculations.

Whilst I was at Caen, an old man was pointed out to me, who in his youth was attached to Charlotte Corday; and I fortunately succeeded in drawing him into conversation. "She was one of those lovely and striking women," he said, "whom one loves to adoration, without ever daring to tell them that they are loved. Her hair was abundant, and of a beautiful chestnut colour, her countenance a perfect oval, her profile regular and bold, her cheek tinged with a roseate bloom of unsurpassed freshness, her mouth very noble in its formation, her bust that of a Venus, her hands remarkable for their whiteness, and slender as those of an Italian beauty. But what was still more striking about her, and what went most direct to the heart, was her voice. Image to yourself," he proceeded, "a tone perfectly angelic. If it were possible to note down speech, as is done with song, I would render you sensible of its beauty now upon paper, so deeply, after the lapse of so many years, is that exquisite voice recorded in my memory. I used to meet Mademoiselle de Corday sometimes at the Hôtel of the Faudoas family. She spoke seldom, and seemed to reflect much. But, when she did speak, how she enchained every ear! she was a truly perfect creature, full of all graces and accomplishments; and who might be justly styled 'the Virgin of the Gironde.'"

As the old man spoke with a faltering voice, I silently examined his old-fashioned shoes with silver buckles, his white stockings furnished with clocks, his short lower garment of black velvet, his grey coat, his hair powdered by the hand of time, not of the *coiffeur*, his queue, a tolerably long one, enclosed in its silken bag, his deeply-furrowed brow, his eyes red and bloodshot, his nostrils crammed with snuff, his mouth with scarcely a tooth left, his cloven chin which approached the tip of his nose, his cheeks seamed with the ravages of time, his horribly lean and withered hands, and I thought sadly within myself how miserable and ridiculous are the ruins of love.

The revolutionary government, knowing well the empire that beauty exercises over the minds of men, applied all its energies to efface the halo by which the name of Charlotte Corday was surrounded, and caused a brutal paragraph to be inserted in the *Gazette Nationale*, with an order to the provincial journalists to copy it, of which the following is a literal translation:—

"This woman, who is said to have been very handsome, was not handsome at all. She was a virago more fat than fresh, with a masculine gait, and the stature and carriage of a romp, without either grace or cleanliness, as almost all philosophers are, and 'remarkably clever' females. Her head was a frantic chaos of lectures of every description. Her features were hard, common-place, defaced by erisypelas, and their expression insolent, &c. &c., Charlotte Corday was twenty-five years of age; and her manners those of a confirmed old maid."

In spite of these unmanly calumnies, truth has prevailed at last; and Charlotte Corday has remained beautiful, both in mind and in person, beneath the taunts of revolutionary journals, and the blows of revolutionary butchers.

A. E.

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THE PLAGUE-SMITTEN.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

THE vivid bloom of beauty broke
Upon her cheek, as if a stroke
Of Sol had laid a rosebud bare,
Leaving its sudden blushes there.
Her lips—oh! how describe her lips?
They'd tempt self-scourging osnobite;
The cygnet that in Cayster dips,
Beside her teeth, would show less white.
Magic was in her lustrous eye,
Which only Love could rightly read,
Young Hope's enchanting prophecy,
Hereafter to become his creed.
When gracefully her willow neck
She bent, to sweep with fingers light
The silver chords of her zebec,
She seem'd a harping seraph bright.
But, oh! the greatest charm of all
Was the seducing witchery
Of her wild glee, which did enthrall
Each one by its sweet coquetry.
And this glad thing was on the eve
Of wedding one she did adore;
Had Fate designed she ne'er *should* grieve,
Because she ne'er *had* grieved before?
The forty drachms of threads of gold
Were weaved to form her nuptial tress,
Falling in many glittering fold
Increasing but her loveliness.
Within the carpet's sacred verge
She knelt with modest, bashful grace,
While thoughts of maiden shame did urge
Swift blushes o'er her beauteous face.
In robes of gold and violet
God's Viceregent did ready stand;
Why tarries he—the one who yet
Comes not to claim that fair bride's hand?
Dark glances shot the circle round—
And common foe, and common friend,
Feeling alike in that cause bound,
Did hazardous conjectures blend.—
And one was there, who hoped the bride
Would never now by him be claimed,
Whom all, in anger, and in pride,
Save only she, indignant blamed.—
Would she employ the arm most strong—
(His were a giant's in its power)
To 'venge this unexampled wrong,
His rival should not live an hour!
A doubt arose—and then a fear—
Then—*then* a horrible surmise—
While no one dared to check the tear
Fast gath'ring in that maiden's eyes.
At length, the dread suspense was broken,
Stifling each heart, by but *one* word,—
O God! that it had ne'er been spoken!
O God! that she had never heard!
"The Plague!" she shrieked—with lightning's speed
She fled—ere from the stunning blow,
Priest, friend, had roused to mark the deed,
Or soothe her in her maniac woe.
The Cashmire floated in the wind
That girded round her slender waist,
The bridal veil was flung behind,
Not to impede her frantic haste;
Soon were the Seven fated Tow'rs
Gained by her—fainting now for breath,
(O'er which the yellow banner lours
That marks them the abodes of death)
He was not dead—but, oh, he lay
A livid mass of putrid pain.
She turned in agony away;
But Pity bade her yet remain!
Was he the beautiful—the same—
She'd loved with passion's wild excess?
He call'd imploringly her name,
And she forgot his loathsomeness.
She kissed his lips, she kissed his brow,
She bathed him with her flowing tears;
Once more she breathed her early vow,
And in her sorrow lost her fears.
Hour after hour by his bedside
She knelt invoking Heav'n's aid,
She never left him till he died,
Nor yet till he in earth was laid.—
And then she knew her doom was seal'd,
She felt she was Plague-smitten too;
Dark livid spots her brow reveal'd:
So, to the Asian hills she flew—
Yet ere she stole away to die,
Without the succour of one friend,
(Alone—in awful agony,)
A last farewell she long'd to send
Unto her mother—so she stood
Apart from one in youth she'd known,
One who had shared each merrier mood
Ere grief had changed her heart to stone—
Bidding the shrinking maiden bear
"To the *dear* home no more she'd see,
Her latest blessing—latest pray'r—
Her hope to still remember'd be."
They found the bones the vultures left
After their obscene revelry,
In a chasm the tempest cleft
Where she had crouch'd unseen to die,
Her limbs were twisted in a knot
As she had writhed in anguish sore,
Ere the last spasm was forgot
Which told her earthly pangs were o'er;
And those distorted bones pick'd bare,
(Hear it, vain Beauty, humbled, hear)
Were all they found of one so fair—
All, *all* they found of one so dear;
Yet, her last act of holy love
Embalms her mem'ry with perfume,
That rises gratefully above,
And also round her mountain tomb.

FROM

OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS,
August 26, 1843.

CHERE AMIE,—

The month of August may truly be considered as the one, *par excellence*, most sterile for fashion, or rather for changes in fashion, the expiring summer no longer calling for novelty, and Autumn still too distant, we would fondly hope, to admit of its engrossing our attention so as to require any marked change in our toilette; we can, therefore, hardly be expected to offer much novelty at such a moment; the toilettes of the passing day that merit attention, and a few furtive glances at the future, will afford our fair readers some little matters for consideration, whether we remark on the simple morning dress of fancy material of the *redingote* form, *corsage* half high, and full in the blouse style, round *ceinture* and *Amadis* sleeves, or *redingotes* of *taffetas glacé*, with plain body, tight sleeves; skirt with two flounces in deep vandykes, headed by a plaiting *à la vieille*, or a robe *de soirée* of *barège des Indes*, with *corsage à la vierge*, short tight sleeves trimmed with rich muslin lace, &c. Many pink *barège* dresses have been made lately, trimmed with a deep flounce, *en biais*, headed by a *ruche* of the same, the bodies high *à coulisses* as well as the sleeves.

A dress of pink *barège* was recently made, ornamented at the bottom of the skirt with two deep lace flounces laid on flat, each headed by a small *ruche* of pink sarcenet ribbon, high plain body with rounded point, frill of lace, tight sleeves *en biais*, with wide lace placed at the arm-hole, and falling to the elbow. Another was of *pekin*, violet *glacé*, having two scolloped flounces, headed by a plaiting *à la vieille* of the same material; high body, with rounded point with two plaitings from the point of the body to the shoulder, the second a little apart from the first, falling on the edge of the sleeve, which was short and trimmed with two rows of plaiting similar to the body, white muslin sleeves with bands of work completed this toilette. A dress of *taffetas caméléon* had two deep flounces on the skirt in large vandykes edged with a *ruche à la vieille* of the same material, the *corsage* high and pointed, with small *pelerine* forming *revers* descending to the point in front, and rounded behind as a *pelerine*, trimmed with a *ruche* of the same, tight sleeves with round jockeys, also with a *ruche*. Walking dresses of *poult de soie écru* are embroidered on the front with three rows of gimp, the one on the centre from the point to the edge of the skirt, the two other at the height of the hips; pointed high body with gimp, forming *draperie*, that is, from the shoulder to the seam in the centre; sleeves *Louis XIII.*, with two *bouffants* finishing below the elbow, divided by gimp; the lower part of the sleeve of India muslin *bouillonnée*. The dresses also of lilac silk, open in front, with under one of white silk, and laced across the whole length with lilac cord, confined by buttons, have been much approved; the body high, pointed, with the three divisions, and open on each side with lacings, as the skirt; tight sleeves, with *manchettes* of lace, falling on the arm, and rising up the seam to the elbow.

Many dresses of clear materials have been worn, as plain transparent *organdys* and *barèges satinés*; the make for these materials is either with a single tuck, and sleeves *bouillonnées* from the top to the elbow, the *corsage* full and *à cœur*, or with plain skirt and *corsage busqué*, with *revers* forming *berthe*, finished with a double *biais bouillonné*; tight plain sleeves, with *biais*.

For the *redingote* style, the *corsages Josephine* are much liked; they are half high behind, and open in front *en cœur* to the waist; the *corsage à la Lucrèce*, which resemble those *à la vierge*, are also in favour; the one is made with two runners at the top and waist, the other with straight shoulder-straps—the bottom, if of thick material, with *nervures*—if thin, with fulness a little spread.

White *barège* of fine texture is very fashionable for scarfs *peignoirs*, lined with pink or blue sarcenet; and also as dresses for small evening parties, when it is trimmed with two or three deep flounces, *biais* and edged with a very narrow fringe or *festonnés* in a straight *feston*; they are also pretty with four or five deep tucks; short sleeves and *berthe fichu*, encircled with an open trimming of worsted and narrow fringe, forming *feston*, composed of gimp, which is also pretty to trim scarfs and *redingotes* of *barège*, and is preferred to fringe by many. *Barège* is indeed so much in favour that it is seen every where; generally speaking, the bodies are drawn *à coulisses*, and the skirts not much trimmed, many are quite plain; some were lately seen, however, with six and even eight flounces, diminishing in width as they ascended the skirt, but the effect is neither light nor pretty.

A style much approved for *peignoirs* of *coutil de laine* is with a plain piece on the top of the body, forming a point, which descends till lost in the *ceinture*; sleeves with *revers*; the same style is adopted for *redingotes* of *foulard*, *pekins*, and stripes *glacées* and shaded; very little ornament is used for these, except a trimming *à la vieille* on the body, descending the skirt.

Pelerines and *cannezous* have met with renewed success since the spring, but there is a change in the form, which may also be applied to *mantelets*, &c.; the former *pelerines* were composed of two pieces, which frequently were faulty at the shoulder; the new ones are composed of three pieces; the back is without a join, the front pieces being joined at the shoulder, and shaped to avoid the folds.

Cannezous are very varied in their make; some are quite high, with sleeves partaking more of the spencer style; in this case they are generally plain, of muslin, *organdy*, or cambric, which, in Paris, are principally used for riding. Other *cannezous* are with runners all over the body as well as the sleeves, with *Brussels* or *Mechlin* lace; some are *demi-cannezous* fastening into the waist, and are sometimes trimmed with a *bouillonné* forming

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revers; some in this style are trimmed with bands of work *festonnée*.

It is remarked that the *fichus bonne femme* have received some little change in the form; they do not conceal the figure so much, and are trimmed with broad lace, of which three or four rows are placed on them. For morning wear, small collars of *Mechlin* or *Valenciennes* are worn, lined with ribbon.

Children's dresses are also matter of moment to many, and the fashions are frequently accommodated to their youthful form; thus we see the *bavaroises* open at the side, with gimp on a skirt, with embroidered body, which forms the *grande toilette* of a little girl; with the straw bonnet and white feather, for the house frocks of muslin, or *organdy* of pale colours, generally of the form *Anglaise* with braid trimmings, and little aprons of shaded silk, with *ruches* all round; also frocks of embroidered *jaconas* with *demi mantelets*, also embroidered, crossing in front and tying behind.

In fancy articles we must name a novelty, in use both for *cannezous* of cambric, and morning caps, which is an embroidery of very fine braid in *fil d'Ecosse*; so fine and so well executed, that it has the effect of rich embroidery for the crowns of caps; it is done on muslin, intermixed with open stitches, and has a very novel effect, but the braid should be made of the finest thread; braid is also made of white silk to work in patterns on dresses of clear *organdy*, which is very pretty for *petites soirées*.

Mittens of watered silk lacing, and trimmed with narrow ribbon *à la vieille*, are quite the rage in Paris.

For bonnets, we still see *pailles de riz*, crape and lace, which compose the prettiest style for summer wear. *Capotes* with the fronts of *paille de riz*, and crowns of *poult de soie*, are very fashionable for morning wear; a wreath of field daisies or heart's-ease may be added, but not *ruches*, which are rather gone by, and no ribbon but that required for strings. Elegant *capotes* of *tulle bouillonné*, and in every colour, have feathers of light texture, or *bouquets* of Bengal roses.

Capotes of pink silk, with wreaths of jessamine and mignonette, sky blue covered with lace, and white with a branch of *pervenche* encircled with lace; which, when the weather did not permit of crape, &c. were much in request, and are again appearing. Bonnets of green *poult de soie*, ornamented with a plume of cock's feathers, and *voilette* of British point lace, are very pretty, as well as *capotes* of pink silk, with trimmings of *frise* sarcenet ribbon; nor must we forget bonnets of white or pink crape, the first covered with embroidery of green gimp, and three *marabout* feathers shaded with green; the other had folds placed transversely and apart, on a plain crape of the same colour, ornamented with wild roses, with buds and *feuillage*.

There is much simplicity as well as elegance in the *capotes negligées* of *gros de Naples*, ornamented with a ribbon *ruche*, in the centre of which is a small *ruche of tulle* to match; the form of bonnets continues of moderate size and straight, which protects rather than conceals the face; *capotes* of *gros de Naples plissé* ornamented with poppies and barley, are pretty.

Deep veils are gradually becoming fashionable, and will soon supersede the *voilette* entirely; already they are seen as low as the waist, some even reaching to the knees. *Capotes* of crape or *organdy* are very pretty with these long veils of very fine plain *tulle*, merely finished with a broad hem, they are also worn of lace and blond. China crape shawls have also been in favour in Paris, the richness of the embroidery enhances their value much.

A pretty *mantelet* of black lace rounded behind and a little gathered up at the arm, and falling in rounded points in front, was trimmed all round with broad lace; another of *tulle brodé* very deep behind, was cut square at the arms, and closed rather at the throat, descending with square ends to the bottom of the dress—another very pretty *mantelet* of black net was rounded behind, with long square ends in front, trimmed all round with two rows of lace, headed by a plain *tulle* plaited *à la vieille*.

Mantelets of silk of different colours are rounded behind, hollowed out at the hips, and descend with rounded ends, and a deep trimming of the same fluted. *Aragonaise mantilles* of *tulle dentelle* are trimmed round with a ribbon under a lace inlet.

The last new style of cap is so pretty, with merely three folds at the back of the head, without trimming or ribbon, yet have so elegant an appearance, that its name, *à la plus belle*, will satisfy our fair readers of its being something a little out of the common way, and having neither ribbon nor lappets to fasten it, it is confined by two pins with pearl heads, which sometimes support flowers.

Having mentioned the robes *Josephine*, I will, before concluding, give you a more detailed description of them, as they are something between the *redingote* and *peignoir*, and seem to be much liked; they are made in *batiste*, muslin, lined *jaconot*, *mousseline de laine*, striped *gros de Naples*, *foulard* plaids, or other light materials, of gay and lively colours; the *corsages* are generally made with the backs high and a little full, in the fan form, when it is drawn round the waist by a double runner, which is seen outside, and which marks the waist; the fronts are high, but may turn back and show the habit-shirt; the skirt is open, without strings or *nœuds*; a trimming of the same *festonnée*, a *ruche*, a *chicorée*, or lace, trims the body and skirts of the *Josephine* robes. Some ladies admire dresses in the habit style, quite tight and *busqué*, with *revers* turning over to the waist, and fastening with a button, in the waistcoat style. The little caps *à la vieille*, worn by our ancestors, are now in request; they are small, round and *plissés*, leaving the ear exposed; they are ornamented with *nœuds*, or puffings of ribbon, and have lappets of lace, with double border, which may be tied or left loose.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.

No. 1.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of spotted *taffetas*; the *corsage* is tight and high behind, open in front *en cœur* to the waist; tight sleeves, with large hanging jockeys; two very deep flounces on the skirt, *festonnés*, and headed by a *ruche*. Bonnet of crape, with feathers.

No. 2.—*Public Déjeûner Dress.*—Robe of *organdy*; the *corsage* is tight and pointed, with *ceinture* and deep *berthe*, composed of two falls of *organdy*, edged with lace; the skirt is double, with broad hem; short sleeves, with mittens which button. Leghorn bonnet, ornamented with green ribbon and feathers. *Ceinture* with long ends of ribbon.

No. 3.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of *glacé* silk, with *corsage à cœur*, finished with a frill of narrow lace; tight sleeves, with lace cuffs. *Mantelet* of silk, rounded behind, and trimmed with broad lace, with heading; a second row of lace is placed midway, and meets the lace of the *revers* at the waist. *Capote à coulisses* of pink *glacé* silk, with *marabout* feather.

No. 4.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of green silk; the *corsage* is *à cœur*, with *pelerine* in folds, crossing a little in front, and trimmed round with a small *bouillon*; a trimming composed of small *nœuds* descends the side of the skirt. Bonnet of citron crape, ornamented with flowers and small *ruches* round the front and crown.

No. 5.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of *barège*; the *corsage à cœur*, with trimmings of ribbon *à la vieille*, which descend the centre of the skirt; sleeves *à la Louis XIII.*, with under ones of muslin *à bouillons*. *Pelerine* meeting in a point at the waist, composed of rows of lace. *Capote à coulisses* of white silk, with *nœuds* of shaded ribbon on the top, and flowers inside.

No. 6.—*Evening Dress* of *caméléon* silk; the *corsage* is pointed, with folds on the top, and short sleeves of three *biais*, with *rosace* of gimp in the centre; a single very deep flounce *en fontange* on the skirt, with heading, and open at each side to show the gimp *rosaces*, which descend the skirt *en tablier*. Dress hat of rose-coloured crape, with small flowers on one side, and shaded feathers on the other.

No. 7.—*Young Lady's Evening Dress.*—Robe of pink *tarlatane* with double skirt and plain body with rounded point. *Pelerine* of *tulle* trimmed with lace and meeting in front with *rosaces* of ribbon, the ends of the *pelerine* being pendant. *Coiffure* of hair in full ringlets.

No. 8.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of striped silk; the *corsage* is open to the waist, with *revers* trimmed with ribbon *à la vieille*; two *revers* also descend the centre of the skirt, each edged with trimmings *à la vieille*; tight sleeves with jockeys, edged with the same trimming. *Capote à coulisses*, back view of No. 3.

No. 9.—*Capote* of pink crape, with small ostrich feathers.

No. 10.—Bonnet of *paille* silk, with feathers of the same colour.

No. 11.—Bonnet of *paille de riz* ornamented with green feathers and ribbon.

No. 12.—Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with wreath of flowers.

No. 13.—Bonnet of white silk ornamented round the front with trimmings *à la vieille*.

PLATE II.

No. 1.—*Public Promenade Dress.*—*Redingote* of *caméléon* silk; the *corsage à la Josephine*, laced across with cord, the sides finished with *ruches à la vieille*; tight sleeves with jockeys similarly trimmed; the skirt is open in front, lacing across with cord, and finished with *ruches à la vieille*. Bonnet of pink silk, with ostrich feathers and *bouillon* round the edge of *tulle*.

No. 2.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of printed *organdy*; the *corsage* is full, with half long sleeves, edged with lace, and two deep flounces on the skirt, edged with lace; *guimpe* of muslin in *coulisses*, with *ruche* round the throat. *Capote à coulisses* of white silk, ornamented with flowers.

No. 3.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of *barège*, with *corsage à cœur*, and tight sleeves. *Mantelet* of *tulle*, lined with gauze *lissé*, and trimmed all round with broad lace, which forms *rabat* at the throat. Bonnet of white lace, with flowers.

No. 4.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of *glacé* silk; the *corsage à cœur*, trimmed with ribbon *ruches à la vieille*, which descend the centre of the skirt. *Mantelet* of black lace, with deep fall at the back and square ends. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with wreath of flowers.

No. 5.—*Young Lady's Public Déjeûner Dress.*—Robe of *organdy* over pink; the *corsage à cœur*, with frill of lace narrowing to a point at the waist; sleeves a little full, with *bouillon* trimmings on the top and wrist; very deep tucks on the skirt, having the effect of a double skirt. *Capote à coulisses* of pink silk.

No. 6.—*Morning Dress.*—*Peignoir* of *barège*; the *corsage à la Josephine*, open to the waist, with trimming *à la vieille*, which is continued down each side of the open skirt, the corners at the bottom rounding off; half-long loose sleeves, with under ones *à coulisses* of muslin. Cap composed of three rows of broad lace, rounding off at the ears, with *rosettes* of pink ribbon. Under dress of muslin, forming *guimpe* to the throat.

No. 7.—*Young Lady's Dinner Dress.*—Robe of figured *organdy*, with plain body and short sleeves, with *biais*; tucks on the skirt, reaching nearly to the waist. *Cannezous* made of *tulle*, and inlets trimmed with lace. *Coiffure* of hair in *bandeaux*.

No. 8.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of *foulard*; the *corsage* is plain and rounded; the waist with sleeves *à la Louis XIII.*, and two very deep flounces, *fichu* of *tulle* trimmed with lace, rounded behind, the ends meet in front in a tie. Bonnet of

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white lace over pink, with *demi-guirlande* of flowers.

No. 9.—Dinner cap of *tulle*, with two rows of lace laid flat across the forehead and rounded at the ears, with *rosette* of ribbon.

No. 10.—*Capote à coulisses* of lilac silk, trimmed with ribbon and lace.

No. 11.—Morning cap of muslin, trimmed in rows of lace and small puffings of ribbon.

No. 12.—Bonnet of *paille* silk, with lace laid on round the edge, and very long feather crossing the crown.

No. 13.—Dinner cap of *tulle*, trimmed with lace, and a plaiting *à la vieille* of ribbon, which crosses the head, with *coques* at the ears.

PLATE III.

No. 1.—*Public Déjeûner Dress.*—Robe of *organdy;* the *corsage* is high and full, with *ruche à la vieille* of *tulle* or muslin ornamenting it; long sleeves *à bouillons* divided by lace edgings; the skirt has two deep *biais* edged with lace, and the upper one headed by a *ruche*. Bonnet of white lace, with wreath of flowers.

No. 2.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of lilac silk; the *corsage à cœur*, and pointed with trimming *à la vieille* of ribbon round the neck; sleeves *à la Louis XIII.*, with under ones of muslin; the skirt is open in front, and the sides finished with trimmings *à la vieille*. Under-dress of muslin, with deep flounce. *Capote à coulisses* of *tulle*, with shaded feather.

No. 3.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of *barège;* the *corsage* is high and pointed, with tight long sleeves, open at the lower part, with *bouffants* of muslin; the skirt is ornamented with three rows of rich gimp trimmings with fringed ends. Bonnet of lilac silk, with lace round the edge, and white feathers. Scarf of white cachemire trimmed with gimp and fringed ends.

No. 4.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of green silk; the *corsage* is *à cœur*, and with rounded point, and has three falls of silk pinked, forming small *pelerine;* half-sleeves of silk, and under ones of muslin; two very deep flounces on the skirt, pinked in deep scollops, and headed by a *ruche* of the same. *Ceinture* with *nœud* of ribbon in long ends. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with two small feathers shaded with pink.

No. 5.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of *barège;* with *corsage à cœur*, and tight sleeves. *Mantelet* of *tulle*, trimmed with two rows of lace. Bonnet of lilac silk, ornamented with white lace, which is turned back flat on the front, and intermixed with *nœuds* of lilac ribbon on the crown.

No. 6.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of *organdy;* the *corsage* is *à cœur*, with a little fulness at the waist, and frill of lace round the top, sleeves plain at the top with two frills of lace, and the lower part of the sleeve in fulness across. Cap of point lace, with short lappets; a satin ribbon simply crosses the head, with small flowers at the side.

No. 7.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of *paille organdy;* the *corsage* is pointed with deep *berthe* of point lace; short sleeves with *nœuds* of ribbon, and deep tucks on the skirt. *Coiffure*, composed of a *fichu* of *tulle*, trimmed with lace and twisted round at the ears, encircling a *bouquet* of small flowers, the ends falling on the neck.

No. 8.—*Carriage Dress.*—*Redingote* of silk; the *corsage* is very open *en cœur*, with small *revers* braided; the sleeves are of muslin, with jockeys braided of silk; the skirt is open in front, and braided on each side, under-dress of muslin. Bonnet of pink silk with lace laid on the edge, and small white feather.

No. 9.—Bonnet of *paille* silk with feathers.

No. 10.—Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with rose-coloured ribbon.

No. 11.—Bonnet of blue silk, with white feather.

No. 12.—Bonnet of green silk, with ribbon of the same.

No. 13.—Bonnet of *paille* silk, with *nœud* of ribbon.

LITERATURE.

Douglas Jerrold's Illuminated Magazine, for August. No. 2, Crane Court.

The progressive improvement of this Magazine is very striking in the part for August, both as regards its editorial and pictorial departments, as well as printing. The benevolent tone of its editor is sustained with great beauty and vigour, in a story, promised to be continuous, entitled "The Chronicles of Clovernook," wherein the reader is led into a kingdom, named "As you like it," and the humane aspirations of the virtuous are supposed to be realized. In this article the poignant shafts of ridicule are levelled at many of our perverse and hypocritical conventualities in society, and truth, justice and humanity, are supposed to reign dominant. So beautiful and enticing is the picture, that we cannot help venting a hope that such things may be, and a sigh that they are not so. The "Folly of the Sword" is a paper of the highest character, as regards its moral tendency, in awakening our reason and feelings against the brutality of war. "The Alligator Tank," by Mrs. Postans, is an excellent picture of Indian superstition and manners. "Anesquette," by Miss Costello—"The Last Stage Coachman," by W. Wilkie Collins—"Mr. Jeffries," by Miss Pardoe—"Poole's Lane," and "Modern Accomplishments,"—are all delightful little historiettes. "Dogs' Tales," by R. B. Peake, and "The Ideal and the Actual," are pieces of genuine wit and humour. "The Old Problem," by R. H. Horne, is a philosophical poem, in which is contained many materials for deep reflection. The embellishments are worthy of the characters of the artists whose names are appended, and their execution reflects honour on Mr. Landells. We did intend to particularize them, but really it would be invidious, for, upon examining them again, they all deserve commendation. We can confidently recommend this handsome and talented Monthly to our readers, feeling conscious those who adopt our advice will warmly thank us for having given it.

Saloon of Fashion.—The facility of communication between the French and English Capitals, which is now presented, by the Dover Railway, to Folkstone, and by the steamers belonging to the Commercial Company, from thence *twice a day* to Boulogne (performing the journey from London to Paris in sixteen hours), has induced the indefatigable proprietor of the *Saloon of Fashion*, in Rathbone-place, to visit Paris, this month, for the purpose of making arrangements for a constant supply of French novelties, *every third day*, during the approaching season. We hope that this exertion to meet the wants and wishes of his patrons, will receive its due reward. The Saloon opens next month.

Apsley House.—We understand the celebrated China Vase at Apsley House has been completely restored by that ingenious artist, M. Von Gerretz. The number of separate fractures was fifty-four. The adhesive agent employed was Pooloo's Chinese Cement, and so complete and perfect is the repair, that the eye cannot discover the joining. This superb work of art is valued at 750 guineas.—*Post.*

Molineux's Patent Tallow Lights.—Some months since we took occasion to call the attention of our readers to this very admirable invention. The season again approaches when long evenings must be spent in reading, writing, or in the exercise of the needle; and if our readers will permit us very sincerely to recommend a lamp—which we have proved—and with which we are completely satisfied, we should say, procure *Molineux's*. We would support this recommendation by observing, that we ourselves continue constantly to use one of these lamps; and whether for mellowness and excellence of light, for economy, or for cleanliness, we have never found its equal, nor could we be comfortable without it.

Life Assurance.—It may have been seen that at a general meeting of the proprietors of the Britannia Life Assurance, the sanguine expectations of the directors have been fully realised, and that in the short space of five years upwards of 4,000 policies have been issued. This success is to be attributed to the peculiar principles upon which this establishment is founded: amongst which is the novel one of retaining the profits as a double guarantee to the assured—a principle which ought to be more fully carried out, for it is the want of faith which in a great degree prevents those who are desirous of insuring, and thus providing for their families, from taking so necessary a course. It is not the habit of the journalists to allude to one society more than to another, but here the very novelty observed upon demands a passing expression of congratulation, and it is freely accorded to those who have assisted by their confidence the spirited projector of the experiment.—*Evening Paper.*

O'Connell in Ireland.—In the midst of all the agitation going on at the present time in the Sister Kingdom, we are glad to find that the trade of some parts, and under some managements, was never in a more flourishing state. The National Linen Company have just had an arrival, at their London Branch Establishment in Fleet-street, of an immense and beautiful variety of goods from their factory and bleaching grounds at Lisburn, where we understand their hands are all fully employed. From the arrangements made by this Company, in keeping a retail branch in London, the prices to the public do not advance with a fall trade, which is the case where rapid returns of capital are not effected. The manufacture of this Company's table-cloths appears to be brought to the highest state of perfection; indeed, all their fine goods are of a very superior character, and their cheap goods cheaper than they could be rendered if *they were not the manufacturers.*—From *The Sentinel.*

London and Paris.—In consequence of the facilities afforded by the London and Dover Railway to Folkstone in three hours, from the terminus near London-bridge, and by the Emerald and Sir William Wallace steamers, belonging to the Commercial Company, twice a-day to Boulogne-sur-Mer, in three hours from Folkstone, and *vice versâ*, the directors of the Paris diligences of the Messageries Royales and Lafitte's, are having new light coaches constructed, that will run from Paris to Boulogne in 16 hours, instead of 22, as heretofore; so that the whole distance will be performed within 22 hours from the French capital to London, which will be nearly as rapid as the Post Office *estafette*. This new arrangement is to commence, if possible, this week, and will be of the greatest advantage to the town of Boulogne, which is the grand route for tourists proceeding to Paris, Switzerland, and Italy, being so much preferable to that by Calais. Travellers starting from Paris at 6 in the morning, will arrive at Boulogne at 10 o'clock the same evening, in time for the night steamer to Folkstone; or, by leaving at 6 in the evening, will arrive at 10 next morning, in time for the steamer by the noon tide, and be in London between 5 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon by the South-Eastern Railway. The weekly average of passengers to and from Boulogne is 2,000 to 2,500 since the opening of the railway to Folkstone, and the new steam-packet station thence to the opposite coast. Two new iron steamers are being constructed, which are expected to perform the voyage in two hours, or two hours and a quarter.

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PLATE I.

LONDON AND PARIS



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LONDON AND PARIS.



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PLATE III.

LONDON AND PARIS



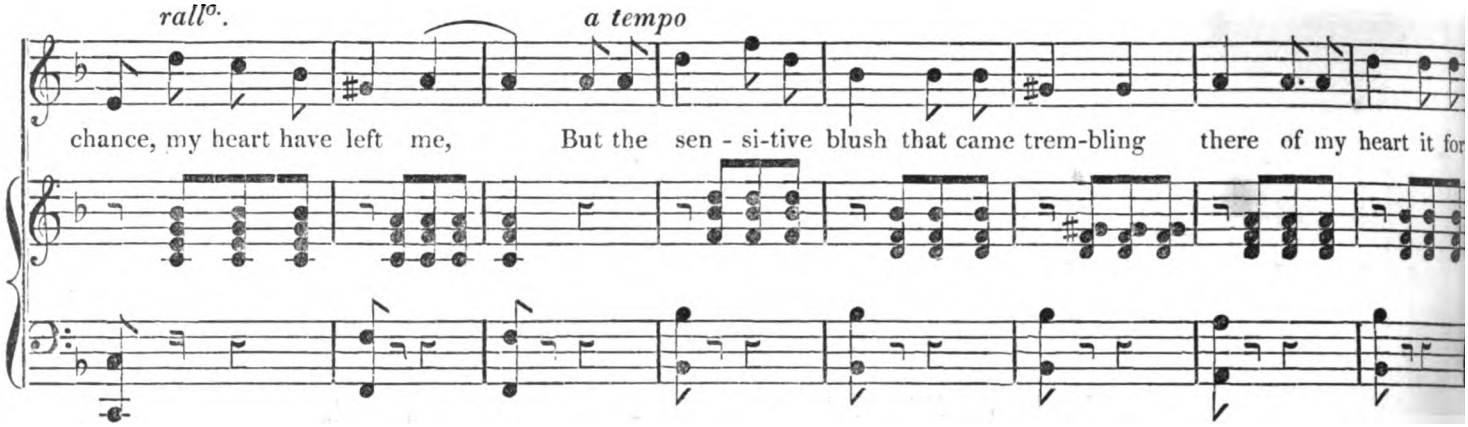
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OH, MY LOVE HATH AN EYE OF THE SOFTEST BLUE.



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SECOND VERSE.

Let me not hear the nightingale sing,
Though I once in its notes delighted,
The feeling and mind that came whispering fort
Has left me no music beside it:
Who could blame had I lov'd that face
Ere my eye could twice explore her,
Yet it was for the fairy intelligence there,
And her warm, warm heart I adore her.

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THE LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, AND MUSIC.

EMBELLISHED WITH MUSIC, ARRANGED WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, HARP AND GUITAR.

OCTOBER, MDCCCXLIII.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BEAUTY.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

(*Concluded from page* 69.)

"What I have, therefore, here to say, only regards the vain part of the sex, whom for certain reasons, which the reader will hereafter see at large, I shall distinguish by the name of Idols. An Idol is wholly taken up with the adorning of her person. You see in every posture of her body, air of her face, and motion of her head, that it is her business and employment to gain adorers."—*Spectator, Vol. III., p.* 183.

"The excitement of my mind was so great as totally to preclude sleep, and I lay revolving a thousand ambitious schemes, a thousand triumphs over happier rivals, a thousand mortifications for the still most abhorred Frank Gaythorne (who had blighted my early hopes, and induced my subsequent turpitude)—and a thousand tender excuses for my conduct to my too credulous, too adoring Charles.

"I devoted the greatest attention to my toilette in the morning, studying his Lordship's taste exactly in it, and when it was completed, I really was fit *à mettre sous verre*. Fever and agitation lent the most vivid colour to my cheeks, partially shaded with my profuse hair, hope lent a brilliancy to my eyes and an elasticity to my frame, and I felt I had never looked more lovely, more seducing. I gained the place of rendezvous *à la derobée*, and seating myself *sur une causeuse, dans une de ces attitudes où la science est cachée sous un naturel exquis, une de ces poses étudiées, cherchées, qui mettent en relief cette belle ligne serpentine qui prend au pied, remonte gracieusement jusqu'à la hanche, et se continue par d'admirables rondeurs jusqu'aux épaules, en offrant au régard tout le profil du corps.* It was my favourite attitude, one I had studied with incredible labour, and one in which I was conscious I was not to be resisted.

"Lord Lauriestone did not allow me to languish long in suspense—entering almost immediately; his handsome countenance, relieved from the languor which had of late overshadowed it, beamed with joy and animation. He was struck with admiration at my appearance, and seating himself on the *causeuse*, he seized my hand with the impetuous eagerness of a privileged lover, and gazing on me with a bold expression, exclaimed, 'How beautiful you look! How beautiful you are! Who could withstand such charms, adorable Dora? Who would not glory in laying rank, wealth, titles, liberty, all, all at your feet? O Dora! behold me your slave, your captive, —lead me to bliss, lead me to *forgetfulness*.'

"Much as my vanity was gratified by this declaration, I will still confess, that I could not help being struck with the great difference in his Lordship's manner to me and Linda. There was none of that respectful timid tenderness which had actuated every word to her. the *holiness* of love was wanting, passion was too visible, too undisguised, too *nude*, not to wound and mortify me. Still he had offered me his hand, and still I was resolved to accept it, for was that not the price of crime? the reward of iniquity?

"'Say,' he continued, observing my thoughtful silence, 'that you do not utterly hate me, that I may not absolutely despair?'

"'Hate you, my Lord? Alas! had I hated you, the too inconsiderate Dora Lismore would not have been listening to that dangerous voice now!'

"'Never, never shall you repent—never have *occasion* to repent your sweet candour, dearest, loveliest girl; for ever shall I be devoted to you, studying your every wish, anticipating your every thought, divining your very dreams, *prompting* them! for will they, beloved, not be all of love and the happy Lauriestone? Oh! I am intoxicated with the prospect of our felicity! Let us fly instantly from the hateful world! let us fly from the odious beings who so mistake you, as to blame my adoration for such perfection! Will a house, which I will transform into a perfect paradise—carriages, servants, or rather *slaves*—every luxury that money can command, or love devise, while I live, and fifteen hundred a year, should I be taken from you by inexorable death, satisfy you, my own beautiful love?'

"'Oh! such munificence is far, far more than I was born to expect—far more than I deserve.'

"'Will you be ready to leave this detested spot to-night? Will you be willing to take shelter for ever in the arms, now trembling with ecstasy to embrace you?'

"'How dare I take such a step unsanctioned by your mother—by my own? Why not rather make them privy to our marriage at once, and —'

"'Marriage!' he exclaimed, interrupting me, 'I thought you superior to such vulgar prejudices. I thought you felt with me that —

> "Love free as air, at sight of human ties,
> Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies."

Think of our dearer union of souls, our more passionate, more enduring ecstasy—think of the joy of clasping you without any cold compulsion, to my bosom, thus,' and he pressed me to his wildly throbbing heart with terrifying violence.

"'My Lord!' I exclaimed with indignation at this insult, struggling vainly to extricate myself from his strong embrace, 'if you do not instantly release me, I will alarm the house, and expose your unmanly conduct,—I will, by Heaven!' And just as I was preparing to execute my threat, the door was flung open, and Charles entered, with an open letter in his hand. He appeared most strangely excited, with a countenance pallid as death. At seeing us, he became flushed to a most extraordinary degree; yet, affecting composure, although his lips quivered with suppressed emotion, he said:—

"'I thought to find you alone, Edmund,—the servants saying you were here for the purpose of writing letters. However, it is as well as it is, for this letter concerns Miss Lismore as much as yourself.'

"I cannot express the indefinable terror that took possession of me at these words, nor the culprit-like appearance of Lord Lauriestone, who, having started from my side, at the entrance of his brother, stood apart like a guilty thing, to hear some dreaded sentence.

"When Charles had surveyed us both with a glance of contemptuous scorn, he began reading the fatal letter aloud. It was as follows:—

"'Sir,—

"'Linda Murray is dying—dying of your brother's supposed desertion. But I know how grossly his Lordship has been imposed upon; her letters to him have been intercepted—his letters to her have been suppressed. She has been traduced, vilified, maligned, slandered; and by whom? *Whom?* Dora Lismore, and her infernal aunt, Mrs. Colonel Cahir! Charge them with it, and you will see their cheeks blanch with conscious guilt! Charge them with it; I defy them to dare a lie in contradiction. Dora was seen to take the letters from the old tree; her aunt was seen to scatter the venomous inventions of her serpent heart in his credulous path. Oh! yet how could he doubt the affection, the constancy of one, than whom the angels above are scarcely purer? Oh! yet how could he desecrate the holy shrine of her love, by kindling on it the libidinous flame of passion?'

"'Wretch! monster!' exclaimed Lord Lauriestone, in a voice of concentrated rage and agony, seizing my arm with the grasp of an infuriated giant, and not waiting to hear the conclusion of the horrible letter, which I saw, at a glance, was written by Frank Gaythorne. 'Where are those precious, those stolen letters? Give them up—give them up instantly! O Linda! pardon, pardon for my unintentional crime! Charles, Charles! beware of that sorceress—see! she even bewitched me with her vile arts! But, I never loved her; I only wished to seek, in the tumultuous excitement of illicit pleasure, a distraction for the anguish which was devouring me! Do not be the dupe, I implore you, of one whom your brother scarcely deemed worthy to be his *mistress!* I go to save Linda—I go to force

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my mother to receive her as my wife. But, for the love of mercy, let the house be purified from the infecting presence of that beautiful fiend as soon as possible!' saying which, he left the room, and was about to be followed by Charles; but I, desperate at this exposure, and the fear of losing him for ever, flung myself at his feet, and clinging to his knees with frantic agony, screamed like a maniac, 'Charles! Charles! if you leave me thus in anger, I shall die!'

"'Woman! touch me not,' he cried furiously, retreating shudderingly from my contact—at which I fell prostrate on the floor: 'O God! O God!' he continued, 'to think how I have been deceived! Last night, I knelt down and invoked your blessing on that creature's head—last night, I closed my eyes in the sweet consciousness that, if an angel visited my dreams, it must be in the form of her surpassing loveliness! And to-day, *to-day*—oh! I dare not think of it! I am a forlorn, miserable, broken-hearted wretch!' and overcome with this reflection, he burst into tears, and sobbed in uncontrollable anguish. Never, never, shall I forget the mortal throes that seemed to be bursting his soul.

"'O Charles! dear, *dear* Charles! forgive me,' I exclaimed; 'I always loved you, I do love you,—I call upon the judgment of Heaven to blast me at your feet, if I do not speak the sacred truth. Think how I have been brought up—think how I have been schooled in dissimulation—think of the pernicious counsels daily, hourly, instilled into me—think of the natural frailty of our nature. Oh! do not be inexorable to my repentance! Oh! do not shut your heart to pity;—you did love me once, is it all gone for ever?'

"'Yes! Dora, for ever!' he replied, with a degree of calmness, which, alas! assured of the truth of the assertion. 'I did, indeed, love you, not so much for your glorious beauty, although *that* might challenge universal homage, as for a sort of infantile purity, and appearance of candour and artlessness, which only my imagination endowed you with, and which is the delusion of all lovers. This letter has destroyed that delusion;—this letter has lifted the veil from your heart, and revealed all its terrible blackness,—showed it to be festering in crime and iniquity. I could have, perhaps, pardoned your infidelity to me—your attempts to obtain my brother—had your projects been stimulated by only an ordinary ambition; but, but to descend to such fearful turpitude is indeed unpardonable.'

"I was so prostrated by despair, that I did not attempt the slightest interruption to this dreadful analysis of the crimes I had committed; and when, as he reached the door to leave me for *ever*, he cast his eyes up to heaven, exclaiming, in a voice tremulous with emotion, 'O God! grant that I may never, never, behold that awfully dangerous and beautiful being again!' I still remained in a passive state of stupor on the floor, where my maid, whom he had sent to my assistance, found me.

"On reaching my room, I found my mother and aunt in a state of the greatest rage, at the insult, as they called it, just received from Lady Lauriestone, who, in a brief and chilling note, 'requested we would instantly take our departure, as she, and her son, Lord Lauriestone, had gone to Callander to make preparations for his immediate marriage with the beautiful and accomplished Miss Linda Murray.'

"I was dragged away by them from Scotland a few days after, with a broken heart—a tarnished name—and a blighted love. Lady Glenferne having learnt the whole transaction, was so shocked at our duplicity as hardly to find courage to take leave of us. I read Lord Lauriestone's marriage two months after our return to Ireland, whither we went to meet Colonel Cahir, who had retired on half pay, after twenty years service in the East Indies.—For a long time nothing could induce me to quit the solitude in which I buried both myself, and still cherished, although most luckless, love. But I gradually resumed my former habits—seeking, rather than shunning, gaiety, to dissipate the distressing *ennui* which preyed upon my soul with an intolerable anguish.

"About two years after my separation from my ever idolized and regretted Charles, I received a letter from Frank Gaythorne, informing me, in a FRIENDLY manner, 'as he sarcastically termed it,' that Lady Glenferne was dead, and that she had disposed of all the property over which she had control, which was nearly all in fact she possessed, in favour of Mr. Morton, as a *small* compensation for my treachery to him. That he was looking handsomer than ever, and was going to be married immediately to a cousin of Lady Lauriestone's, an exquisite creature!—the identical one whom Linda went to nurse, when I invented that innocent little stratagem to separate her from Lord Lauriestone, which was so unluckily frustrated by the unexpected *contretemps*, which also *dessillait les yeux* of the enamoured Charles, which respect to myself. That the dowager Lady Lauriestone was *absolument folle* about her sweet and lovely *belle-fille*, whose gentle virtues had completely subdued her imperious heart;—concluding by observing, I know you will thank me, my dear Dora, for sending you this most authentic account of the felicity of your *ci-devant amis* in Scotland. By-the-bye, I understand, it is not Morton's intention to make any alterations in Glenferne Castle at present. You must remember what a deucedly comfortable place it was—it was to have been yours; but ladies of a certain age are so confoundedly changeable; *mais, n'importe, ma chère*, your dear Charles has it instead, at which I am sure you will rejoice.'

"And I did rejoice, and prayed for his felicity, from the depths of my aching heart, despite the malicious insinuations of that evil-disposed torturer.

"Since then, I have had many, many admirers—some, I am confident, most sincerely attached to me. But, from some mysterious influence or other, none ever made me a decided offer of marriage. No! with the exception of Charles Morton, no one ever wished for Dora Lismore as a *wife*—if indeed I omit the vague proposal of Frank Gaythorne, which, however, he has had the audacity of renewing in a more tangible form no later than yesterday, in a letter which I will read to you. I do not know what my future fate may be, Mina, but if it lead to an union with *him*, it will be most most horrible. Still, I cannot conceal, although I shudder whilst owning the terrible conviction, that daily and hourly he is gaining more power over my mind,—the power of *intimidation*, which I can neither resist nor defy; and the monster is fully aware of his fatal ascendancy, as is but too clearly shown in every word of the audacious and triumphant letter he has presumed to address to me. Hear it, Mina, and pity my despair, my grief.

"'DORA LISMORE,—

"When I first met you, (whether for good or for evil, God only knows,) you were fifteen—NOW you are eight and twenty! A fearful age to be still unwedded for one whose very religion was a rich husband. How beautiful you were then, perhaps I alone of all your friends remember! How I idolized that beauty, my own heart, alas, can alone bear witness!—and how you disdained its true and loyal homage, your own heart cannot have forgotten!—And, for what?—for what?—why, because I was cursed with a later existence than the first-born son of my father, who was no Esau to sell his birth-right for a greater bribe than Jacob offered. Good God! did I not see you, *you*, a very infant in years, lavish your sweetest smiles—practise arts—display blandishments and fascinations which would have awakened the envy and emulation of the most *blasée* coquette, to entrap a man every way my inferior, save in the fortuitous circumstance of wealth? Did I not see your infamous old aunt ready to prostrate herself beneath the Juggernaut-car of this favoured son of Mammon? Did I not see her ready to place your hand under his foot, so servile was her ambition—so slavish her adoration of money? Did I not see the lynx-eyed old monster watch my every approach to you, as if infection hovered in my train? It did—the plague-spot of poverty was on me! How I writhed in agony at her detested avarice! How I deplored to behold your angelic beauty prostituted—your mind corrupted—your innocence defiled—and every feminine attribute of your nature sullied and polluted for ever! But, rendered *cynical* by the world, and your scorn, I only showed my horror and abhorrence of such depravity, by sarcasm and irony;—but I wept in secret for you,—I *prayed* for you—I mourned over your ruin; for I loved you to adoration. Do you remember, when half jestingly I offered you my hand and heart, the withering look of contempt—the proud haughty words—with which you blasted me by rejecting them? That look burns on my very eye-balls now—those words yet tingle on my ears—on my *soul*—and will for ever! How did I rejoice that I had concealed the bleeding truth under that gay disguise! But, between my clenched teeth, I swore you should never be another's. That oath, registered by hate, jealousy, and despair, I have until now solemnly observed—you are still unmarried—and will be, until I choose to burst your bonds—yes! you will yet be *mine*. I have watched your every movement—I have never lost sight of you—I have haunted you in every imaginable disguise;—and for what?—as much, perhaps, for revenge of your contumely, as admiration for your beauty; *mais quoi! c'est ma façon d'aimer, celle-la!* How I thwarted your nefarious plots in Scotland, you know—but you do not *know* that, if I had seen you really influenced by the sublime and disinterested affection such a being as Charles Morton ought to have awakened in your bosom, struck with tender admiration at that redeeming virtue in your selfish nature, and humbly yielding to his god-like superiority, I swore, I would for ever have abandoned my persecuting *surveillance* over you, and left you to the calm enjoyment of that felicity which an union with him must have infallibly produced. But, no! although you could not resist loving him for his estimable qualities, (for who indeed could?) you must still practise your demoniac arts to ensnare his brother, a man whom you did not love, but who was loved, as you were fully aware of, by a sweet trustful young thing, with that holiness of affection which God and angels sanction and approve. Then

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from a rigid sense of duty, I stepped in and exposed you.

"'Since that period have I not also rendered every other scheme abortive? Surely, then, I deserve the recompense due to such a long and virtuous perseverance! And I repeat again—I *shall* have it—you will yet be *mine*! Who, save myself, could have survived so many years of your contempt? Who, save myself, would still offer the hand and heart rejected by you so many years since? And who, save myself, would encourage the certainty of their being accepted with *even* gratitude?—which they will. You will yet be *mine*—you are in my power—you cannot escape. I have weaved a spell around your destiny from which nothing can extricate. But you are not sufficiently broken in spirit for me yet.—*Mais j'attend, car c'est à genoux, entendez vous, femme orgueilleuse, c'est à genoux que vous me supplierez d'avoir pitié de vous, c'est à genoux que vous me supplierez de vous épouser.* Then, taking compassion on your abject humiliation, I *will* marry you.

'FRANK GAYTHORNE.'

"If ever I *do* marry that man," continued the heart-stricken Dora as she concluded her eventful narrative, "I shall consider it is an ordeal through which I must pass, to atone for my former transgressions, and obtain the pardon of the Father of Mercy for them. Let no one say therefore, that retribution does not overtake the culprit even in this world. Yea, thy sin, O sinner, will find thee out on EARTH!"

TEARS.

Oh! chide me not, when thus I weep—
Say not the sorrowing drops are vain;
To woe like mine, so sad, so deep,
They bring a soft respite from pain.

Tears! sweet fountains of the soul!
Give to the care-worn heart relief;
When words are powerless to console
Sad and overwhelming grief.

With tears we breathe the tender love
To those on earth we hold most dear,
And oh! if far from them we rove,
We mourn them also with a tear;—

Or when the needy and oppressed,
With generous warmth we strive to cheer,
How sweet the gratitude expressed
In a bright but silent tear!

ELLEN S.

THE HEALTH OF INFANTS.—Thousands of children die yearly from the sole cause of giving them improper food. Their powers of digestion are not matured, and those dreadful convulsions which are often mistaken for fits, arise, in nine cases out of ten, from our not having considered the difference between the digestive capacity of *our own stomachs* and *those of more tender age*. Much has of late been published on this important subject, and science has been directed, in consequence, to an enlarged investigation of those vegetables which contain *farina* suitable for human food, and particularly for the food of infants. The result establishes, that an article sold under the name of the "*Prince of Wales' Food*," is very superior to arrow-root, sago, soujee, or any of the preparations formerly used. It has received the unqualified sanction of the medical profession as the best food for children; and in every case of a weak stomach or of an impaired digestion, it is strongly recommended, as "a most delicious and highly nutritious aliment, of very easy digestion."—From the *Sentinel*.

THE RECLUSE OF THE BLUE MOUNTAIN.

It is now a matter of thirty years since I left Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, on an excursion through the valley extending west of the Juniata. I have often traversed the same portion of country since; but circumstances occurring on my first visit have fixed that indelibly in my memory, while my recollection scarce retains any subsequent impressions. By the way, poets who have sung of the beauties of nature "on Susquehanna's side," ought to visit the most lovely of its western branches. The Juniata has but recently been celebrated by the pencil of American artists, though its banks present every variety of the bold and beautiful in scenery. Fair and fertile meadows, wild and romantic glens, moss-shrouded rocks shady forests and picturesque wooded cliffs, mark the progress of this enchanting stream, from its rise in Bedford County to its junction with the parent river. The bold features of the mountainous region of Pennsylvania are here blended with the fairy-like loveliness of a country less sternly wild.

My design was to proceed to Harrisburg. Though the roads were in a most uncivilized condition, yet I apprehended no inconvenience or discomfort in travelling on horseback, provided as I was with a stock of youthful strength, that bade defiance to fatigue. The valley of Tuscarora, now smiling with fertile fields and the abodes of industry, was then but imperfectly cultivated; a few houses, rude in structure, were occasionally seen; and the half-felled woods, and fields rough with stumps, the good farmer's abomination, bespoke a country newly settled. Further westward, the traces of human habitation disappeared; and a dense, dark forest spread for many miles, so ancient and impenetrable, that it acquired the popular name of the Shades of Death. The sturdy Dutch settlers that vegetated on the borders of this lonely region, were not gifted with the curiosity or enterprise of New Englanders; the Shades of Death had rarely echoed the sound of an axe, or the voice of the cheerful labourer. The sole disturber of its recesses was now and then a traveller, who ventured, like myself, to pass through them in quest of a more hospitable country.

I was ever a lover of nature in her wildest moods. It was with no slight feeling of enjoyment that I threaded these dreary woods struggling along over many obstacles, like the stream whose eastward course I followed. The landscape around me was primitive, though my range of vision was of necessity limited. Here were oaks that had stood perhaps for centuries before the white man set foot on the soil of the Western World, now hoary and crumbling, and fast yielding to the vigorous growth of their posterity—stately, luxuriant trees, that seemed to spurn the prostrate forms of their ancestors. The solemn verdure of the tall hemlocks, of foliage like the cedar, was contrasted with the vivid green of the silver pine, peculiar to northern woods. There, also, radiant in the vesture of autumn, were the other sons of the forest; the American poplar, with its garment of deep yellow, the spreading beech and maple, dropping their leaves of glowing red, mingled with a variety of foliage of every intermediate hue. The creek flowing at my feet was fringed with the most luxuriant undergrowth of alder, brake, &c., through which I was sometimes compelled to force a way. I had often likewise to pass into the stream, where thick boughs, drooping in the water, impeded my advance. The difficulties in my road offered a succession of little adventures, which, however, interfered not with my enjoyment of the grandeur and novelty of this wild scene. On either side, within a few miles, rose the pine-crowned heads of a range of mountains. The tops of the pines were bathed in sunshine; gradually the streaks of light faded, and presently the bosom of the whole valley was wrapped in deep gloom. The forms of the tall trees grew indistinct; ere long I could only discern those that stood in relief against the sky; and then the mountains appeared like vast masses of shadow, undistinguishable from the heavy clouds that rested on their summits. Night was at length upon me: at every step I plunged into deeper darkness, and only by its gurgling murmur could I discover the sluggish stream. As I pressed on at a very tedious pace, I endeavoured to beguile the time by dreams of my own bright fireside, and the happy faces that would welcome me ere another evening had closed. My visions were at length broken by low mutterings of thunder, and I became sensible that I was about to be overtaken by a storm. I tried to quicken my pace, in hopes of reaching a better road; but soon found that I should be obliged to make haste very slowly. All was still for a few moments after, except the moaning of the wind through the trees; and then came a frightful burst of thunder, instantaneously following the flash. The startling peal rolled along the side of the Blue Mountain, on my right, and was instantly echoed from the opposite range of the Black Log, reverberating heavily from one to the other, till the smothered sound was lost in the thick plashing of the rain, that now descended absolutely in sheets. I had not been prepared for so sudden a bath; I dismounted, and comforting myself as well as I could with my streaming dress and reeking saddlebags, I was fain to betake myself to a slow and laborious stumping onward. But even this was more easily resolved upon than accomplished. The violent rain soon swelled the choked stream: at every step I sank mid-leg deep in the mire, and only by the flashes of lightning, that came almost incessantly, could I direct my course. The hour was late. I determined, at all hazards, to plod on. Daylight might fail to show me a better path, and I should be yet further from the end of my journey. I toiled for another half hour; as nearly as I could conjecture I was twelve miles from any dwelling of man. The tempest did not abate; the wind fiercely rocked the trees over my head; and I began seriously to repent my undertaking. I half looked upon myself as a fool: judge if my impressinos were not in some measure deepened, when I found myself fairly in a morass, and covered with mud to the shoulders! Trees were thickly imbedded in the slimy soil; and the twang of some thousands of frogs that came to my ear seemed to mock my perplexity. The log on which I stepped had yielded to my footing, and disappeared in the soft green mass beneath. By sheer good luck I had not yet dragged my horse after me. I extricated myself as speedily as possible from my perilous situation, scrambling out by the assistance of overhanging boughs, and proceeded to put in execution a desperate resolve.

Remounting, I urged my horse, with voice and spur, into the creek, to swim or wallow

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along its bed, till I could obtain a secure footing on its opposite bank. The good steed, however, had arrived at the conclusion that it was hopeless to think of going further. He refused to move another step, standing already up to his haunches in the water; and I was casting in my mind what more potent means of solicitation I should employ, when to my utter surprise I caught the sound of a human voice. I took it for an echo; but the voice came again from the other side of the stream. "This way, stranger—this way!" I saw a faint gleam of light; it seemed miles distant; but ere many seconds had elapsed, a pine-knot blazed out close at hand, and without more ado I dashed into the creek, crossed it, and came up with the person who had hallooed to me. "This way," the voice repeated; "follow me; you had better lead your horse." We ascended a steep path through the thickest of the woods. The light flared on the tall figure of the man who carried it; but I could not see the habitation to which he was leading me. At last he stopped before a lodge, or rather an artificial cave, constructed in the side of the hill. The roof was supported by stakes, and clumsily covered with earth. The interior, however, which I had leisure to survey while the stranger took my horse, had more of comfort than I expected. A bright fire of pine faggots threw light upon the narrow walls. One side was furnished with shelves, on which books were piled in much disorder. A dingy muslin curtain across the farthest corner was partly drawn, and revealed a cupboard well stored with old bottles and dilapidated crockery. The oaken table was covered with books and papers, and a small lamp was burning upon it. A chest, a few wooden chairs, and a bench near the fireplace, completed the list of furniture. I had hardly glanced round the den when its owner appeared, assisted me to divest myself of my dripping overcoat, and welcome me with apparent cordiality to the shelter of his abode. He promised, if I would stay for the rest of the night, to direct me on my way as early as I might wish on the morrow. I need not say how willingly I accepted his proffered hospitality. He forthwith set about preparations for our evening meal. The dingy cupboard was resorted to, and yielded from its recesses better cheer than appearances promised. A loaf of bread, and the remains of a saddle of venison, were flanked by a bottle of prime brandy, and an earthen jug of water. I soon gained spirit to laugh over the disasters I had met with in "The Shades,"—palpable memorials of which were visible on my torn and soiled dress. My host was extremely prepossessing in appearance, though he looked like one in ill health. He conversed freely, but responded not to the jovial tone I assumed. I thought him grave and stern; and when, half an hour after supper, he rose, and opening a small door opposite the fireplace, showed me a closet where a little straw and a couple of buffalo-skins were prepared for my bed, and closed the door after wishing me good night, I confess I had some slight misgivings. Through the chinks in the door I saw him stretch himself on the hearth, after heaping the fire with more logs; and having fortified my mind against visions of robbers by placing my pistols under my head, I resigned myself to sleep. Once lost in forgetfulness, I slept soundly, notwithstanding the rushing of the wind through the numerous crevices in my small apartment. A sunbeam streaming through one in the roof awoke me next morning. On going to the outer division of the cave, I found my host had already gone abroad; and took advantage of his absence to inspect the books with which his shelves were filled. It looked strangely to see books in the midst of such a solitude. What was my surprise to find there a large collection of the classics, and of the older British poets and prose authors! My feelings changed towards the Recluse. I had discovered him from his conversation to be a man who had seen the world; I saw in him now the devoted scholar, who had renounced the world that he might enjoy uninterrupted the pursuits of learning. With enhanced respect I bade him good morning when he entered, and thanked him for my night's refreshment. I was prepared to accept an invitation to share his solitude a few days longer; but as such an invitation was not extended, I had nothing better to do than to take my leave, having previously arranged that I would ride to a village some dozen miles off, to breakfast.

How lovely was the morning after the storm! The distant mountain summits were gorgeous in the sunshine. A light breeze stirred the foliage, and breathed of freshness and fragrance. The blue sky was seen in patches through the leafy canopy over our heads, for there was no clearing about the cave of the Recluse. The swollen stream flowed at the foot of the hill. Its murmur was mingled with the rustling of leaves, the screaming of birds, and all the other sounds of life morning calls forth, even in the deep forest. A little to the right, further up the hill, was a small clearing, in the midst of which stood a rude and evidently deserted hut.

"You have chosen a wild, but a cheerful spot, for your abode in the woods," said I to my pale and melancholy host, who accompanied me some distance. "Do you not find difficulty sometimes in procuring the comforts of life?"

"No," he answered. "We need little; most of our wants are imaginary. I have more than I need. I can procure abundance of game and fish; the rest comes from the settlements not far distant."

"You have shown a true love for study in thus secluding yourself for the sake of its pursuits. Do you never visit the city?"

"I have not done so once," he replied, "in the many years I have lived here."

"Our Pennsylvania forests," I observed after a pause, "can boast few scholars; do you not sometimes wish for congenial society?"

The brief negative with which he answered me, and the cloud that came over his face, warned me that my curiosity was displeasing, and not likely to be gratified. So, after receiving instructions as to my road, I parted from him. A brisk ride of three hours brought me to a small settlement—if a clump of log houses may be so called—at the head of Tuscarora Valley. I alighted at the tavern, at the door of which hung a most inhuman portrait of General Washington; and while discussing a substantial breakfast of venison steaks, hot coffee, and buckwheat cakes, I could not refrain from relating my adventure of the night, and asking if aught was known of the solitary stranger.

"Oh my dear young sir!" cried the landlady, who sat by the fire in her clean cap and chintz apron—for the rare occurrence of a gentleman guest called for her special attendance—"Have you never heard of our Blue Mountain Hermit?" And quietly refilling my cup of coffee, she commenced a story, which, omitting her somewhat tedious recapitulations, I will repeat as briefly as possible.

The hut I had observed not far from the cave, was once inhabited by an old man and his daughter. Various stories had been in circulation respecting him among the honest settlers; but it was generally understood that he had been a soldier of no mean repute in the war of the American Revolution, and the Indian war that followed. Rewarded by his country, like too many others, with poverty and neglect, he had withdrawn from the world to this lonely spot, where he supported himself by the labour of his hands. His leisure hours were devoted to the instruction of his daughter, who grew up most lovely in person, and in mind all that a fond parent could wish.

At the time of the Western or Whiskey Insurrection in the counties of Pennsylvania lying west of the Alleghanies, it chanced that one of the officers in Macpherson's troop of Jersey Blues, despatched to attack the rioters, was engaged in a skirmish near this place. He was severely wounded, fell from his horse, and was left by his men for dead. He had but swooned from loss of blood. On his recovery he found himself on a bed in the cottage. He could scarce credit his senses when he saw a beautiful face, animated by an expression of pity and sympathy, bending over him. An old man came in from the spring with water. He dressed the sufferer's wounds with much skill, and the young girl prepared and administered a composing draught.

The stranger owed his life to the care of the father and daughter. He slowly recovered; and it was with a perpetual astonishment that he discovered every day some new charm in his youthful nurse. A girl of superior education in the heart of such a forest! Was it surprising that he became deeply enamoured of her? It would have been strange if he had not loved, or if she had not returned his passion; for he was in the prime of life, handsome, pleasing in address, and a soldier. Weeks passed, and the stranger could no longer even feign illness as an excuse for lingering. He said not a word of his intended departure, but it was a matter of course. He and his kind entertainer had a long conversation the evening before he purposed to set out, but it concerned the state of the country, in which the old man felt a deep interest, though he had suffered neglect at its hands. Alice—that was the maiden's name—joined not in their discourse; and it was only by chance, while busied about her work, that the officer discovered she was weeping bitterly.

He rose betimes and went forth next morning. On the brow of the hill above the cottage was a rock covered with thick green moss, and shaded by tall pines. A clear spring gushed from its bed, and trickled down the hill-side, spreading into numerous sparkling rills. The officer saw Alice go up to this spring; he followed her. He was startled to see how pale and sad she looked; but he endeavoured to speak cheerfully of his departure, and asked what he should send her from the city? "Nothing can please me when you are gone!" sobbed the poor girl, and with a passionate burst of tears, she threw herself on the ground and buried her face in her hands.

The stranger felt as if his heart was torn in twain. He had won the love of a fair young creature, whom he could never make happy, for—he was already married. What a return for the hospitality of his kind host! He dashed his hand against his forehead in self-reproach.

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The truth must be told to the beautiful, weeping girl before him, and she would execrate his memory. He knelt at her feet, and laying his forehead in the dust, uttered his confession. He told her, in wild and broken words, of his deep love, of his despair; then starting up, rushed away without daring to look upon her again; and mounting his horse, was speedily out of sight.

"You would have wept," said the landlady, wiping her eyes with a corner of her apron, "to see the poor young creature deserted, and fading like a blighted flower. She was always delicate as a fairy, with bright blue eyes, and cheeks fair as the white rose. She soon ceased to interest herself in the affairs of the house, but would sit for hours listless at the door, or wander away through the woods by herself. Nay, she would sometimes rise from her bed to walk out, and would be very angry when her father opposed her so doing."

The good dame paused a space. I felt so much interest in her narration, that I deferred my journey till I heard the conclusion of her story.

Poor Alice was drowned in the stream one night that she had gone out without her father's knowledge. The old man kept his woe to himself, and refused to accept the bounty of his neighbours. His chief pleasure was to visit her grave, which they dug, at his request, at the top of the hill.

It was but a few months after her death that a stranger passed through the valley on horseback. He was earnest in his inquiries after the old man and his daughter. It was the Philadelphian officer whose life they had saved; he was dressed in deep mourning, and had widower's weeds on his hat. Who can describe his emotions when he found, instead of the lovely young bride he came to seek, her freshly sodded grave? Her father—grief had reduced him to a state of helplessness, almost of idiotcy—he was no longer able to provide himself with daily bread. The stranger built himself a rude cell, close by, roofed it with logs and earth, and dwelt there alone, providing secretly for the wants of the bereaved father, who in his mental imbecility never thought of asking whence came the plentiful provisions that every day appeared in his hut, or who had hired the servant that waited on him.

"It is two years," continued the dame, "since the old man died. A large number of the country people attended his funeral. A stranger, dressed in black, of fashionable appearance, mingled among them. Few recognised, in this well-dressed stranger, the Recluse who had lived so long in the forest; but I well knew it could be no other."

Such was the landlady's story. A love-tale so romantic might have suited the ruins of some feudal castle, under Italian skies. Its tragedy had been enacted in the depth of an American forest! Surely the passion is well named universal!

Some years after, in passing through the Tuscarora Valley, I felt curious to learn what had become of the Recluse in the Shades of Death. None could give me information. He had left the scene of his sorrow and his repentance; perhaps driven by impulses of a restless spirit, to mingle once more in the world. A neat church has been erected by the honest and thriving settlers, upon the very spot where his hermitage stood. I learned that it was a favourite custom with the country maidens to go and strew with flowers the grave of the unfortunate Alice. Nay, the old women sometimes repeat a story that was long current, of her ghost having been once or twice seen on the brow of the hill, where she last parted from her lover.

THE FIELD OF WHEAT.

FIELD of wheat, so full and fair,
Showing thus thy shining hair,
Lightly waving either way
Where the gentle breezes play,
Looking like a sunny sea,
How I love to gaze at thee!
Pleasant art thou to the sight,
And to thought a rich delight;
Then thy name is music sweet,
Silken-sounding field of wheat!

Pointing upward to the sky,
Rising straight and aiming high,
Every stalk is seen to shoot,
Like an arrow, from the root;
As a well-train'd company,
All in uniform agree,
From the footing to the ear—
All in order strict appear;
Marshall'd by a skilful hand,
All together bow, or stand
Still within the proper bound;
None o'ersteps the given ground,
With its tribute held to pay
At his nod whom they obey.
Each the gems that stud its crown,
Will in time for man lay down.
Thou with promise art replete,
Bearing precious sheaves of wheat!

How thy strength in weakness lies!
Not a robber bird that flies,
Finds support whereby to put
On a stalk her lawless foot;
None her predatory beak
Plunges down thy stores to seek,
Where thy guard of silver spears
Keeps the fruit and decks the ears;
No vain insect that could do
Harm to thee, dares venture through
Armoury like thine, to win
From the sheath the grain within.

What a study do we find
Open'd here for eye and mind!
Who that sees thee as thou art,
Can disown a grateful heart?
Here, upon this favour'd ground,
Faith is bless'd, and Hope is crown'd;
Charity may find the bread
Wide abroad her gifts to spread;
Wisdom, Power, and Goodness meet,
Beauteous, bounteous field of wheat!

Newburyport, Mass.

INFLUENCE OF HOPE.—He who has the least fear of dying has, *cæteris paribus*, the fairest chance to survive. Hope is a modification of joy, or rather joy by anticipation. It exercises a remarkably tonic influence on the body, and is so pleasing and invigorating that it has been termed emphatically the "balm of life." It preserves the mind from stagnating in its present possessions, corrects the uneasiness of desire, and animates the mind to struggle fearlessly with the difficulties which may beset it. He who gave away all he had, reserving only hope, made not so ill a bargain as may be imagined; he took for himself that which is sweetest in life.—*Dr. Winslow.*

THE LUTE.

"LUTE of the green wood bower,
Lute of the lonely glen,
Lute of the purple twilight hour,
Awake thy notes again.

"'Not so, not so—my rest is deep
Where the willow boughs expand,
My chords for thee no music keep,
I brook no stranger hand.'

"And hath thy lonely rest been such?
And is thy breathing mute?
Alas! *I* have no stranger touch,
Mine own familiar lute.

"Thou knowest how we together roved,
'Mid the heather's hanging bells;
Thou knowest how oft we sought and loved
The wild-bee's honied cells.

"Around the hill, beside the tree,
Amid the tangled brake—
Mine is no stranger touch to thee;
Beloved lute, awake!

"'And is it thou, the rambling child
Of mountain, lake, and stream?
And are thy hopes still bright and wild
As in thy girlhood's dream?

"'Thou, whose laugh of thoughtless glee
Rang o'er the green hill side?
And comest thou still with feelings free,
As in those days of pride?'

"Question not, oh! question not,
There hath been much to blame;
Enough, again I seek thy grot,
But come not as I came.

"Enough, the tears of life, the taint
That earth's dark shadow flings,
Are round my path; and sad, and faint,
Once more I touch thy strings.

"'And is it thus the fair dreams pass
From the bounding heart and true?
And is it thus thou comest?—alas!
What time and life can do.'

"There! take again thy childhood's chords,
And wake—but vain, oh! vain,—
They echo but to burning words—
They breathe of nought but pain.

"Away!—the change is deep and dark
That o'er thy soul hath poured;
No breath of thine can wake the spark—
No music melt the chord."

FROM

OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS,
September 26, 1843.

CHERE AMIE,—

Cachemires, velvets, silks of every description and beauty, and displaying peculiar taste and variety in colours and style, are now preparing for Autumn wear. Gimps will not fail to be the fashion-

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able *accessoire* of the *toilettes*, particularly as we see tassels, *cordelières*, fringes, *points en resille d'or*. Silk and beads are the foundations of our *coiffures*, and trimmings of silk dresses; bugles are also still likely to be continued in favour; fringes, *resilles*, *berthes* and *coiffures*, are all ready to receive the rose, *nœud* of velvet or bunch of jet, which stamps its use for *negligée* or dress.

We observe that every thing spotted is much in favour in embroidery, either the round spot or oval of the shape of coffee berries. *Cannezous*, collars, crowns of some caps, all are edged or sprigged with spots of the coffee berry of every size, either in satin-stitch, *application*, or *crochet Suisse*; round spots are without end; *organdy* dresses have been made with flounces covered with rows of spots of increasing size, the larger ones being of the size of a franc piece, other dresses with tucks are equally worked in spots of different sizes, the lower ones being as large as a two franc piece; this is occasionally varied by placing large spots above and below smaller ones, which is also pretty; this fashion has even extended to pocket handkerchiefs, on which the spots are sometimes worked in colours.

Among articles of fancy we must remark a *guimpe* of muslin, plaited from the shoulder to the centre join, with *rabat* or frill formed of two rows of muslin *festonnée*; another *guimpe* was also of India muslin, but had a *rabat* of lace. A muslin *mantelet* also, embroidered with two *pelerines* not reaching below the waist, very much hollowed out at the arms, descending in front with long ends square and trimmed round with rich lace. Sleeves and *chemisettes à la Jeannette* will be very pretty with silk dresses; the sleeves are short but intended to pass the still shorter one of the dress, they have three rows of trimming of *organdy* richly embroidered, and placed as the trimmings *à la Ninon*; the short silk or velvet sleeve is very tight and very short, setting off the triple trimmings very prettily on the arm; the *chemisette* is in the same style, and forms *rabat* or fall of muslin all round the *corsage*, remaining open in the centre, like the little *corsage paysanne*; it is made more or less high inside the silk body as required.

In walking dresses the following have been remarked;—one of pink *bazin Constantine*, the other of *canéléon* silk; the first was with open skirt having double *revers en biais* embroidered with braid, the *corsage* open to the waist with double *revers* forming *pelerine* behind, crossing in front at the waist and embroidered to match the skirt, tight sleeves and under-dress of Scotch cambric; the silk one was open in front, and trimmed with plaitings *à la vieille* of the same material, tight body with rounded point, and ornamented with a row of silk buttons, tight sleeves with a plaiting forming jockey and puffings of white muslin at the openings; under-dress of cambric trimmed with two rows of lace. Two *barège* dresses—one of *vert de mer* was ornamented with three deep flounces *festonnés*, high body, full at the waist and tight at the top, *demi-larges* sleeves with round jockeys trimmed with two flounces *festonnés*, frill and cuffs of lace, *ceinture* of wide ribbon pink and green; the other was striped pink and white with two deep flounces *en biais*, *corsage à la vierge*, full at the waist and with band to edge the top, short sleeves tight and trimmed with flounces to match. We may also mention dresses of *taffetas d'Italie* of the *redingote* form, opening on a high dress; some for *negligé* are of nankin, with tight bodies, puffs on the sleeves and three tucks at equal distances on the skirt.

A pretty dinner dress was of *paille poult de soie*, open in front and rounded at the bottom, edged all round with a plaiting *à la vieille*; the body high on the shoulders and open in front to the waist, also edged with the plaiting, which meets that on the skirt; sleeves *à la religieuse*, with under ones of muslin, and inlets and cuffs of lace falling on the hand. Another was of *poult de soie vert de mer*, with two deep flounces *festonnés* in silk of a deeper colour, and headed by a *ruche* also *festonné*; *corsage* half high, tight, with *fichu Marie Antoinette* of the same *festonné* as the flounces; sleeves *à l'orientale festonnées*, and long under ones of muslin *bouillonnée*; long *ceinture* of green sarcenet ribbon.

Peignoirs of *cachemire* have three folds all round, on which is elegant embroidery; the *pelerine* has three smaller folds also embroidered on each fold, and a wide *ceinture* of the colour of the dress; under skirt of watered silk or *gros de Naples* (white); *redingotes* in checks of pink and white or pink and green with *ruches à la vieille* formed of ribbon half pink and half white or green, form charming *negligés*.

A dress of white crape with double skirt had the upper one ornamented with embroidery of green silk above the hem, which was repeated on the under skirt, rising up *en tablier* in front; the sleeves were short, open, and embroidered all round; the *corsage à la Grecque*, embroidered round the shoulders. A dress of pink *barège* embroidered in white silk all round in light work, which widened in front, covered the whole of the front breadth rising in a point to the waist; the second skirt was much shorter, and open in front, with double *revers* embroidered and headed by similar embroidery to the under one; the sleeves full but short, prettily worked, and *corsage* of the tunic form. Dresses of India muslin have been made trimmed with two deep flounces embroidered, and the upper one headed by embroidery to match worked on the skirt; low body, full at the waist and finished all round the top with a broad band of work; the sleeves full in the seam and round embroidered jockeys. A stylish evening dress of *tarlatane* embroidered, and with double skirt, the under skirt of which was pink and very long, and the upper one considerably shorter, of a rather deep blue; *corsage* with rounded point and *fichu Marie Antoinette* of embroidered muslin, trimmed with three rows of lace, fastening in front with *nœud* and long ends of pink sarcenet ribbon.

The fineness of the weather during the whole of the month has caused all the light elegancies of summer to be continued, and the *pailles de riz* with long feathers, or pink flowers with ribbon of the same colour. Lace bonnets lined with green silk and ornamented with a sprig of heath, fancy straws with ribbon *frise*, and a bunch of roses in the inside, edged with a *ruche* of sarcenet ribbon, have all been in favour. The *capotes* of white crape, with *bouillonnées* lined with lilac silk and ornamented with a *demi-guirlande* of daisies of the same colour, have been very much admired, as well as bonnets of lilac gauze embroidered with silk and having small *marabouts* attached by ornaments of *feuillage*; pink crape bonnets have been made with two rows of lace laid on the edge, and ornamented with white *marabouts*; white point lace bonnets have been lined with white crape, and ornamented with a bunch of pink flowers; fancy straws are trimmed on the front with two rows of plaitings of lilac ribbon, and a cock's feather yellow shaded with lilac at the side.

The Autumnal *capotes* are of satin or *gros de Tours* in pink or blue *glacé* with white, and ornamented with a feather the colour of the bonnet; white satin lined with pink and ornamented with rich point lace, forms at once the most elegant and becoming *coiffure*. Velvet is already in use; and among the prettiest in reserve are bonnets of violet or green velvet, ornamented with *aigrettes* of the heron or tails of the Bird of Paradise shaded the colour of the bonnet. *Capotes* of satin with the feather laid flat are also numerous. A bonnet of deep blue velvet lined with pale sulphur yellow was ornamented with a new *aigrette* called *aile d'oiseau moucheté*. Another of *velours de Grenade* with shaded ribbon and bunch of *plume bruyères*.

Our Queen did not visit the French territory without causing some stir among the *Parisian modistes*; and no doubt many of our new fashions will derive their names, at least, from her. Already, a pretty new *coiffure* is termed *coiffure Victoria*; it was composed for the occasion, and was formed of pink gauze ribbon, intermixed with sprays of emeralds mounted on light branches of green; the same style may be adopted with any ribbon and jet or bead ornaments; it would be pretty with black bugles mixed with pink ribbon, or small white beads with green ribbon; pretty turbans were also made of small lace scarfs lined with pink gauze, without caul, and the front rather narrower than the back, it forms a small coronet over the forehead; this *coiffure* requires the back hair to be rather raised, the ends of the scarf in a *nœud* at the side, in the centre of which is a *coque* of lace and a single rose; this is called *la coiffure Peri*. The *Flora* is pretty, in which the flowers almost usurp the place of *blond*; and the little cap *Provençal*, with its long ends of *blond*, and ribbon falling so gracefully.

The little *coiffures Sevillienne* will, we doubt not, be received with much favour; they are with cauls to cover the hair, and a band or kind of lappet, which is attached to it like the head-piece of a cap, falls on each side the throat, finished with a fringe; this cap is fixed on each side by a handsome pin, or *pompon* of pink satin ribbon, or a flower without leaves, according to the degree of dress required. Small caps are also made without *brides* on *pattes* formed of a head-piece of *cérise* or blue velvet, with *couronne* and *papillons* of *blond*, a few flowers mixed in the folds; others more simple are of *tulle*, with *couronne* of gauze ribbon with coloured edge, *ruche* all round, and *papillon* of *blond*, turning round at the cheeks.

Scarfs of white *barège*, muslin, or Brussels net, are most fashionable; they are worn very wide, so as to form folds about the waist. *Cannezous* are also much worn with *barège* dresses; they are generally embroidered all over in spots or barley seed, and finished with a trimming *festonnée*. *Mantelets* in large spots are also trimmed with muslin *plissé à la vieille*; a ribbon is passed through the *bouillons* of the middle, and sometimes through the narrow hem which edges the fluted trimming.

Echarpes mantelets will be introduced *en attendant* the *pardessus*, in the meantime we must observe the scarfs *guipure*, with long *ceinture* of lilac gauze ribbon; also *mantelets* of *tarlatane* gathered up in front to the waist, rounded behind, and trimmed with three rows of muslin *festonnée* ending at the bend of the arm; the ends are long and rounded, trimmed with a single flounce; all these styles will no doubt be adopted as the season advances, in materials of warmer texture; indeed, already, notwithstanding the really summer weather we have enjoyed the last month, Autumnal *mantelets* of satin, *pekins* or velvet, have been made embroidered and trimmed with lace; scarfs of satin plain, merely trimmed with a row of *Venitienne* laid on plain, and *pelerines* with long ends in front. These ends are long and narrow, passing under the *ceinture*; the back is round.

A few words more before concluding: flowers on bonnets and caps of *blond* or lace, are worn in wreaths, and even on dresses when used they are placed very close; the same may be said of feathers, they are laid on the front and fastened, so as to resist the wind; the following are some of the new flowers in the style required. A *cordon* of rose leaves in velvet, with a large China rose at either end; this *cordon* is to be placed above the *bavolet*, and the two ends meet in the centre of the front; branches of *feuillage* of *mousse* velvet, shot with green, forming rainbow, roses of satin shot with various colours, &c. &c. *Mantelets* in satin of the *basquine* form are pretty in violet satin, trimmed with three rows of lace they are very pretty; also

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scarfs with collars tied at the throat by a *nœud* of ribbon. Striped *pekinées* and *camélions glacés* in four or five colours, appear the most fashionable materials just now, though *plaids* and checks are still worn, but stripes predominate. *Pekins*, *Lucrèce*, crape, *cachemire* of Thibet wools, in checks and stripes, are the novelties of the season for dresses. A very large scarf has been introduced, called *scarf of Lochleven*, of tartan plaid, so much more voluminous than hitherto worn, enveloping the shoulders, person, and arms, that should it be generally adopted, it will rival with the new *mantelet*, in preparation for the cold season.

A vous, &c.

E. C.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.

No. 1.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of *glacé* silk; the *corsage* is open to the waist, with trimmings *à la vieille* of ribbon meeting at the waist; long tight sleeves, and three deep flounces on the skirt, pinked at the edge, and also on the heading. *Capotes* of pink gauze *lissé* with folds laid on, and very deep veil of *tulle* with broad hem.

No. 2.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of *glacé* silk; the *corsage* is with *pelerine* forming a deep point and trimmed with small straps confined by a button; the same is repeated down the centre of the skirt, and on a much smaller scale down the long sleeve; rich scarf of *cachemire*. Bonnet of white satin, lined with pink, and ornamented with small white feathers placed high on the crown.

No. 3.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of striped *barège*; the *corsage* is high and *en cœur*; tight sleeves with jockeys and cuffs, and two very deep straight flounces on the skirt. Bonnet of *poult de soie*, of the *capote* form, ornamented with flowers and veil of *tulle*.

No. 4.—*Young Lady's Promenade Dress.*—Robe of striped *barège*; the *corsage à cœur* and pointed, and sleeves with jockeys edged with ribbon *à la vieille*, which also forms the heading of the second deep flounce; *capote à coulisses* of white silk, edged with *biais* of gauze, and trimmed with flowers, and violet-coloured ribbon. *Mantelet* of shot silk, forming *pelerine* behind, and long ends rounded on one side, trimmed with *gimp*.

No. 5.—*Public Promenade Dress.*—Robe of checked silk; the *corsage* is high, with small *pelerine* fastening with buttons and trimmed with plaitings *à la vieille*; the sleeves are half long, with under ones of muslin in fulness confined by bands; the skirt has one very deep flounce edged with the same trimming as the *pelerine*. *Capote à coulisses* of pink silk, ornamented by a *ruche*.

No. 6.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of *tulle* over satin; the *corsage* is pointed and covered by a rich lace *berthe* which is double and entirely conceals the sleeves; the skirt is looped up twice on the left side by two *bouquets* of roses, the second placed a little above the other. *Coiffure* of hair in plats, ornamented with flowers.

No. 7.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of *écru* silk; the *corsage* is high and with *pelerine* of the *cannezous* form, trimmed round with a *ruche* of the same, which also forms heading to one deep flounce on the skirt; plain sleeves; and bonnet of blue *poult de soie*, with feathers.

No. 8.—*Public Déjeûner Dress.*—Robe of *glacé* silk with pointed body and short sleeves; *mantelet* of embroidered *tarlatane* with trimmings *à la vieille* of *tulle*. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, trimmed with ribbon *à la vieille* placed round the edge, and crossing the crown with *nœud* at the side.

No. 9.—*Capote* of blue silk, ornamented with lace.

No. 10.—Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with flowers.

No. 11.—Dinner cap of *tulle* trimmed with lace, rounding off at the ears, and *bouquet* of flowers.

No. 12.—Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with plume of shaded cock's feathers.

No. 13.—*Capote* of pink silk, with single flower at the side.

PLATE II.

No. 1.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of satin *Turc*; the *corsage à cœur* with *revers* forming epaulette on the shoulders and meeting in a point at the waist trimmed with *points de Venise*; the sleeves are loose with under ones of muslin, cuffs and frill of lace; two deep flounces edged and headed with *points de Venise*. Bonnet of *poult de soie*, ornamented with puffings of ribbon and frill.

No. 2.—*Young Lady's Walking Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of silk; the *corsage* is of the habit form, fastening with buttons and falling a little over the skirt, narrow velvet edges the *revers* on the body, the sleeves at the hands, and five rows descend the centre of the skirt. Bonnet of *poult de soie*, with *biais* round the edge, and wreath of daisies entirely crossing the crown. Habit shirt of cambric with narrow frill round the throat.

No. 3.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of *barège*; the *corsage*, which is high, is as well as the sleeves *à coulisses*, and rather pointed at the waist, with long *ceinture* of ribbon, three tucks of moderate width on the skirt. Bonnet of fancy straw, with wreath of flowers crossing the crown. Very small collar of lace.

No. 4.—*Public Déjeûner Dress.*—Robe of striped *organdy*; the *corsage* is in fulness from the shoulders to the centre and round at the waist, sleeves *à la Louis XIII.* with under ones of muslin *à coulisses*, two rows of deep fringe on the skirt matching the dress, and headed with *points de Venise*. Bonnet of crape, with *biais* round the edge and ornamented with flowers and lace.

No. 5.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of green velvet; the *corsage* is pointed and with deep folds on the top, nearly covering the body and upper part of the sleeves, which are of black lace in *bouillons*, divided by inlets—*guimpe* of *tulle* with two rows of narrow lace round the top. Bonnet of pink silk, ornamented with feathers and a lace veil.

No. 6.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of *écru poult de soie*; the body is quite high, and pointed at the waist, narrow frill of lace round the throat, and tight sleeves unornamented. Bonnet of fancy straw, with wreath of flowers.

No. 7.—*Young Lady's Walking Dress.*—Robe of checked *barège*; the *corsage* is high on the shoulders but open in front to the waist, and laced across; long loose sleeves with under ones of muslin; one very deep flounce on the skirt. *Capote à coulisses* of green silk, with full *ruche* of ribbon on the crown.

No. 8.—*Carriage Dress.*—*Robe redingote* of *foulard*; the *corsage* is high, and round at the waist; long tight sleeves with jockeys edged with *ruches*, a similar *ruche* descends the skirt *en tablier*, and rounding above the hem is continued round the skirt. Bonnet of crape, ornamented with lace and flowers.

No. 9.—*Capote* of blue silk, with long flat ostrich feather.

No. 10.—Bonnet of citron satin, with plume of three small feathers.

No. 11.—Cap of *tulle* trimmed with lace, which crosses the forehead and rounds off at the ears, which are ornamented with loops of ribbon.

No. 12.—Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with two rows of lace laid on flat, and *demi guirlands* of flowers.

No. 13.—*Capote à coulisses* of pink silk, with wreath of roses.

PLATE III.

No. 1.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of *caméléon* silk; the *corsage* is high and round at the waist, ornamented by a trimming forming lozenges, in the centre it crosses the shoulders to the waist, also forms jockeys to the tight sleeves, and ornaments the skirt *en tablier*. Bonnet of pink satin edged with *biais* of gauze *lissé*, and plume of three feathers.

No. 2.—*Walking Dress.*—*Redingote* of satin *Turc*; the *corsage* is high and tight, with trimming *à la vieille*, enriched by bands of *gimp* laid across, continued from the throat down the centre of the skirt; sleeves of moderate fulness. Bonnet of citron *poult de soie* trimmed with lace and flowers. Small cambric collar trimmed with lace.

No. 3.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of *taffetas d'Italie*; the *corsage* is high and quite plain with point; the sleeves tight with jockeys; a single very deep flounce on the skirt headed by a double *bouillon*. Scarf of white *barège*. Bonnet of *paille* silk, almost covered by the trimmings of lace.

No. 4.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of *barège*; the *corsage* is of similar form to the one just described, with tight sleeves ornamented by a double row of plaitings *à la vieille* of ribbon; the same forms heading to each of the three tucks, the last reaching nearly to the waist. Bonnet, front view of the one mentioned above, Fig. No. 3. Small worked collar.

No. 5.—*Young Lady's Dinner Dress.*—Robe of *barège*; the *corsage* is full from the top to the waist, with narrow lace heading it, sleeves full lengthways into the seam, and long *ceinture* with *nœud* of checked sarcenet ribbon. Bonnet of green silk, with *biais* round the edge and flowers at the side.

No. 6.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of *tarlatane*; the *corsage* is with point and embroidered *berthe*, short sleeves with jockeys of lace, and three rows of embroidery on the skirt. *Coiffure* of hair in ringlets, and *nœud* of ribbon at the side.

No. 7.—*Young Lady's Dinner Dress.*—Robe of *organdy*; the *corsage* is with point and stomacher formed with *bouillons* of the same, two of which go entirely round the top of the body and edge the short sleeves; as many as fourteen rows of the same sized *bouillons* ornament the bottom of the skirt; *nœud* and long ends of rich ribbon at the waist. *Coiffure* of hair in *bandeaux* and flowers intermixed.

No. 8.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of *glacé* silk; the *corsage* is high and *à cœur*, with tight sleeves. *Mantelet* of black lace forming deep *pelerine* behind, and hollowed at the arms, it falls in long ends trimmed round with broad lace; a quilling *à la vieille* of *tulle* round the throat, which is continued down the centre, the *mantelet* meeting in front. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with *demi guirlande* of flowers.

No. 9.—Bonnet of pink silk, ornamented with lace and a single large rose at the side.

No. 10.—*Capote* of *paille de riz* trimmed with sarcenet ribbon.

No. 11.—Bonnet of *paille de riz*, with shaded plume of cock's feather laid across.

No. 12.—*Capote à coulisses* of pink silk, with flowers.

No. 13.—Bonnet of citron satin, with feathers of the same colour.

THIS WORLD KNOWS NOT THE POET'S WORTH.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

The world condemns—it judges not—
Nor questions, if there is a blot
Attach'd to a transcendent name,
Whether it be of guilt—of shame—
Or basely stamp'd by envy there,
To dim, what else had shone too fair;—
As artists, for the contrast-sake,
Will smirch a picture, but to make

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The other parts appear more bright,
To fascinate the gazer's sight.
Rise! Genius' sons, elastic rise
Proudly above your enemies,
Their futile arts to injure, scorn,
Proclaim for glory ye were born,
True to your splendid destiny
Their evil auguries defy.
'Gainst ye their shafts are vainly hurl'd,
"Ye're in, but are not of the world!"
With fear, the timid shrink surprised
From malice, thus antagonized
To talent, which is ever prone
To conquer'd bow, at the first stone
Cast at it by malignity,
Nor struggles, but submits to die!
The breath upon the polished steel,
Rubb'd instant off, does but reveal
A brighter surface—but left *there*,
It will corrode—when utmost care
To move the rust, is spent in vain,
Nought can obliterate its stain.
Oh! so the breath of spite doth dim
Too oft the brilliant name of him
Whose only crime is being blest
With tones the seraphs first possest,
The strains that were in Heaven sung
Ere this terraqueous globe was hung
By hand divine—when, lo! on earth
Flaming the Poet blazed to birth,
Warbling below, how saints express
Their Paradisean happiness!
Ye Parias of Prosperity,
Exult! wealth would be obloquy!
Lift high your foreheads to the brand
That stamps ye *Cains* throughout the land,
That, as above the world ye tow'r,
Its sordid sons may feel a pow'r
Is guiding safely to the goal
Where Fame's resplendent aureole
Glitters to wreathe your throbbing brow,
Aching, alas, with anguish now!
Heed not the pangs, which angels wait,
With tender love, to mitigate;
Healing the guileless hearts which bleed,
By hatred probed, for no misdeed.

LITERATURE.

"THE HEROES OF AFFGHANISTAN."

A Song written and respectfully dedicated to Lady Sale, by Miss Hamilton. The Music by F. Flowers, Esq., Mus. Bac. Oxon.

With the increasing taste for music in this country, it is much to be lamented that we have had no *Modern National* Song—nothing to embody the feelings of the people, to render them happier and better, when they think of Britain's Glory. To "The Heroes of Affghanistan" we assign the long vacant throne. Who can read these descriptive lines without intense feeling for the struggles and the triumphs they record!

The melody is at once simple and effective.

"Britons, who many a battle-field have won—
Recorded deeds of many a gallant son,
New triumphs sing—let Fame's loud clarion sound
Affghanistan's conqu'rors' names the wide world round.

Oh, it was glorious thus to stand,
O'er the wild despots hold command,
Arouse to life the mountain strife—
And quell the rebels of a ruthless land:
To arms! to arms! and death defy!
Your comrades fall—their ranks supply.
If England's voice our souls inspire,
Where is the tyrant who shall quench its fire?
Sons of the brave, on Ghiznee plain,
Who died their honour to maintain—
With conquest flushed the insulter hurl'd
Defiance to the Western world!
Hark! hark! 'Tis liberty appears,
And high to heav'n her banner rears;
Triumphant still the cause shall be—
Think of your homes, and follow me.

Wives and infants doom'd to shame,
Shout each fond remember'd name—
Thro' the rocks to glorious day—
Love and freedom force their way;
Crown'd with victory, chieftains come,
Welcome to your English home!
Long your deeds shall live in story
Beauty's theme—your nation's glory."

A worthy tribute from a soldier's daughter to a soldier's wife.

The Association for the Aid and Protection of Dress Makers and Milliners.

Press of matter this month obliges us to defer to the next some remarks which we feel it our duty to make regarding this admirable Association. We are delighted to see ladies of the first families in the kingdom—rank and fashion standing forward to promote this holy work! A glance at the subscription list is sufficient to show the determination with which these ladies have taken the thing in hand. On the Committee we see the names of the Duchess of Sutherland, Countess of Kenmare, Lady Francis Egerton, Lady Ashley, Viscountess Canning, Lady Georgiana S. Wortley, Lady Georgina Bathurst, Lady Louisa Finch, Lady Pirie, Mrs. James Taylor, Miss Burdett Coutts, Mrs. D. Laing, Mrs. Grainger, Miss Milner.

The Illustrated London News. Strand, and all Newsmen and Stationers.

This very beautiful publication was the first of Illustrated Newspapers; and, though many rivals have attempted to steal its laurels, *first* it remains—and *first* it will continue, as long as its spirited proprietors maintain the same unwearied zeal in catering for the public taste. The idea of embellishing a weekly newspaper, which should be stamped to forward through the Post-office, and give the news of the week, &c. for *Sixpence!* was at first looked upon as ridiculous; but the present unprecedented circulation of the "*Illustrated London News*," and the great success which has attended it throughout, shows that the projectors well calculated on the amount of public taste in England.

The wood-cuts are generally so well executed, that it would not be doing justice to the publication, to select any particular weekly number on which to bestow our encomiums.

The paper of the 23rd September is highly interesting, in the various scenes which describe our gracious Queen's reception in Belgium; and when it is considered that eminent artists are sent purposely on these occasions, and at a great expense, to take the views, &c. *on the very spot*, the guarantee of *correct representation* increases the value of the work. We should say that more is known of the Queen's late visits to the Continent, by glancing at the pictures of the "*Illustrated London News*," than by reading ten times the amount of letter-press, where the pencil has not assisted the writer. All the back numbers are sold in elegantly bound and gilt volumes, which form an ornament to the library or drawing-room, as well as an interesting epitome of the times in which we live.

May the proprietors long enjoy the success which they now have, and which they so richly merit!

A Question for the Ladies.—There is one circumstance in the march of improvement that has been in a great measure overlooked,—and that is the facility of transport by means of a *reduced postage*. We appeal to the Ladies, if "Knowledge" is not truly "Power," when they can have transmitted to them, a whole series of such admirable and useful works as those published at 1s. each by C. Mitchell, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, through the Post?—Nor is the Publisher's enterprise to be overlooked in this matter. For a remittance of the above sum, or its amount in Postage Stamps, he ensures any one of his books FREE to all parts of the Kingdom!—Need we name his *Guides*,—those invaluable appendages to every Lady's Work or Reading Table?—Who has not heard of his "Fancy Needlework and Embroidery;" "Knitting, Netting, and Crochet;" "Domestic Needlework and Baby's Wardrobe;" "Guide to Female Happiness, through the Paths of Virtue;" "How to Keep House," and the "Ball Room Guide?"—And it is gratifying to find Her Majesty has extended her patronage to this Series, as an example,—for a liberal encouragement can alone repay the Publisher; and we are quite certain, that the intrinsic value of the Guides, and the easy and original manner of obtaining them, will ensure a very extended sale. Every gentleman should present them as tokens of esteem.

It often falls to our lot to speak of inventions, the practice or employment of which may affect the commerce, or overthrow the custom of nations. It is not less pleasing to us to notice improvements which add to *individual comfort*, and particularly to the convenience of *the invalid*. We would, therefore draw attention to the locomotive, reclining-and-self-adjusting chair, brought out by Ingram, in the City-road. The machinery is so simple, and at the same time so effective, that the sufferer has it entirely under his own command, and can thus alter the position of his body without the least painful effort. This contrivance is of the greatest value in spine complaints, &c.

Heads of families cannot be too strongly admonished against the common but pernicious practice of administering to their children in any of their little ailments those drastic powders, all of which contain more or less of calomel, which they are so constantly in the habit of procuring from their apothecary or chemist; for although the convenience of their minute bulk and absence of nauseating taste is great, yet the frequent repetition of such medicines produces a softening of the bones and premature decay of the teeth most prejudicial to the constitution during the whole period of life. Of late years there have been made great improvements in Vegetable Chemistry, by which the active principles of many simple and innocent medicines have been separated from their inert and nauseating parts. The greatest boon has been conferred upon mankind, and more especially upon the rising generation, by separating the active principle of that universally esteemed purgative, Senna, by Mr. John Freeman, a practical chemist, living in the Blackfriars Road, who has removed all its nauseating and griping properties, and rendered it so peculiarly pleasant to the taste, that children will take it with a positive relish. This preparation, which he denominates "Sweet Essence of Senna," is sold by most respectable Druggists, extensively patronised by the Queen's Physicians as a valuable acquisition to the Royal Children, and its moderate price places it within the reach of the most humble.—*Bell's Weekly Messenger.*

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PLATE I.

LONDON AND PARIS

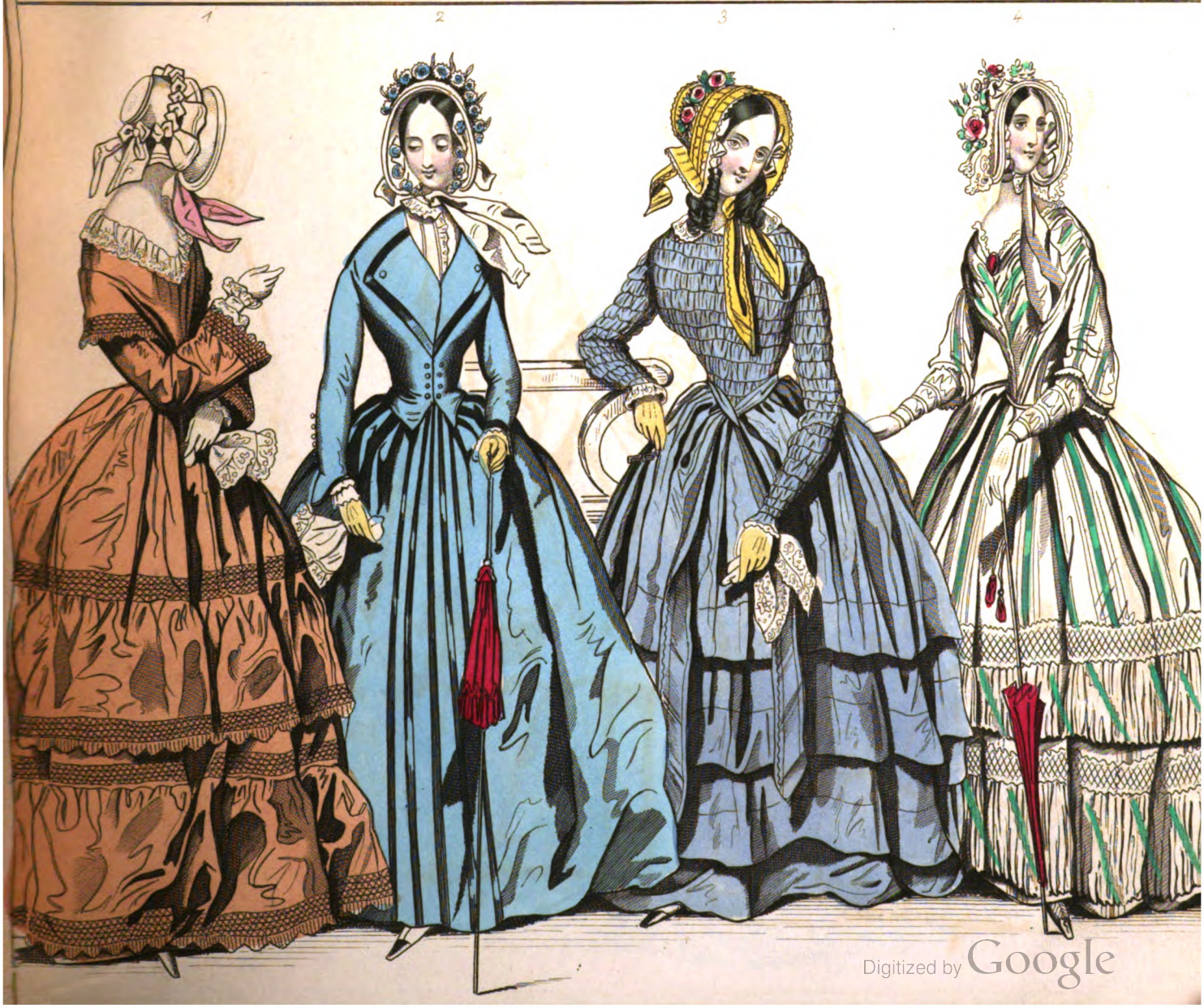


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LONDON AND PARIS





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PLATE III.

LONDON AND PARIS



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COME TO THE GARDEN WITH ME, LOVE.



SECOND VERSE.

When twilight time has dimm'd the hou
And rest is on the roses;
When evening folds up all the flowers,
And every thing reposes;
I am waiting, and wishing for thee, love
Then come to the garden with me, love

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THE LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, AND MUSIC.

EMBELLISHED WITH MUSIC, ARRANGED WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO-FORTE HARP AND GUITAR.

NOVEMBER, MDCCCXLIII.



THE HUSBAND'S FRIEND.

I WISH, Ladies and Gentlemen, that you knew my Uncle Savory—he is such an excellent fellow—such an adept at composing (for it is nothing less) a salad, brewing a jorum of punch, or filling the chair at a club dinner. His eye is as bright as the Bude light, while his face looks like a map of good humour, every wrinkle being the boundary of some merriment. He promises to be as fat as a butter firkin, though my grandmother has a picture of him when he was as slim as a threescore and ten spinster. He was in love at that time, and this very likeness was intended as a gift to his *dulcinea*. Luckily, uncle found her out before he had so far committed himself as to present her with his *effigie*. She jilted him most shamefully, and Uncle Savory took his disappointment so seriously to heart, that he became misanthropical, and retired from the world with no other companion than a bottle of Irish whiskey and a German tobacco-pipe. He remained in a state of seclusion for eight and forty hours, and was for years as broken-hearted a man as love ever subjugated. He resolved to avoid the chances of a second attachment; so gave up housekeeping, took chambers in Lincoln's-inn, dined promiscuously, drank moderately, retired to rest whenever it suited his humour, and exercised the enviable privilege of letting himself in by a latch-key.

There is a little club called the "Ringdoves." It derived its name from the members being all married men, with one exception, and that one was my Uncle Savory. The Ringdoves hold their meetings in one of the out of the way corners of the metropolis, and are famous for nothing but their tendency to good-fellowship and decided aversion to early hours.



Uncle Savory was very popular with this set of roysterers; he was not given to jeer at matrimony, sang a very tolerable song, and never rose from the table until every one else had departed. In fact, he might be considered as the thong which bound together those convivial *fasces;* and whenever the gout held him at home by the toe, the "Ringdoves" seemed another set of beings, or, as one of them remarked, "They all seemed *at home,*" which, according to their illustration of that popular phrase, signified that they were insufferably dull.

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The consequence of this popularity of my Uncle Savory was a world of misrepresentation; and a few weeks since, the malignity to which he was exposed brought him into such a state of despondency that he was actually detected drinking a tumbler of unadulterated *filtered water*—mark the peculiarity of his disorder—the water was actually *filtered!*

As I shall not be able to frame an apology for my uncle thus degrading himself, I will merely detail the persecution which induced this pitiable physical and moral prostration.

Women (Goddesses that they are!) have a logic peculiarly their own. With them it is an axiom, "that their *own* husbands can do no wrong but at the instigation of others."

I have said that the "Ringdoves" were married men, and consequently received from their respective spouses the benefit of the aforenamed immunity—alloyed, however, by the infliction of those "pains and penalties" which wedded ladies know how to administer so admirably.

Reader, you must fancy the return home of Mr. Brown, of the Ringdoves, and a colloquy something like the following:—

"Oh, it *is* you—nice time to come home, Brown—past one—and the fire out."

"My dear, I'm ashamed—"

"Oh, nonsense."

"I am, indeed. Is that the boot-jack?—but I couldn't get away; and—ugh!—curse the boot!"

"Not get away? you talk like a child. There, don't drink cold water in that manner—you had better take a couple of *Cockles!* There's two striking."

"Two! Really, my dear, I'd no idea of the time. Is my night-cap on your side?"

"Here!"

"Well, you needn't throw it into the ewer. You're angry."

"Angry—isn't it past two?"

"It wasn't my fault. There was Jackson, and little What's-his-name that keeps a pony, and Savory."

"Savory!—that man ought to be ashamed of himself; he never goes home. I should like to tell him a little of my mind."

"He's my fri—end,—my dear, and puts—less—oil in his—punch—"

"He's a perfect nuisance, and oughtn't to associate with married men. Brown!—Brown! Why you're snoring!"

During the above, Mrs. Jackson may be also indulging in a soliloquy, and a fancy portrait of her husband's friend—Uncle Savory.

"These coals ar'n't worth a farthing—Brown ought to be prosecuted for selling such rubbish—Jackson's a fool to deal with him. Two o'clock! Jackson's with that Savory again. What a brute that fellow must be—how Jackson can degrade himself by making a friend of such a low—red haired—I hate red hair—red faced—tipsy—I wonder if he's ever sober—abandoned *roué*. Jackson never used to go on in this way till he knew Savory—quarter past two—that Savory's a villain. I wonder what he has been—a gambler—a smuggler—(that's Jackson's step! No it isn't)—a pirate—a spy—(there's a cab. No, it has stopp'd next door)—a forger—a returned convict. Gracious me! can any thing have happened to Jackson? Has that Savory been playing tricks with him? Has——.Oh! there he is. I'll lock up the liquor bottle, let him in, and tell him what I think of his friend Savory."

These scenes are not altogether imaginary;—the phraseology alone partakes of the ideal, but every lady of every member of the "Ringdoves," looked upon Uncle Savory as their husband's friend, and abused and misrepresented him accordingly. Poor uncle! little did he think, that whilst he listened to the eulogy of first one and then the other of the "Ringdoves," and felt the blood in his heart bubbling with honest pride at their commendations of his salads and punch, his songs and admirable conduct in the chair, that their fairer and better moieties were loading him with "curses not loud but deep," as the primary cause of the consumption of rushlights and connubial absenteeism.

The veil was at length removed from his eyes towards the heel of as pleasant an evening as ever gathered upon the orgies of the happy fraternity of the "Ringdoves." Jackson twitted Brown with being a nightly auditor to a private lecture on the "conjugal duties;" Brown retaliated upon Briggs, whose laugh was the loudest at the marital penance of his fellow "Ringdove;" Briggs revenged himself upon Dobbs, who had been betrayed into an expression of sympathy for his nocturnal snubbings; Dobbs filliped Smith; Smith grilled Jones; Jones roused White; and so on, until each member of the club had confessed to keeping "a grey mare," and laughed heartily at his own domestic thraldom. Uncle Savory was paralysed; for every man had ended his acknowledgment with the same harrowing assertion—

"My wife says it's all Savory's fault!"

He had fancied himself indifferent to the opinion of the world in general, and of the fairer portion in particular; but now that he heard himself a by-word by men's hearths—a social vampire that was feeding upon the domestic felicity of a dozen hearts—he felt the punch become ice in his bowels, and the fragrant fumes of his beloved weed change to the unsavouriness of an expiring candle.

The last "Ringdove" had departed, and still my uncle sat with an empty jug before him; and it was not until the waiter, surprised at the phenomenon of his abstinence, informed him that it was three o'clock, that he laid down his long exhausted pipe, and retired to his lonely chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

How desolate appeared his condition! He would have given half that he was worth for one of those curtain lectures of which he had heard so much during the past evening; but there was nothing sitting up for him but a little night lamp, that burned as steadily as though it were upon the altar of a Romish saint. If it had only sputtered, my Uncle Savory would have been gratified. No, he was alone! No angered voice, yet gentle in its anger, reproached him for the lateness of his return, or excused his regretted absence by the attractions of some husband's friend. He felt the whole weight of the convivial delinquencies of the club rested upon his devoted name, and he shuddered at the conviction. Uncle Savory doats upon children. In the humour he was in, the strangest fancy found ready admittance into his brain, and he imagined that all the infant Ringdoves, in their prayers for protection, were taught to lisp his name in conjunction with that of the wicked one. He thought he heard the angered mother threaten her perverse child to "send for Mr. Savory;" and then he recalled the visions of his early love, and began to speculate upon the possibility of his heart sprouting again.

The latter idea acted as a sedative, and he became sufficiently calm to mix a small glass of brandy and water, and resort to his old friend, the maerschaum.

The twittering of the house sparrows at length warned him of the day-break, and he crept into bed with a very confused head, the result either of drinking or reflection—my own opinion leans to the former supposition.

For some evenings the Ringdoves saw nothing of my Uncle Savory, and the only information they could gain of him was from a small piece of paper which they found wafered on his door, inscribed with this laconic sentence—"Gone out;"—but where?—that was the mystery; and serious thoughts were entertained of advertising the missing gentleman, when to the great relief of the little community, Uncle Savory made his appearance at the Thursday's meeting.

Many were the inquiries as to the cause of his absence, but upon this point he refused to satisfy them; and as his wonted humour diffused its influence amongst them, they soon ceased to care for the past in the enjoyment of the present. The fact is, my uncle had stolen quietly down to Gravesend, in order to argue over in his own mind what he ought to do in his present state of feeling. At first he inclined to matrimony; but recollecting what a violent change it would necessarily produce, he gave up the pleasing dream, and set to work to free himself from the odium attached to a husband's friend. The plan he decided upon was a simple one, and accident enabled him to execute it at much less trouble and inconvenience than he at first anticipated.

It so happened that Mrs. Brown had issued invitations for a tea party, on the evening succeeding my uncle's return, and he learned with extreme delight that the visitors included all the wives of the "Ringdoves." A little *badinage*, cleverly introduced by Uncle Savory, induced every husband to promise to attend at the club and abandon the tea-table—a resolution which was strengthened by the assurance of my uncle that he should consider their presence on the ensuing evening as a personal obligation to himself.

The morrow evening came, but not Uncle Savory, and numerous were the conjectures of the "Ringdoves" to account for his absence. As I have no wish to keep the reader in suspense, let me beg of him to conceive the drawing-room of Mrs. Brown, crowded with the wives of the "Ringdoves," and at that point of time when the marital misdemeanours were the universal subject of conversation.

"Of course you have heard of Savory?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"What! *that* fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobbs.

"A *little imp!*" said Mrs. Jackson.

"The *greatest* nuisance that *I* know," remarked Mrs. Briggs.

"That—what shall I call him?" continued Mrs. Brown, pausing for a word sufficiently comprehensive to express the fulness of her disgust—"That—that—*friend* of my husband—"

"And mine!" said Mrs. Briggs.

"And mine!" said Mrs. Dobbs.

"And mine!" said Mrs. Jackson—"that *friend* is the tempter—the Mephistophiles that leads my poor J. into late hours and incipient intoxication."

Briggs, Dobbs, Jackson, &c., were declared to be equally victims.

"I do believe if I were to see that wretch," said Mrs. Brown, "that I should—" here she paused to peruse the inscription on a card which

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the servant had just delivered to her—her lip whitened—the bird of Paradise in her turban shook as with an ague as she gasped out the name of

MR. ROGER SAVORY.

Had a bomb-shell been suddenly dropped into the tea-urn, the party could not have been more panic-stricken—a feeling that was not allayed by the entrance of my uncle—the universal bugbear, the "Spring-heeled Jack"—to their domestic quiet!

My uncle paused at the door—he bowed—(he is celebrated for his bow). Mrs. Brown rose and hinted—mind, only *hinted*—a curtsy.

"I am afraid that I am an intruder," said my uncle in the blandest of tones; "but"—and he paused.

"O dear, no!" replied Mrs. Brown, "pray"—(her conscience smote her as she uttered the request)—"pray be seated."

"Thank you," said my uncle, depositing his goodly person in a chair. "I expected to have found Mr. Brown here."

"Here!" answered the lady, "surely, Mr. Savory, you could not have expected Mr. Brown had returned home—at—this—early—hour."

Mrs. Jackson had been bursting to speak. "Perhaps, my dear, Mr. Savory knows his own attractions; and considered it probable, that as he was away, Mr. B. might have thought of his wife and friends."

It did not coincide with my uncle's purpose to understand the drift of Mrs. Jackson's remarks—he therefore smiled.

"My object in calling," he said at length, "was to leave my address in Paris."

"In Paris!" exclaimed the ladies simultaneously.

"In Paris!" continued my uncle. "I leave town in three hours; and I fear it will be—years"—(here my uncle blew his nose grievously)—"ere I return to my native land."

A beam of pleasure stole over every countenance in the room.

"Pray take a cup of tea," said Mrs. Brown; "as you are going to travel, it may, perhaps, be agreeable."

"You are very kind," answered my uncle—and drawing his chair to the table, he accepted the proffered beverage.

By degrees he contrived to lead the ladies into conversation; and by touching upon those topics only which he conceived to be most acceptable to them, contrived to prolong his visit until within half an hour of the time he had named for his departure. He rose, and gracefully took his leave, requesting that his best wishes might be conveyed to the absent husbands. The ladies declared that Mr. Savory was anything but a disagreeable man.

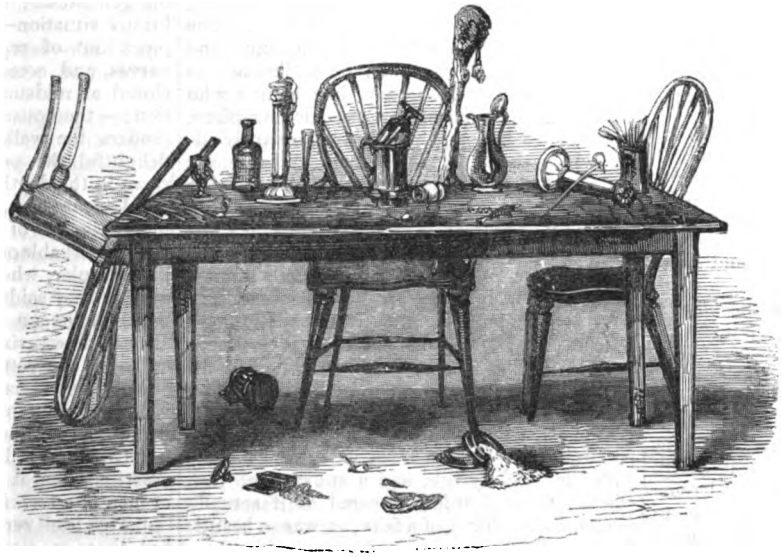
No sooner had the street door closed upon my uncle than he threw himself into a cab, and ordered the driver to convey him to the locality of the "Ringdoves." He rushed into the room, as though breathless from exertion, and tendered a thousand apologies for his unavoidable absence, ordered in a bowl of punch as a piece offering, and commenced a *fusillade* of jokes that soon set "the table in a roar." The clock chimed three as the merry roysterers turned into the street, each voting Uncle Savory "the best fellow in the world."

The result was exactly what my uncle anticipated. Not one wife would admit the old excuse—"It was that Savory!"

"Savory, the agreeable gentleman who was then snoring in the Dover coach? Impossible!"

From that night all the ladies were convinced that my uncle was an injured innocent, and the Ringdoves, fearful of exciting more illiberal suspicions, never sought to palliate their delinquencies by the mention of the name of their "friend Savory."

(*From the "Illuminated Magazine," by permission of the Proprietors.*)



HALLOWED GROUND.

WHERE, oh where is hallowed ground?
Listen where the night-winds sound,
Murmuring though the lonely pile
Of some old cathedral aisle;
Where, with rainbow colours stained,
Moonlight though the windows rained,
Falls upon the marble tomb,
Glimmering starlike through the gloom;
While the silent banner droops,
O'er the sculptured warrior groups;
Here the song of praise hath stirred,—
Here the organ peal been heard,—
Here hath waked the voice of prayer,—
Surely hallowed ground is there.

Yes! and yet not only here;—
Come unto this church-yard near;
Where the gentle whispering breeze
Softly rustleth through the trees;
Where the moonbeam, pure and white,
Falls in floods of cloudless light,
Bathing many a turfy heap,
Where the lowlier slumberers sleep;
And the graceful willow waves,
Banner-like, o'er nameless graves:
Here hath prayer arisen like dew,—
Here the earth is holy too.
Lightly press each grassy mound;
Surely this is hallowed ground!

Holy these; yet not alone.
Oft, where neither name or stone
Of the parted keep a trace,
Is a consecrated place;—
Oft, "the huts where poor men lie"
Have an unseen dignity;—
Oft the halls of stately pride,
Are to holy ground allied:
Many a mountain, many a vale,
Scene of some inspiring tale
Of the olden chivalry,
Seems a sacred spot to be,—
Seems to say that hallowed ground,
May in every land be found.

Yes! where mighty names have been
Linked unto an earthly scene;—
Where the poet and the sage
Poured their hearts upon the page;—
Where the patriot loved to tread,
Where he found his warrior bed;—
Where the messengers of God
In a stranger country trod,
Bearing first the tidings high
Of man's glorious destiny;—
Where the martyr's blood sublime
Sowed Heaven's seed for future time;—
To these spots our hearts are bound,—
Here, *indeed*, is hallowed ground!

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THE BACHELOR IN SEARCH OF LODGINGS.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"There's not a grain of faith or honesty
In all your sex: you've tongues like the hyæna,
And only speak us fair to ruin us;
You carry springs within your eyes, and can
Outweep the crocodile, till our too much pity
Betray us to your merciless devourings."
SHIRLEY'S *Love's Cruelty*.

"COMMODIOUS Accommodation for Unmarried Gentlemen."—"Ah!" said Mr Peter Simons, musingly, after he had carefully perused the above notice more than once, as it hung suspended by a blue ribbon in the recently-cleaned first-floor window of a remarkably attractive-looking residence, situated in the centre of Victoria Terrace, Somers Town,—"This certainly appears more promising than the one I was on the eve of engaging yesterday, where 'Single Gentlemen Were Taken In and Done For.'

"How extremely fortunate I did not fully decide then: there is nothing, after all, like sleeping upon an important affair—nothing like taking time to consider—to reflect—to weigh deliberately all the pros and cons. Nothing! And this laburnum, too, festooning the windows with its wreaths of bright golden bells, gives the house quite a rural and romantic character, making it altogether a 'Rus in urbe.'

"A man must be dissatisfied indeed, who could not take up his rest here—who could not enjoy his 'Otium cum dignitate,' and snap his fingers at care. There is even something peculiarly pleasing to a sensitive mind, in the very phraseology of this announcement—it has none of the hackneyed vulgarity of—'Apartments for Single Gentlemen'—nor the more horribly terrific threat of 'Single Men Taken In and Done For.'

"What awful apparitions does the imagination, startled from its propriety, instantly conjure up, at the appalling sentence 'done for.' In a moment, the ghost of Burke rises, holding in his demon hand the Circean cup, (not exactly containing 'Crème de Citronelle—Huile de Venus—or Huile Angelique,' but, 'Brandy Cocktails—Gin Slings—Mint Julep, or Purl, the Nectar and Ambrosia—the "Crême d'Abricot" of the *canaille*')—which was to *hocus* subjects for Mr Brooks's interesting pupils. There stood his amiable coadjutor, Hare, with the plaster of bitumen ready steeped in that infernal Lake of Pitch, which slumbers grimly between Point Nassarina and Point Breca* that was for ever to stifle—

'The maiden's organ, shrill and sound,'

the croaking querulous voice of age, when—

'His big manly voice
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound;'

and the trumpet-tongued warrior, whose tones of encouragement, rising above the cannon's roar, on the battle field, renewed the flagging spirits of his fainting comrades, and excited them to fresh efforts.

"While lo! ensconced behind the door, behold Thurtell, the redoubtable Thurtell, armed, like Vulcan, with the hammer with which, as was delicately insinuated on his trial, he once intended to welcome the ill-starred Weare—his 'Ami du cœur'—his 'Fidus Achates'—his victim at the last!

"Now *here*, on the contrary, is an intimation that a wifeless, childless, middle aged gentleman will be perfectly safe from every murderous assault—that he will be taken every care of, his little wants attended to, and, in fact, where he will be able to enjoy the comforts of a home, without the inconveniences of matrimony. No wife to contradict, no babies to distract, no grown-up daughters falling in love with some young scamp's false mustachios, no gambling fox-hunting sons, wishing the *Governor* six feet under ground, that they may squander their substance at Crockford's or Melton. These are a few of the salient realities that spring out of the dream of love. Facts which must ever keep a prudent man single."

Mr. Peter Simons was leaning over the gate of the house in question, basking in the noontide rays of a July sun, during this long soliloquy, and certainly no house could present a more favourable appearance exteriorily. Three stories high besides the kitchen, with two spacious, showy sash windows in each room, the front newly pointed, a flight of six stone steps leading up to an olive-green painted door, handsomely decorated with a brass knocker, knob, and bell-pull—which said steps, knocker, knob, and bell-pull, were of immaculate purity, although it was not Saturday—as were also the window-curtains; and then the laburnum! who could resist that? Not Mr. Peter Simons; so opening the gate resolutely, like a man who has brought his courage to the sticking place, he ascended the steps with a firmness truly admirable in such a fearful moment, and grasping the knocker, as if seized on the nonce with the fashionable mania of wishing to wrench it off, allowed it to vibrate three times; when his summons was answered in the shortest possible space of time, by the smallest of female domestics, who, with her mistress, had been anxiously watching the lengthened cogitations "de notre garçon," and who, like skilful anglers, knew, from his hesitation, that he was nibbling at the bait, and only wanted plenty of line to be theirs. She was such a little maid as might have served Naaman's wife, with a clean brown holland pinafore, nearly white from its close intimacy with the washing-tub, and a snowy mob cap, whose narrow border appeared as if actually plaited by the hand of a fairy, it was so beautifully small and regular. She was evidently a parish apprentice.

"You have apartments to let, I see," observed Mr. Simons, looking round the elegantly furnished parlour into which she ushered him, with great complacency.

"Yes, sir," she replied, dropping a curtsey.

"What are the terms?"

"Don't know, sir, but I'll send missus,"—then suddenly recollecting that there were such *lusus naturæ* in the world as venerable-looking gentlemen swindlers, she rang the bell instead of quitting the room, keeping her clear blue eye fixed on every movement of the unconscious stranger, who, ignorant of her dark suspicions, was perambulating the apartment quite at his ease, inspecting everything it contained.

On the arrival of Mrs. Morrison, the landlady, Molly, as she called her, immediately disappeared.

"A widow!" exclaimed Mr. Simons, mentally, stealing a furtive glance at her; "that is not *exactly* the sort of thing I wished. But, however,—ahem! you have apartments to let, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir; what should you require, pray."

"Only a sitting and sleeping room—nothing more—I am quite alone."

"That is precisely what I have to dispose of. This is the parlour you would have, with a bedroom above, with a *door* little dressing-room attached to it."

"Oh! I shall not want that, ma'am."

"I charge no more for it, sir; it usually goes with the apartments, and in general, gentlemen who are of *neat* habits, are very glad of it to put away their trunks, or any nasty lumber that might otherwise render their bed-room untidy. I am sure, sir," she added, most insinuatingly, "that *you* would find it a great advantage."

"Very probably—and what are the terms, ma'am?"

"By the year, sir, or week? because that makes a slight difference: by the year, with linen, plate, cooking, and attendance, fifty-two guineas; by the week, for the same, thirty shillings, if you please. I keep an excellent cook."

"Well! I will take them by the week at first, to see how they suit me, and then, please God I live, by the year."

"Live, sir! I never saw a more healthy-looking gentleman; besides, this is a most salubrious situation—pure water—no horrid gas-pipes out of repair, to offend the olfactory nerves, and compel one to keep the windows closed at midsummer, at the risk of suffocation;—the houses built on a fine bed of gravel, renders the walking before the Terrace truly delightful, the pathway being as dry as this room in the depths of winter.

"I assure you, sir, we have some very remarkable cases of longevity in this very Terrace—very remarkable ones, indeed! Two old gentlemen in particular, who came here many, many years ago, as they said, 'to *die*,' with terrible obstinate coughs on them, poor things! are now alive at ninety-*six*, and *seven*, as hale and hearty as boys; but you shall see them."

Mr. Simons had coughed once or twice in a very suspicious manner, which Mrs. Morrison had observed; hence her sanatory commendations of Victoria Terrace—hence her unqualified assertions that it was the infallible regenerator of men of a *certain* age.

"That is all very satisfactory, indeed, ma'am; but there are two points I should wish you to inform me of without any disguise—pray do not be offended at my questions—but have you any grown-up daughters unmarried? and do you keep a regular house?"

A flush of indignation passed over the lady's face, at the implied maturity of the first question, while the insinuation contained in the latter totally confounded her. She at length summoned sufficient fortitude to assure Mr. Simons, "that she was never fortunate enough to be blessed with children; that she certainly had two daughters-in-law, mere chits, who were still at a boarding-school in the country—and as for a regular house! she would defy Scandal itself to even hint at the slightest deviation from the most rigid decorum and propriety in her establishment. She rose punctually at seven, breakfasted at eight, having prayers previously, dined at three, took tea at half past six, and was always in bed by ten, went twice to church on the Sabbath, attended serious lectures three times a week, never went to a theatre, nor touched a card. I have never

* *Vide* Webster's Investigation of the Pitch Lakes of Trinidad, made by the order of Government.

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given occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully of me, by learning to be idle, wandering about from house to house—and not only idle, but a tattler also and a busybody, speaking things which I ought not." In fact, from her own showing, she lived with the purity of a saint. "Nor need I," she continued, "let lodgings from necessity, as her poor dear Mr. Morrison left her perfectly independent of the world; but she considered it was better for the house, which was her *own*, to keep all the apartments aired."

"Here's a coil!" thought poor Mr. Simons; but he saw his only remedy was patience, as listen he must, there being no chance of escaping the torrent of her volubility.

"A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to hear."

"If you do become my inmate, sir, I am convinced you will soon be obliged to admit, with the greatest gratitude to Providence too, that you never were so comfortable in your life before.

"The advantages of the situation are incalculable—the new patent omnibus passes every half hour direct to the Bank, with the politest of Jehus and the most attentive of cads;" then suddenly recollecting, that some gentlemen did not like it to be thought that they had funded property, she added, with infinite tact, "or to any other part of the city."

"Indeed! that is very convenient—but I have not observed one since I have been here, ma'am."

"Oh dear, no! sir, nothing *vulgar* passes by the Terrace, not even a donkey cart with vegetables; they all stand at the corner, which is but a mere step."

"Then I think I'll engage them at once, ma'am, and take possession immediately."

"Do you generally dine at home, sir, or do you belong to a club?"

"A club! no, I abominate them."

"So do I, sir—leading gentlemen into all sorts of wickednesses."

"No—not exactly wickednesses, ma'am, but—"

"Very true, sir, as you justly observe, but exposing them to dangers in coming home alone of a night. La! I could not bear to think of what might befall you on such occasions."

"I am much obliged to you, ma'am, for your concern, but I am tolerably cautious.

"So I'll go now, and get my things. Shall only want a chop and potato to-day,"—saying which, with a profound bow to her as profound curtsey, Mr. Simons took his leave for the present. And while he wends his way to the Euston Square Hotel, and she pops up stairs just to take a peep in the looking-glass, and see that all is correct for the gentleman, I will take that opportunity of making my readers better acquainted with them—*Place aux dames*. Mrs. Morrison was a widow, and owned to thirty; of course she left something to the imagination—but then it must be by the rule of addition, not subtraction; however, she certainly was not *forty*: her figure was rather above the middle size, and of a *ravissante embonpoint*: of her complexion you would say—

"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:"

her eyes were of a light hazel, full and sparkling, and every feature was of corresponding grace and beauty; she had a way, when conversing with the lords of the creation, of casting her eyes bashfully down,—but whether from a sense of their superiority, and her own unworthiness, or whether with a view to the better displaying of her long dark eye-lashes, deponent saith not. She had also another *way*, when conversing, of running her fingers over the hem of her pocket handkerchief,—but whether that was to show her hands, which were remarkably white, and finely formed, must also be left to conjecture;—suffice to say, these *ways* gave her a very pretty and becoming air of feminine timidity.

She had just entered on the second stage of widowhood—the most interesting female costume—the shroud-like ruff under the chin being superseded by the broad-hemmed strings, tied with a *dégagée* bow on one side; a pelerine, *bien decolletée*, attached by a handsome jet broach, and her "*petit tablier de grisette*," rendered her *tout-à-fait tres appétissante*. She had seen what is termed "better days;" that is, that although her father had been in trade, and her husband also, still, from both having a flourishing business, and living thoughtlessly up to it, she enjoyed the utmost luxury, as an only daughter, after she left a very expensive boarding-school, and also as a wife, when she married the supposed wealthy silk-mercer, Mr. Morrison, whom, as a widower, and with a family, she would not have thought of throwing herself away upon, with her beauty and accomplishments, had he not been very rich indeed. At his death, she discovered her lamentable mistake, and resolved, if ever she entered into the holy state again, to be quite, *quite* sure of a comfortable income, should she have the misfortune to survive her second husband. She had not yet met with the favoured individual who was to realize this innocent scheme of independence. *Mais, nous verrons.*

Mr. Peter Simons might be fifty-five, or he might be sixty—he certainly was there or thereabouts; of a tall, spare make, with a fresh, healthy complexion, and remarkable neatness and precision in his dress, which was uniformly of black; (he having been originally of the clerical profession, he thought it more consistent than changing with every fashion;) he was still what might be considered a *catch* with some ladies; he wore his hair powdered, and combed back off his forehead, which was lofty and intellectual; while his clear grey eye had an expression of penetration which showed deep reflection, when it met yours, which was, however, seldom, being restrained by a painfully nervous temperament from regarding even the persons he conversed with often.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CELESTIAL COURSE.

A SCANDINAVIAN IDEA.

BY MRS. COLONEL HARTLEY.

The Man of the Moon is an archer bright;
When he draws the cord of his silver bow,
The shot stars fall 'midst the dead of night,
For his beaming arrows, of burnished light,
Strike with a radius true.
When the Pointers spring from their sparkling lair
To follow the Wane of their master's cheer,
They hunt the Lion and they race the Bear
And Signs of the Zodiac round the sphere,
As seasons revolve for the coming year.

THE YOUNG MOURNER.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Oh! when I think of thee, my heart is fain
To bide thee *there*, and whisper, "Peace! be still!"
How affluent is that heart in wishes vain!
To make thee blest how prodigal in will!
I long to aid, till wishing doth attain
The giddiest pinnacle of wild excess,
When, the brain reeling with extremest pain
Sinks rapid in the void of nothingness.
Oh! call not love a blessing—'tis to me
The direst curse that I have ever known,
Nor for myself I heeded poverty;
But, oh my God! its weight for thee alone.
Why is that mighty sympathy between
Young hearts, whose hopes are merest mockeries?
Why are the ties of Nature strongest seen
In those who feel but passion's *agonies?*
At times, I wish that we had never met;
Yet soon the sacrilege my heart forswears;
For that devoted heart can ne'er forget
It has been exquisite to soothe thy cares.
My beautiful! for thee I fortune ask,
That thou mayst once again look brightly blest;
I cannot picture to my mind the task
That would seem irksome if it gave thee rest.
O thou so young! feel'st nought of youngness left—
Thy cheek is pale as Age's, with long woe;
For, oh thine heart of sunshine is bereft,
Which ought to lend that cheek a roseate glow!
Dim are the eyes where pleasure ought to beam,
The sadden'd eyes of life's most laughing years;
Nor can Love light them with his radiant gleam,
For they are veiled in ever flowing tears!
When to deceive me, thou essay'st to smile,
No shade of joy in the attempt I trace;
Then cease, for ever cease the pious guile:
'Tis the heart's gladness *must* illume the face!
Weep, weep for ever! rather ever weep,
Than so distort thy grief-sealed lips again.
It racks me waking—but, oh, when I sleep,
Comes that faint smile to lend night-visions pain!
Weep, then, my idolized, I'll weep with thee,
Since tears must be thy portion here below;
I'll search my bosom's depths of misery,
And ope the sluices of perpetual woe.
Yet spite thy suffering, my sanguine heart—
Hope's prophet—fondly now predicts to me,
A Salem in this wilderness will start,
Of joy, and happiness, and love for thee;
For Virtue, dearest, cannot ever grieve—
Nor yet can Sorrow ever *here* abide—
"Hope on, hope ever," then, still, still believe,
Though prosperous scorners thy true faith deride.
Hark! hark that music! 'tis an angel sings,
From Heav'n descending, with command of love,
To dry thy flowing tears with its soft wings:
And whisper, "Seraphs never weep above!"

FROM

OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevard des Italiens,
October 26, 1843.

Cherie Amie,—

Every variety of silk, *mousselines de laine, cachemires*, the richest tissues of *Smyrna, reps imperial, pekin damas* with satin stripes, *pekins* of two shades, *poults de soie* shot, *pekins Persan* shot with gold colour, *velours Africain* in curious patterns, *foulards* sprigged with pines, *brochées* with olives, &c., Irish poplins, poplins *à doubles reflets* and *brochées, caméléon Singapore, reps Marquise, caméléon à facettes* and *la Royal Peri*, &c., are the fashionable materials for the season.

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It is considered that there is much improvement in worsted materials of dress; for simple and every-day wear, *cachemires* in plaids *Douglas Stuart*, or *Glasgow*, are in much variety as to shades and contrasts of colour, which will also be the case with *flannelles Ecossaises* and crapes of *Thibet* wool, checked and striped, as well as *pekins de laine*: these will be principally used as *robes redingotes*, *peignoirs fermés*, high dresses of a simple make, with full backs and tight sleeves, merely ornamented with jockeys, *godets*, or double *biais*; the *pelerine* of small size, which covers the shoulders, and may be buttoned from top to bottom, will still be made with these dresses; they are much restricted as to trimmings, which are generally confined to some light gimp, or fancy buttons; the *corsages* continue to be made long waisted, but not to the extreme; a little *busqué*, but without making a very sharp point, and the skirts still very long; and with these, *negligés* pockets are still made, their great convenience favouring their continuance. As a general observation, I may say the make of dresses is high, in the style of the *redingote puritaine*. Gimp still continues to form a favourite article in trimmings, and to enrich it, gold, silver, beads, or jet, &c. &c. frequently vary it in style; *resilles*, fringes in *chenille*, or cord in coloured silk, will also be very fashionable to ornament the *redingotes* of satin or velvet; *points de Venise* and *guipure* of silk will often replace the open gimp; the *point de Venise* is very elegant intermixed with beads or bugles, and has been much used for covering dresses; it is placed of three different widths at the bottom of the skirt, and as *berthe* round the *corsage*, and sometimes forms three *quilles* on front of skirt.

In dinner dresses we observed a *redingote* of lilac silk open in front, each side finished by a plaiting of the same; *corsaye* half-high on the shoulders, open *en cœur* in front, the back part trimmed with plaitings, and lacing in front to the waist; a *guimpe* of muslin, sleeves *à l'Orientale*, narrow at the top and enlarging from the elbow half-way down the arm, edged with a *plissé*; under dress of Scotch cambric trimmed with broad lace flounce, surmounted by embroidery; a dress of blue *poult de soie* ornamented with three rows of gimp; high body with point; tight sleeves with puffings of muslin to the elbow. Dresses of *scarabée taffetas* are ornamented down the front of the skirt with a double *revers en biais*, wide at the bottom and rising in a point to the *corsage*, edged on each side by a *plissé* of the silk material of the dress; high body with *revers* commencing at the point and widening in the *pelerine* form on the shoulders, closing with small buttons; tight sleeves, round jockeys trimmed with a *plissé*. Dresses of gray *poult de soie* are made with a flounce of the depth of half the skirt, surmounted by a *plissé a la vieille* of the same material; high body with three seams covered by a *plissé*; tight sleeves with two rows of *plissé* forming jockeys. A dress of Irish poplin was ornamented *en tablier* by three wide *biais* of green satin, very wide at the bottom and diminishing to the point of the *corsage*, which is half-high, tight and pointed, with drapery of satin forming *berthe*, and falling a little on the sleeve. Another of *taffetas vert d'Ispahan glacé* with pink was ornamented in front with three small frills *festonnés* in green silk arranged *en tablier*, very narrow at the point of the body, widening towards the bottom of the skirt, rounded off at the side, where it terminates; the *corsage* was high and tight, with *revers festonnés* from the shoulders, forming jockeys on the sleeve *à l'Orientale*, also finished with *revers* and lined with green silk.

The following evening dresses are among some of the latest that have appeared. A robe of lilac *barège*, having six tucks on the skirt, commencing very high near the *corsage*, which was with rounded point, *cannezous* of muslin with inlets of *Valenciennes*, and trimmed round with lace. A dress of pink muslin had a very deep flounce surmounted by a *plissé à la vieille* of the same material; *corsage à coulisses*, with long *ceinture* of pink sarcenet ribbon; short tight sleeves and *mantille* of *application* lace. A dress of *tarlatane* with double skirt, the under one long, with very deep hem; the upper one shorter, open in front, and trimmed all round with broad lace, which is continued up the sides; plain body with point, and small *pelerine* forming *berthe*, trimmed with lace; short tight sleeves, without trimming. A dress of *taffetas*, blue *Marie*, had six small tucks edged with lace, pointed body, *berthe* of the same, trimmed with lace. Another of azure blue *broché* satin, was trimmed with three *quilles* of *Brussels* lace placed on front of the skirt; a very deep *berthe* and Venetian sleeves of point lace attached to the bottom of the small satin sleeve; the upper part being covered by the *berthe*, which was open in front in a square form, showing a row of diamond buttons, or a suite of ornaments in antique jewellery. *Pompadour* now in high fashion; a dress of pink watered silk had trimmings of *Alençon* point lace arranged so as to form quite a tunic of lace.

As the season advances, the demand for furs becomes more general; not only muffs, but trimmings of dresses in swansdown, *chinchilla*, *grêbe*, *pelerines* and *camails* of ermine, sable, marten, fox, &c., are all in preparation; and as we may reasonably expect a cold winter, they will be much worn. *Camails* with hoods and *twines de dames* are bordered and even lined with fur; they are wide, with a tight *corsage*, high and with *revers*, which may be crossed or not, being merely fastened by buttons or olives; they are made of *cachemire* cloth, ornamented with braid, lined with fur, and have a small collar similar to that of a man's coat; the sleeves also of that form, but wider at the top, to admit the under sleeve; this style threatens to supersede the *paletot Russe*.

Muffs are also in preparation, and many *camails* and *cardinal pelerines* of velvet and satin will be lined and bordered with the most expensive furs.

There is no doubt that *pelisses*, *tournous* and *manteaux* will be all worn this winter; they will at least bear the same names, though the form, ornaments, &c. will offer some variety and novelty. The new scarf called *écharpe yacht Victoria*, is a tartan plaid, in large checks of warm soft texture, and very large size. *Pelisses* (cloaks) of *cachemire* are lined with satin, quilted like embroidery; scarfs of *velours caméléon* are with *revers* and half sleeves; the *pelisses* of velvet, with large round collars and half sleeves, will be very fashionable; the *mantel* of marron satin *broché en reliefs veloutés*, lined with pink or blue, quilted and trimmed with broad lace, will form an elegant addition to the carriage dress. A *manteau* of *cachemire* of a reddish gray colour, very full in the skirt, was with a large collar richly embroidered in *crochet* and *passe* in the *renaissance* style; this large collar formed *pelerine* behind, and finished in front with *étole* ends; it was deep enough to cover the opening of the arms, which could be closed, if wished, and exclude the cold air.

Veils, whose revival is so recent, will long continue fashionable; lace is also much in use for winter bonnets, and intermixes well with satins, velvets, *velours épinglé*, figured silks, &c., the prevailing materials now in use.

The autumnal bonnets continue to be made small and low at the ears, a little more rounded in the crown, the fronts more open; *capotes plissées* are trimmed with honeysuckle, stocks, sweet peas, and those of *gros de Naples* with a cock's feather and *mancinis* of wild flowers. Satin *capotes* covered with lace, and *capotes* quilted of pink, black, or pearl gray, are fashionable, as well as bonnets of satin enveloped in a *voilette* of *blond* with long lappets; and bonnets of violet velvet are lined with *velours epinglé*, and have a *bouquet* of short full *marabouts*; bonnets of velvet of *Napoléon* blue, or *caméléon*, are ornamented with a bird of Paradise *moucheté* placed between two *crêtes* of ribbon; for *demi toilette*, a *capote* of *pensée* satin *plissé* had each fold covered by a black lace entwining above the satin. Green velvet bonnets have been made lined with white velvet, and ornamented with a long green feather, carelessly placed on the front. White satin bonnets are lined with pink, and *taffetas d'Italie* have small feathers arranged *en demi guirlande*.

Many pretty velvet bonnets are ornamented with birds having the plumage shaded, and flexible as the finest ostrich feather; these birds mounted in the style of bird of Paradise, but much smaller, are shaded to match the colours suitable for bonnets; sometimes two are placed inclining to the same side, and have a very elegant effect, in white for instance, on a *capote* of white satin—in black *diamenté* with blue or flame-colour, on a bonnet of black velvet. One of the prettiest novelties are the bonnets of velvet *colibre* ornamented with *marabouts*, also *colibri*, that is a mixture of blue and red *glacé* with white, which forms a charming effect; the *capote Andalouse* is likely to be much approved; the graceful manner in which the *voile écharpe* is disposed renders it one of the most elegant novelties of the moment. A *capote* of *marine* satin entirely covered with rich black lace is very elegant. A bonnet of violet velvet lined with citron was ornamented with *aigrettes* and *marabouts*; inside were *oreilles d'ours* intermixed with roses.

All articles of embroidery, as we mentioned in our last number, run on large spots, rings, or coffee berries; after these, running patterns *ex vermicelle*, *filiagree* in chain stitch, tambour, or braid; the new *manteaux chales*, *pardessous*, and *écharpes Victoria*, are also embroidered. Handkerchiefs are always with borders composed of large coloured spots, scrolls of one or two colours, running wreaths, with the corners and initials.

Muslin caps are trimmed with *Alençon* lace, and ornamented with flowers made of ribbon; caps *à la vieille*, so prettily rounded and plaited with so much nicety, have *nœuds* and *agrémens* of ribbon and lappets of lace; caps without border, or *pattes*, are formed of a crown of velvet, a *couronne* or *papillon* of *blond*, and trimmed with flowers, introduced with taste in the folds; in caps, the *paysanne* form predominates; the crown is small, the head-piece flat on the forehead, with long lappets reaching below the cheeks, and ribbon either of gauze or satin shaded in one colour, from the white edge to the dark one.

It is remarked that *coiffures* of hair are generally worn rather higher; *en negligé* they are in *bandeaux*, with tortoiseshell comb; in the evening, or for small parties, some flowers are mixed in, or a wreath of roses is placed above the forehead; on each side of the *bandeaux*, a small *bouquet* of *myosotis*, if more fulness is required. A dress hat of pink crape is pretty, having on one side three small *marabouts*, and on the other a *bouquet* of flowers. The *coiffure Peri*, *Castillone*, and *Montespan*, the latter formed of *blond* lappets and shaded velvet ribbon, are very pretty.

An elegant little *coiffure* recently worn, termed *Thamar*, was composed of a *demi voile of dentelle d'or*, or *tulle* embroidered in gold and silk, enveloping the back hair, the two ends falling very low on one side, and finished with a gold and silk fringe: this description of turban is worn very backward on the head; but that which gives it a foreign look is the *bandelette* of gold or precious stones which crosses the forehead at the roots of the hair, and is attached to the turban at the sides: large *touffes* of hair at each side the cheeks suit well with this style of *coiffure*; it has also been made in a *resille* of gold and *poncean* silk, with a *torsade* of gold and *poncean* for bandelet. We have also the *coiffure Aragonaise*; the *coiffures à la reine Berthe* and the little *couronne à la Peri* in gold and beads *à jour* forms the circle of the head, and fastens behind with tassels; a *resille corail* of *chenille* or red silk intermixed with branches of

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coral is very pretty encircled with a *rouleau* of gauze in silver or gold. *A vous*, &c. E. C.

P.S.—Black, which for some time has been so fashionable in every article of dress, still continues in favour; *pekins* striped and checked, satins *brochés* and plain, *damas*, *levantines*, velvets, &c., all are in favour in black. A black satin *surtout* is a pretty walking costume, reaching very little below the knee, and ornamented at the bottom with a deep frill *en biais* plaited in large folds, which is edged with narrow black lace, surmounted by a *ruche* of satin; the two sides in front, the armhole, and the small collar, are all likewise trimmed with a *ruche*. *Pelerines* are made in four pieces, two for the front and two for the back to the top of the shoulder, these last uniting in a straight seam. Morning dress of *Alpaga* checked blue and black are ornamented down the centre with a row of silk buttons; the body is high of the *Amazon* form, closing with buttons which meet those of the skirt; sleeves *à l'Orientale*, with under ones of muslin and cuffs.

The latest novelties in bonnets are those of velours lamé, with feathers shaded in two colours. Black velvet bonnets trimmed with velvet ribbon, black and pink, and a long black feather shaded with pink, are pretty.

Robes *à la Châtelaine*, *resilles à la Châtelaine*, *coiffures à la Châtelaine*, all are in vogue; one of the latter is composed of a light *feuillage* of every shade of green intermixed with small seeds of gold or silver, which after forming *demi-couronne*, the gold flower or seed falls at the side from the ear to the throat, with the hair in bands or plaits; the effect is pretty: the *guirlande Estelle* is also pretty; it is formed of small pink and white or blue and white flowers forming a wreath placed above the forehead, and ties behind with two ribbons matching the colours of the flowers.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.

No. 1.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of *mousseline cachemire*; the *corsage* is high to the throat, with only a small *ruche*; a band of velvet descends to the waist, which is rounded; sleeves *à la religieuse*, edged with bands of velvet, and under ones of muslin; two tucks or folds of velvet on the skirt. Bonnet of dahlia-coloured velvet, ornamented with *biais* round the edge, and long tinted feather.

No. 2.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of silk of the nankeen colour; the *corsage* is quite high, and ornamented with *soutache* (braid) in a rich design, which is repeated down the centre and the bottom of the skirt; tight long sleeves. Bonnet of pink satin, with *biais* round the edge, and flowers.

No. 3.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of satin and *manteleé* of velvet, trimmed all round with a band of checked velvet of the same colour, of the round *pelerine* form behind, with long ends in front. Bonnet of white satin, ornamented with *blond* lace and feathers.

No. 4.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of shot silk, and *manteau* of *cachemire* with *col pelerine* of velvet which descends the front, ending in a point with tassels, and edged with gimp; bands of velvet also face the front. Bonnet of black velvet, ornamented with lace and roses, and *nœuds* and *brides* of pink ribbon.

No. 5.—*Promenade Dress.*—*Manteau* of satin, ornamented with velvet collar, and bands of velvet all round, also from the shoulder and armhole continued to the bottom of the *manteau*, and ornamented with *brandenbourgs*. Bonnet of pink satin, with *demi-guirlande* of flowers, with *feuillage*.

No. 6.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of shot silk; the *corsage* is open *à cœur* nearly to the waist, and laced across; it is finished round the neck with *plissé* of ribbon, which meets at the waist, and ornaments the skirt *en tablier*. Cap of *tulle*, in folds crossing the forehead, and rounded off in a little fulness at the ears, and puffings of ribbon placed across it.

No. 7.—*Young Lady's Morning Dress.*—Robe of *gros de Naples*; the *corsage* is high and pointed at the waist, with *revers* laid on from the shoulders, which are scolloped; three rows of the same trimming ornament the tight sleeves; the two deep flounces on the skirt are scolloped to match, the upper one has heading of the same. *Coiffure* of hair in long ringlets.

No. 8.—*Manteau de soirée* of dahlia-coloured velvet, with collar *pelerine*, and large sleeves; the whole trimmed round with marten fur. *Coiffure* of hair in *bandeaux*, and *torsade* of black hair crossing the summit of the head.

No. 9.—Leghorn bonnet trimmed with ribbon and feather of the same colour.

No. 10.—Straw bonnet trimmed with pink ribbon *plissé*, and feather of the same colour.

No. 11.—Dinner cap of lace, with flowers, without *brides*.

No. 12.—Bonnet of green silk, with *ruche* and trimmings of the same colour.

No. 13.—*Capote* of pink silk, with *demi-guirlande* of flowers.

PLATE II.

No. 1.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of green satin; the *corsage à cœur*, with *revers* edged with *point de Venise*, *brandenbourgs* down the centre of *corsage* and skirt, which is also ornamented *en tablier* by *point de Venise*; sleeves *à l'Orientale*, with under ones of muslin in *bouillons*. *Capote* of *paille poult de soie*, ornamented with flowers and *plissés* of ribbon.

No. 2.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of *levantine*; the *corsage* is pointed at the waist and square at the top, with bands of velvet laid across; sleeves *à l'Orientale*, lined with pink and edged with velvet, under ones of muslin; two velvet tucks ornament the bottom of the skirt. Bonnet of blue velvet, with wreath of small flowers on the crown.

No. 3.—*Morning Dress.*—*Robe de chambre* of *cachemire*; the *corsage* is tight to the throat, with *pelerine* of embroidered velvet, which is continued *en revers* down the centre of the skirt; moderate size sleeves with under ones of muslin in *bouillons*. Cap *à la paysanne* of embroidered muslin.

No. 4.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of striped *cachemire*, with high body. *Polonaise* of satin, with *revers* of velvet; it is open in front, and attached to the waist by a *cordelière*; sleeves *à l'Orientale* and under ones of muslin. Muff of ermine. Bonnet of pink satin, ornamented with puffings of ribbon, and very rich deep veil of white lace.

No. 5.—*Young Lady's Dress.*—Robe of *foulard Ecossais*; the *corsage* is pointed, with *nœud* and long ends of ribbon; it is high, and has a *revers* forming *berthe* of the same, trimmed with a *plissé* of ribbon; the sleeves are tight, ornamented with a *plissé*; a very deep *biais* ornaments the skirt, which is looped up at the sides by a *plissé* of ribbon, giving the effect of a double skirt. *Capote* of green silk, ornamented with a *demi guirlande* of roses, and white *tulle ruche* at the edge.

No. 6.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of *mousseline cachemire*, and *manteau* of satin; it is full, and reaches a little below the knees, and has a *pelerine* with long ends, and *revers* trimmed with *biais* put on a little full, and headed by a *bouillon*, and large loose sleeves. Bonnet of pink satin, ornamented with flowers and bands of narrow black velvet.

No. 7.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of striped *poult de soie*; the *corsage* is with rounded point and *revers* trimmed with frill of the same *festonné*; sleeves *à bouillons*, and flounces *festonnés* on the skirt. Bonnet of blue velvet, with *guirlande* of white feathers.

No. 8.—*Young Lady's Dress.*—Robe of *mousseline cachemire*; the *corsage* is high and rounded at the waist, with folds from the shoulders to the waist; tight sleeves, with double jockey ornamented with gimp cord; three flounces on the skirt *festonnés* and headed with gimp cord. Bonnet of black velvet lined and edged with lilac, and knotted *marabout* feathers of the same colour.

No. 9.—Dinner cap of *tulle* trimmed with lace and flowers.

No. 10.—*Capote à coulisses* of *paille* satin, with trimmings of the same.

No. 11.—Dress cap of point lace, formed of lappets, which round off at the ears, where a small rose is placed.

No. 12.—Bonnet of pink satin, with wreath of flowers.

No. 13.—Morning cap of muslin trimmed with lace, which is plain round the face, and rounds off with a little fulness at the ears, and puffings of green ribbon.

PLATE III.

No. 1.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of *caméléon* silk; the *corsage* is low, with rounded point and *berthe* of the same trimmed with fringe; *ceinture* of ribbon with long ends; long tight sleeves, with jockeys edged with fringe; *guimpe* of muslin *plissé*, with double row of lace edging round the throat. *Capote* of *poult de soie* of a very straight form, trimmed with *plissé* of ribbon of the same colour.

No. 2.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of striped *pekin*; the body is high to the throat, with small embroidered collar; sleeves *à la rétigieuse*, with under ones of muslin; two very deep flounces *en biais* on the skirt. Bonnet of pink satin, with flowers.

No. 3.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of *mousseline cachemire*, with flounces edged with *ruches*, and *mantelet* of *velours caméléon* forming deep *pelerine* behind, and long ends in front, with *revers* at the throat; the whole trimmed round with flutings of the same, which at the back is in two rows. Bonnet of white satin, with single ostrich feather laid across.

No. 4.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of *glacé* silk; the *corsage* is plain and with *ceinture*, and has a *berthe* of the same, which is open on the shoulders, and finished all round with a *plissé* of ribbon; long tight sleeves, with two rows of *plissé*; three rows of similar trimming, but wider, ornament the bottom of the skirt. Bonnet of pink *velours épinglé*, with feather of the same colour. *Guimpe* of plain muslin, with narrow edging of lace round the throat.

No. 5.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe *redingote* of *levantine* silk; the *corsage* inclines to the *Amazon* form, with collar of the same; sleeves *à la Louis XIII.* with *bouillons* forming epaulets and edging the lower part; under ones of muslin *à coulisses*. Bonnet of the straight cottage form, with wreath of flowers laid across.

No. 6.—*Morning Dress.*—Robe of watered silk; the *corsage* is moderately high, with folds from the shoulder meeting in a point in front; the sleeves are rather small, with jockeys and *revers* at the hands; under ones of muslin. Cap of *tulle*, with three rows of narrow lace round the face and puffing of ribbon round the crown.

No. 7.—*Morning Dress.*—*Robe de chambre* of checked *bourre de soie* lined with lilac; the *corsage* is full, with collar of velvet and loose sleeves, with *revers* of velvet; *ceinture* of ribbon with long ends. Cap of *tulle*, with two rows of lace plain over the forehead and rounding off at the ears, ornamented with *rosettes* and leaves of ribbon.

No. 8.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of *mousseline cachemire*; the *corsage* is high, with *revers* from the shoulders, and *ceinture* tying at the side; three tucks *en biais* graduating in size on the skirt. Bonnet of *velours épinglé*, with ostrich feathers.

No. 9.—*Capote à coulisses* of lavender silk, with *camilla* of velvet.

No. 10.—Bonnet of *paille* satin, with wreath of flowers.

No. 11.—Morning cap of embroidered muslin, with narrow lace round the edge and band of ribbon crossing the head, with *nœud* and flowers at the side.

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No. 12.—Bonnet of white satin, with ostrich feathers tinted with pink.

No. 13.—Bonnet of *velours épingle*, with cock's feather.

FRAUD.—A new species of artifice has just come to our knowledge, against which we feel it our duty to put the public on their guard. It is well known that Messrs. ROWLAND AND SONS have, by a series of labours and highly successful experiments, succeeded in discovering and preparing for the toilet, articles which have obtained a universal reputation all over the world. Some vile and unprincipled imitators, destitute alike of honour and of talent, have conceived the nefarious idea of fabricating articles, so closely resembling those of Messrs. ROWLAND, as to require a somewhat careful observation to detect the difference. The objects consist of some pernicious and injurious compound, which is offered to the public under the name of Real MACASSAR OIL for the HAIR, or KALYDOR for the COMPLEXION—articles which, as prepared by Messrs. ROWLAND, are universally preferred and esteemed. The only mode for the purchaser to avoid the imposition, and escape the baneful effects which their vile counterfeits will infallibly produce, is to inspect, with great care, the bottles and labels, and to ascertain that they bear the actual signature of Messrs. ROWLAND AND SONS. No others are genuine.

To Correspondents.

We feel again called upon—egotistical though it be—to talk of ourselves; and we feel assured of a patient hearing, as it is for your benefit, gentle reader, we dilate. To show that we fully estimate the extensive and daily increasing patronage bestowed upon us, and also to meet the wishes of many of our Subscribers, we have made arrangements for giving a set of Quadrilles and a Waltz; and as the festive season commencing a new year is generally deemed the most congenial time of "tripping it on the light fantastic toe," they will be given in the Nos. for December and January.

* J. R., Celia, and Mephistophiles are respectfully declined.

We shall be glad to hear from Julia.

LITERATURE.

Summer Offerings. By WILLIAM GASPEY, Author of "Poor-Law Melodies," &c. &c. London: Thomas Cadell, Strand.

SUMMER OFFERINGS—Ay, truly; for never did Flora wreathe a more fragrant garland for its estiferous brow! It has been said, there is no book, however bad, but what some good may be derived from its perusal. The one before us is ALL good—pure—elevated—permeated by a wholesome piety, and a trustfulness in Providence, it would be well if all felt with equal fervour. We sincerely wish it that public patronage its intrinsic merits entitle it to; and we HOPE it will meet with it, as the price, even by the most parsimonious of literary supporters, cannot be an obstacle—being *only one* shilling!

The Illuminated Magazine. Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD. Vol. I. Published at 2, Crane Court.

A half yearly volume of the above superb work now lays before us. The *coup d'œil* of the exterior is fascinating—twinkling with chaste, brilliant stars, truthfully illustrative of the coruscant genius which has entranced us within, and, traced with all the charming delicacy of nature, representations of flowers delightfully commingling—all being in excellent keeping to render the union of art and literature, even to the outward covering, perfect in this unique Monthly. We carefully raise the glittering back to revivify our memory with some of its talented pages, when our eyes are greeted with a magnificent, illuminated title-page, singular and beautiful, adding another grace to the work, and rendering us conscious that it must be under the guidance of one possessing a refined and cultivated taste—as even in trifling details we find all harmonize in creating unalloyed elegance, in which no expense appears to deter the efforts to obtain such result. How 185 engravings, 98 original articles, and 348 pages of large sized letter press,—the production of authors, artists, and engravers of the highest acknowledged celebrity, in magnificent gilt edged binding, can be afforded for the trifling sum of eight shillings, is a mystery beyond our ken. We certainly are of opinion, as other purchasers of the work must be, that the best of the bargain is possessed by the public. We cannot, this month, enter into a review of the various articles of the two last months' Numbers; but having heartily laughed at many of the strange, philosophic conceits expressed in the article by the Editor, entitled "Chronicles of Clovernook," we select for the amusement of our fair readers the following singular passage by a deep and observant writer of the opposite sex, wondering, and asking our readers to wonder, if ever such things can be:—

"I will take a man," said the Hermit, "who on his outstart in life, sets his hat acock at matrimony—a man who defies Hymen and all his wicked wiles. Nevertheless, sir, the man must wear a shirt; the man must have a washerwoman. Think you, that that shirt, returning from the tub, never wants one—two—three buttons? Always, sir—always. Sir, though I am now an anchorite, I have lived in your bustling world, and seen, ay, quite as much as any one of its manifold wickedness. Well, the man—the buttonless man—at first calmly remonstrates with his laundress. He pathetically wrings his wrists at her, and shows his condition. The woman turns upon him her wainscot face, and promises amendment. The thing shall never happen again. The week revolves. Think you, the next shirt has its just and lawful number of buttons? Devil a bit!" * * *

"Well, sir," said our host, after an effort, "week after week the poor man wrangles with his washerwoman: from the very gentleness of even maidenly complaint, the remonstrance rises to even a hurricane of abuse; and still the washerwoman, as it would seem bound by her oath to her unmarried sisterhood, brings home no shirt complete in all its buttons. Man—the fiercest of his kind—cannot always rage. He becomes tired—ashamed of clamour. He sighs, and bears his buttonless fate. His thoughts take a new turn. In his melancholy his heart opens; he is softened—subdued; and in this, his hour of weakness, a voice—a demon voice—whispers to him, 'Fond, foolish man! why trust thy buttons to an alien? Why helplessly depend upon the needle and thread of one who loves not thee, but thy shilling? Take a wife; have a woman of thine own, who shall care for thy buttons!'" * * * *

"Sir," said the Hermit, "'tis not a thing to idly laugh at. Take fifty matches, and be assured of it, if you sift 'em well, out of forty, at least, you'll find buttons in some shape at the bottom of 'em."—"It may be," we said.—"It is," cried the Hermit, with emotion. "Asses are led by their noses; men by their buttons."

We have much satisfaction in directing the attention of our readers to the advertisement which appears in the present Number of our Journal, explanatory of the objects and intentions of the "Association for the Aid and Protection of Dress-Makers and Milliners." It may, perhaps, be necessary that we should give a slight sketch of the circumstances which led to the establishment of this Institution.

Although from time to time the attention of the public has been called to the long hours of work exacted in this occupation, the details of the evils resulting from the present mode of conducting the business, as disclosed in the Parliamentary Report of the Children's Employment Commission, caused a feeling among all ranks of society, that the time was arrived when some decided effort was necessary to rescue from exhausting toil the many helpless beings, who sighed in secret over their unhappy lot. This feeling it was which led some ladies of the highest rank to step forward in order to remove what may well be called a national disgrace.

It has been our good fortune to see the legislature engaged in the noble work of defending children and infants from the bondage in which they had been so long held, and still more recently have we witnessed the extinction of the abominations which were so long concealed in the gloom of the mine from the public eye. May we not indulge in the pleasing hope, that by choice, rather than by coercion, the poor dress-makers may be placed in a position as favourable as that which the factory child has obtained by an Act of Parliament? Those whose character and interests are more especially concerned—the principals of establishments—have through the countenance and support of an Association boasting in its list of subscribers the highest nobility of the realm, an opportunity of rescuing their business from imputations which, although they may have sometimes been exaggerated, have had, it is to be feared, more foundation than consists with the character and standing of a respectable calling.

The objects of the Association, as set forth in the advertisement we have noticed, are such as to command our cheerful and earnest support.—To reduce the hours of work within the limits observed in other occupations; to afford, at a trifling cost, superior medical advice, and, what is often of more consequence, pure air and repose; to encourage provident habits, and thus to secure the unprotected and youthful dress-maker from all the evils of penury and destitution.—Such are the ends for which the Association was established. For ourselves we are convinced, that objects like these, carried out by ladies whose only wish is to do good, must in the end be equally beneficial to the employers as well as to the employed. That the present system is not the most successful one, the many failures which occur plainly indicate; and we believe it is strictly in keeping with the truth to state, that the houses in which the longest hours are kept, and the least consideration has been evinced for the welfare of the young people, are not those which have been the most fortunate in business.

The class on whose behalf we plead, appeal, in a peculiar degree, to all the better and more generous feelings of our nature: youthful, unprotected, often orphans, can there be a situation more urgently demanding the sympathy and the support of all whom a beneficent Providence has entrusted with the means of mitigating the sufferings and the afflictions of mankind? The long list of subscribers to the Association evinces that the public are neither indifferent to the evils of the present system, nor unwilling to render their aid in removing them. But a duty, than which one involving a higher responsibility cannot be imagined, yet remains to be performed. The employers of these young women are called upon, by every consideration, to second the exertions of the Committee of the Association. By devising an improved mode of managing the work-room, and thus of economising time; by encouraging their salaried workwomen to join the Provident Society; and by evincing a sincere desire to avail themselves of all feasible improvements, much, we are convinced *may* be accomplished. It is impossible for any one, who is acquainted with the interior economy of our manufactories and other allied branches of industry, not to perceive that much of the existing evil must be laid to the charge of the heads of these establishments; and until these parties are brought, by religious conviction, to know and to feel the duties they have to discharge, all efforts at amelioration will be rendered difficult or inoperative. In the present case, however, we have better hopes; and doubt not, when the philanthropic objects of the above Association become more generally known among employers, that they will cheerfully aid in promoting the happiness and welfare of those who are placed under their control, but who are, at the same time, entrusted to their kindness, their sympathy, and, above all, to their protection.

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LA MALINCONIA;

AN ORIGINAL WALTZ.—COMPOSED BY CARLO MINASI.



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THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

COMPOSED BY W. GRANTHAM.



SECOND VERSE.

ng on, ring on, for since your chimes
Shall never now my wedding hallow,
be the voice of other times,
And rouse their joys like spectres sallow.

THIRD VERSE.

Ah, ring such pensive peals as when
In these tall groves I wander'd sighing,
And listen'd to the best of men,
Who now in yonder grave is lying.

FOURTH VERSE.

Ah, ring such peals as may recall
Those happy hours now gone for eve
And whilst the bitter tear-drops fal,
And once my soul and reason sever.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, etc.

No. 349. JANUARY, 1860. Vol. 33.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS, 29*th December*, 1859.

CHERE AMIE.—Moires antique and French moires, brocatelles, pekins satiné, and materials with lozenges, are the novelties of the moment; brocatelles on black, marron, violet, or dark green grounds; for carriage or visiting dresses, dark colours are preferred. This material, being very thick, is expressly used for plain skirts without trimming, still less with flounces. On black or marron satin, designs in lozenges, brocatelles in small black biais checks, large stripes, velours Imperatrice and moire française, or satin and moire united by a small Pompadour wreath. This material is in light colours, for full dress, bouton d'or, maïs, pink, blue, etc. Another pretty material is of black satin, with small lozenges and sprigs of violet, groseille, marron or deep blue. Velvets are also worn of every colour; black for carriage and home wear; light velvets, pink, mauve, blue and white, for weddings, are very fashionable. Velvet dresses have taken an important place again; the Pekin velvet, in stripes of two colours, make very handsome dresses; one of pink velvet had the front ornamented by bands of mauve Terry velvet, attached at intervals by flat buttons, high open body, tight sleeves, with revers of Terry velvet, and mauve buttons.

The materials of morning wear are simple; they are mostly of pekins, popelines in plaids or plain, velours de laine, velours epinglés, rips, alpaca in double stripes, transversal, plain taffetas, particularly black. Woollen materials are now much used, and may be made as elegant as silk; the skirts are in deep hollow plaits, and the sleeves generally closing with wristband, or demi large with revers. The corsages round, and ceinture with purple; thick materials have long tight casaques the same as the dress; a pretty guimpe adds much to the elegance of these toilettes.

Many ladies have again adopted the apron; it is pretty and convenient, and gives a tone of simplicity to the fireside toilette, and accords well with the casaque Zouave.

Morning dresses and carriage dresses are in general made of very handsome thick materials, of dark colours. The bodies of morning dresses are made open, with châle or revers turning back; rather an old fashion revived, and they are with tight sleeves; a newer style is that given in our model of a body closing at the top, but crossing over at the waist.

It appears very singular that so much uniformity seems to be observed in sleeves; variety in them is as desirable as in other things, and there are several pretty styles, the tight, the straight, the moderately wide with revers, the moderate pagoda is again worn, particularly of an evening, when the lower part of the arm is uncovered and the bracelet worn.

Flounces are no longer worn, or very rich silks, pattes of velvet, large flat buttons, trimmed with lace, have replaced flounces, and often the skirt is quite plain.

The skirts are worn very bouffante at the bottom, which forms the difference with those of last winter, they are not so full at the top, but the fashion of the double raised skirt alone would prove that the manner of putting on the skirt in deep plaits at the waist makes it hang in full hollow flutes that has a handsome effect.

Ball dresses will still patronise the double skirts; the bodies will be with points and draperies. Fancy berthes remain in favour. A dress of pink tulle over satin had eighteen flounces, plissés à la Pompadour, covering the skirt from top to bottom; tight body, pointed before and behind; berthe of tulle, covered with four rows of plissé, also of tulle as the skirt; small bouillon short sleeves, covered by large floating sleeve of tulle, simply trimmed; a double skirt of tulle is drapé over the flounced one, and raised on the left side by a cordon of flowers. White tulle will be mostly used, sometimes with three skirts, the upper one being double and raised, which, with red flowers and green foliage, sprinkled with gold, is very pretty; the same style is also pretty with white flowers.

The casaque Zouave is very fashionable, in various styles, coloured cloths braided with black, black cloth braided with colours or with silk of the same colour, black velvet with galons or embroidery of gold. The veste orientale is also very much admired; these are rather short, either square or round in front; others again are long, and form a deep point behind, these are termed Cantinières.

The paletot sac is adopted in preference to all others, though all are worn. The Siberian is a paletot trimmed with Astrakan plush, a kind of curled plush which is very fashionable, and has the same warm and heavy appearance as fur, but is less weighty to wear; but furs are also used to trim the paletots, lace and guipure for mantelets. The opera cloaks are of the Burnous form, of white plush or satin, or velvet and plush, bordered with swan's down or grebe. Small capes are made of satin, quilted and wadded, to throw over the shoulders; an elegant and new style of Burnous, made of satin lined with plush, instead of hood, had a deep pelerine of plush, trimmed as the Burnous, which is with a band of Terry velvet, edged with swan's down; these are made in white, grey or black satin.

The paletot form is very generally adopted for negligé pardessus, made of black, brown or violet velvet, but more frequently of brown or black cloth; one of noisette cloth was trimmed with velvet a shade darker. Paletots are trimmed with galons and guimpe, rich fringes with or without bugles to adopt to the pelerines or manteaux of velvet; it is the only ornament considered to be in good taste, replacing the hood, which is only worn on the small evening cloak.

A new style is introduced for morning caps, which are of blond, with pompons of pinked taffetas, shaded velvets mixed with black lace, and a large nœud is also placed on these negligé caps, and covering and concealing the crown.

The materials for bonnets are very various; a new one is Terry velvet, either black or of dark colours glacé with white; this makes a very elegant bonnet, ornamented by a cascar or ostrich feather, either black or white. The brides or strings this season are mostly not ribbon but cut biais from the material, and increasing in width to the bottom, not unfrequently trimmed with narrow black lace. A simple morning bonnet was of black drawn silk, the crown soft and of crimson taffetas, covered by a guipure, ornamented by a torsade encircling the crown, and continued as brides, on the side a nœud of crimson and black; it was lined inside with crimson taffetas, a nœud of black blond at the side, strings of red taffetas embroidered in black. A dress bonnet was made of white imperial velvet, with drapery of white velvet, confining a splendid feather, white and black, drooping at the side, no cap inside, but a torsade of mauve velvet and nœud of black lace; the torsade may be varied in colour to suit the dress. A bonnet of black velvet had a crown of white satin, covered with black lace, with black and white feathers.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of taffetas, with three flounces, headed by bouillons; high body buttoning to the throat. Bonnet of satin and velvet, with flowers. Cachmere shawl.

Walking Dress.—Robe of violet moire, with plain skirt and high body. The Empress Eugenie Mantle of superfine grey cloth, with a handsome frontlet of black velvet, ornamented with three sets of aigulettes pendant, and collar of velvet. The front being of velvet, lined with silk, in addition to the cloth underneath, is an excellent protection for the chest. Bonnet of black velvet, with trimmings and feather of mauve.

The Eugenie Mantle in plate I., and the Zouave jacket in plate III. are from Ford's Mantle Rooms, 42, Oxford Street, where an elegant assortment of Mantles, Jackets, and Opera Capes are on view.

Walking Dress.—Manteau of black velvet, with plain piece on the shoulders, forming pelerines, to which the body of the cloak is attached, under a plisse and rich fringe. Bonnet of white satin, with trimmings of black velvet, and clusters of small poppies, bavolet of black lace.

PLATE II.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of green taffetas, with open body, edged by a plissé of shaded ribbon; bell sleeves, with epaulets, both trimmed as the body, and the same trimming, wider, is placed above the hem of the skirt. Coiffure of cerise velvet and black lace, with roses.

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Walking Dress.—Manteau of black cloth, trimmed with black velvet. Bonnet of mauve velvet, with flowers to match.

Dinner Dress.—Robe of grey moire, the body closes to the throat, with rose-coloured buttons, ceinture of the same colour of taffetas, with long ends, very wide sleeves lined with white, and edged by rose-coloured guimp; the skirt is ornamented by three rows of the same guimp in a wave, with nœud of taffetas in each scollage; torsade and nœud of rose-coloured velvet in the hair.

PLATE III.—*Child's Dress*.—Frock of cachemire, with square body and basque, trimmed with narrow velvet; tight sleeves, with cuffs and jockey, the skirt trimmed with two different widths of velvet guimpe and sleeves of muslin.

Young Lady's Morning Dress.—Robe of popeline, with very full plain skirt. Jacket à la Zouave of superfine black cloth, elegantly embroidered with gold, lined throughout with silk, and quilted. This jacket can be worn open from the throat so as to display a white silk, or muslin vest underneath.

Morning Dress.—Robe of cachemire, with jacket of velvet. Coiffure of hair, with ornamental comb.

Evening Dress.—Robe of mauve satin; the body pointed with berthe of black lace aud nœud of ribbon, with long ends; the skirt ornamented by five flounces of black lace, with small plisse of ribbon heading the top flounce; the skirt in deep fluted plaits at the waist. Coiffure à l'Eugenie, with flowers.

The Eugenie Mantle in plate I., and the Zouave jacket in plate III. are from Ford's Mantle Rooms, 42, Oxford Street, where an elegant assortment of Mantles, Jackets, and Opera Capes are on view.

PLATE IV.—*Evening Dress*.—Robe of taffetas, with four bouillons at the bottom; upper skirt of black lace; the body is pointed with bretelles of satin ribbon crossing the shoulders, the ends hanging to the bottom of the lace skirt; sleeves of two bouillons. Coiffure of hair and chainettes of gold.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of popeline, with double skirt; the upper one bordered by a wide plissé. Paletot of velvet, trimmed with Astracan plush; large loose sleeves, with broad band of the plush, and deep collar of the same. Bonnet of white Terry velvet, ornamented with fauchon of black lace and flowers.

Dinner Dress.—Robe of velvet, with body and skirt without separation, hanging in deep flutes from the waist; the body is high and plain, ornamented by handsome guimp buttons, which are continued down the centre of the skirt; the sleeves are tight, with two bouillons and ornaments of guimp, nœud of velvet at the back of the head.

PLATE V.—Dress cap of blonde, trimmed with pink satin ribbon and flowers.

Habit-shirt of muslin, collar trimmed with lace and narrow black velvet.

Dress cap of lace, trimmed with white camelias and crimson velvet.

Bonnet of grey straw and tartan ribbon, ornamented with rosettes of narrow velvet.

Bonnet of tuscan straw, trimmed with a black lace curtain, orange coloured ribbon and flowers.

Under sleeve of cerise plush.

Evening cap of tulle, trimmed with rosettes of blue and broad figured strings.

White sleeve of jaconet, trimmed with violet ribbon, edged with lace.

Bonnet of grey satin and straw, trimmed cord and tassels of the same colour, and black velvet, and a large pink rose on the front.

Head-dress of black lace and pink feather.

Bonnet of green velvet, trimmed with black blonde over the back, and round the strings.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

The accompanying pattern is of a high plain body, crossing in front at the waist, which is novel in style, as it will be observed that it closes at the top, and only crosses over from about half way; the sleeve suitable to it is a tight one.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

TUNE—"*The Monks of Old.*"

Summer hath praise
For its length of days,
And the blossoms that deck the lea;
And laughing Spring
For the birds that sing
On every green-clad tree:—
And Autumn, too,
For the golden hue,
That forest and field assume,
When the sun looks down
From his azure throne,
And smiles on the harvest home.

And tho' Winter's gloom
Checks the flowret's bloom
And the thicket is leafless seen;
The spray embossed
With a silver frost,
Glitters with diamond's sheen:—
And holly crown'd,
Old Christmas, round
Flings mirth with unsparing hand;
As the misletoe,
Waves to and fro.
O'er the heads of the festive band.

Quaint stories told,
To the mind unfold,
Bright visions of days gone by;
And the festal song,
In the list'ning throng,
Wakes many a tender tie:—
And some perchance,
In the mazy dance,
Heed not the ancient lore;
But with ardour strive,
To preserve alive,
The game so beloved of yore.

The cellar pours
Forth its choicest stores,
And the larder its richest fare;
And the brimming bowl,
Dispels the scowl,
Of sullen and gloomy care.
And while thus we meet
In communion sweet,
The hours glide onward fast,
As we sing and laugh,—
And the wine-cup quaff,
To the days of the golden past.

AFRICAN GAME.—The numbers of large game above Libonta are prodigious, and they proved remarkably tame. Eighty-one buffaloes defiled in slow procession before our fire one evening within gun-shot; and herds of splendid elands stood by day without fear at two hundred yards' distance. They were all of the striped variety, and with their forearm markings, large dewlaps and sleek skins, were a beautiful sight to see. The lions here roar much more than in the country near the lake, Zouga and Chobe. One evening we had a good opportunity of hearing the utmost exertions the animal can make in that line. We had made our beds on a large sand-bank, and could be easily seen from all sides; a lion on the opposite shore amused himself for hours by roaring as loudly as he could, putting, as is usual in such cases, his mouth near the ground, to make the sound reverberate. The river was too broad for a ball to reach him, so we let him enjoy himself, certain that he durst not have been guilty of the impertinence in the Bushman country. Wherever the game abounds, these animals exist in proportionate numbers. Here they were very frequently seen, and two of the largest I ever saw seemed about as tall as common donkeys; but the mane made their bodies appear rather larger.—*Dr. Livingstone's Travels.*

A SAVAGE'S NOTIONS OF HOUSES AND SHIPS.—Every one remarked the serious deportment of the Makololo. They viewed the large stone houses and churches in the vicinity of the great ocean with awe. A house with two stories was, until now, beyond their comprehension. In explanation of this strange thing, I had always been obliged to use the word for hut; and as huts are constructed by the poles being let into the earth, they never could comprehend how the poles of one hut could be found upon the roof of another, or how men could live in the upper story with the conical roof of the lower one in the middle. Some Makololo, who had visited my little house at Kolobeng, in trying to describe it to their countrymen at Linyanti, said, "It is not a hut; it is a mountain with several leaves in it." Commander Bedingfield and Captain Skene invited them to visit their vessels, the Pluto and Philomel. Knowing their fears, I told them that no one need go if he entertained the least suspicion of foul play. Nearly the whole party went; and when on deck, I pointed to the sailors, and said, "Now these are all my countrymen, sent by our Queen for the purpose of putting down the trade of those who buy and sell black men." They replied, "Truly! they are just like you!" and all their fears seemed to vanish at once, for they went forward amongst the men, and the jolly tars, acting much as the Makololo would have done in similar circumstances, handed them a share of the bread and beef which they had for dinner. The commander allowed them to fire off a cannon; and having the most exalted ideas of its powers, they were greatly pleased when I told them, "That is what they put down the slave trade with." The size of the brig-of-war amazed them, "It is not a canoe at all: it is a town!" The sailor's deck they named "the Kotla;" and then, as a climax to their description of this great ark, added, "and what sort of a town is it that you must climb up into with a rope?"

HERRINGS.—"The lovers of fish" may be glad to learn what a bloater is, a mystery which I endeavoured to unravel when lately on the Norfolk coast. A bloater, I was informed, is a large plump herring (as we say a bloated toad,) and the genuine claimants of the title fall by their own weight from the meshes of the net. The origin of the simile—"As dead as a herring"—may not be generally known. This fish dies immediately upon its removal from the native element (strange to say) from want of air; for swimming near the surface it requires much, and the gills, when dry, cannot perform their functions.—*Notes and Queries.*

A GOOD IDEA.—A sentimental chap intends to petition Parliament for an act to improve the channels of affection, so that henceforth the "course of true love may run smooth."

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NORAH.

Heavily chimed the hour, breaking upon the stillness of the night like the voice of an accusing angel. It was midnight. Had the time at length arrived? and must I now, like the spirit of desolation and of evil, steal from the hospitable roof that had sheltered mine infancy from misery, and my youth from guilt and all its attendant horrors? Heaven knows, the thought was agony! Turning, I half retraced my steps when I thought of Metacom! Disappointment acting upon the wild fury of a temper soured by adversity, alas! perhaps by crime, rushed upon my recollection. I loved him almost to madness! Could aught else have prompted this rash, this treacherous flight? Do you ask me why I loved him? For his very savageness to others.

I had ever appeared gentle, playful and timid as a young bird; but the spirit of my Indian race dwelt deep within my bosom, like an unquenchable fire, burning for ever amid the bowels of the mighty earth, on whose surface blooms the fragrant flowers, and rich, wide-spreading verdure, until the voice of nature, amid the strife and clash of elements, sends it forth to desolate and overwhelm the land. Metacom was a savage. Call him so if you will. The bright and glowing image of the Deity was stamped upon his brow. What to him were the inventions of civilised man? Their luxuries but enervated; and the strong arm of the law executed the revenge which their pale and cowardly souls shrank terribly from wreaking. Had not the dominion of our fathers extended from the green isle of Aquetnet far into the distant wild, where the foot of man grew weary with wandering? And now Metacom was a wanderer and a fugitive!

Such were the thoughts that agitated my bosom, as I crept with stealthy steps through the quiet and soundless streets.

How solemnly falls the moonlight upon the dark foliage of the forest, like bright shadows of the past, illumining with a momentary lustre long years of misery and despair. Nature and man alike appeared to repose. At this hushed and holy hour, the spirit of solitude, with her deep mysteries and earthly superstitions, roamed unmolested by the contaminating presence of man. A strange feeling of awe for the first time oppressed my spirits. Hark! a crashing of boughs, a light, quick step, and Metacom stood beside me.

"Norah!" he murmured.

At the sound of that loved voice, which thrilled through my frame, I raised my eyes to his, and met his kindling gaze of rapture and of love.

"Speak, my beloved! Norah lives but in the joy of thy glance."

Slowly and sadly he spoke:

"The eagle flies to the mountain and the panther to his lair, but Metacom hath no refuge from the storm. When I cross the silent water, or gaze upon the lightning's flash; in the dark hour when prowling wolves are heard; by day, by night, the spirit of my father shouts, 'Metacom! revenge! revenge!' They have passed like snow-flakes upon the mountain, when the hot sun glares fiercely on its side. I must perish Norah; the last chieftain of my race. Listen? Ere morn breaks upon yon smiling village, wrapped in a cloud of flames thou shalt behold it crackling and blazing, a bright hetacomb to the manes of my slaughtered followers. Then the remembrance of past injuries will cease, and the sweet stream of revenge, like the balmy fountains of the west, will heal my wounded spirit. All must perish! The home of thy childhood, she who snatched thee from the burning hut, (when the pale fiends upon our people burst, nor spared, of all our great and happy tribe, scarce one to tell the tale), she who nourished thee with all a mother's care, must perish! Remember the wide forests that our fathers swayed, their bones that bleach upon the scorching plain, a perished race of warriors; and I, homeless proscribed, a price upon my head—shrinkest thou!—have I not sworn by the Great Spirit we worship, by all the powers of darkness and of evil, to fulfil my vow!"

"No, Metacom, I shrunk not."

"'Tis well. The western tribes have leagued together. Like the roar of a torrent in its strength, we will rush upon the pale-faced race."

Silently and swiftly the chief departed. I returned to that dwelling which was soon to be wrapt in desolation and despair. At the fifth hour I had vowed to fire the roof, which was to be a signal for the work of murder. Heavily crept the time. I nerved myself for the task. Snatching a brand from the earth, I threw it upon the bed; and watched, with a savage satisfaction, the progress of the flames. Another moment, and the yell of myriads burst upon mine ear, Opening the window, I sprang out and fled to the shelter of the forest. Could I remain in safety, and he, the idol of my existence, perilling his life amid the fiery element? I rushed back to the village. Oh heavens! what a sight met my agonized gaze! Mother and child crushed and bleeding! The foster brother of mine infancy, the playmate of my childhood, the kind, the gentle boy turned his dying gaze upon me. I fled along, seeking him for whose love I had perilled soul and body. I found him. Great heaven! have mercy on me! My blood runs thick, and my brain is whirling now. Must I never forget his frantic look, his demoniac gesture, his body drenched in blood, and that fair young child clinging for mercy? He raised his arm—the murderous axe gleamed in the flames—utterance failed me—I essayed to speak—the words were choking in my throat. I shouted, "Metacom!" It was too late! The heavy weapon cleft the innocent brow, blinding my maddened gaze with the blood of the young martyr! I would have fled, but Metacom, detaining me in his grasp, exultingly cried:

"Shades of my fathers, well art thou avenged!"

At that moment of triumph and exultation, a ball from an unerring rifle pierced his heart. Bounding from the earth, he fell without a moan. What became of me I know not. Years passed on, unheeded and unknown, and I awoke to reason and misery within a lone and gloomy cell. They told me I had been mad. I cared not; for the evil spirit had departed, and I could now offer at the shrine of heaven a penitent and contrite heart.

One of the distinguishing features of the present age is the increasing diffusion of a love for the fine arts among all classes of the English nation, not only in painting and statuary, but in all branches of ornamentation. There is a constant demand for cheapness, elegance, and good taste. Few manufacturers of the present time have contributed more towards this result than the well-known firm of Messrs. Parkins and Gotto, 24 and 25, Oxford Street, London. In walking round their spacious and well-filled show-rooms, no one can fail to remark the immense variety of really useful and elegant articles, particularly adapted for Christmas Presents and New Year's Gifts. We would direct especial attention to the superior specimens of mediæval mounted work, as applied to cases for writing materials, inkstands, blotting-paper books, and to the mountings for Bibles, Prayer-books, &c. The public will be gratified also to observe the great improvement in the manufacture of Morocco and Russia goods, such as desks, despatch boxes, and those attractive carriage and travelling bags so conveniently fitted. Here are also beautiful specimens in papier maché, pearl, and tortoiseshell goods in the greatest possible variety, and at prices to suit every pocket. One circumstance connected with this firm, and upon which they very justly pride themselves, is the fact that almost every article in their extensive stock is of British manufacture.

REVIEWS.

The Skin, Baths, Bathing, and Soap. By Francis Pears. London: Published by the Author.

A book which will be welcome to every lover of health, and not less welcome to the invalid, coming as it does from a professional of thirty years' standing. One who thoroughly understands the subject of which he treats, and who has happily illustrated his book with anecdotes of men and manners in ancient history, as well as those of modern date.

"This age has developed a new function of the skin. It has become the great agent of operations with a new class of hydropaths. Priessnitz has superseded Galen. Washings, bathings, and liquid applications to the skin, are now extensively, and it would seem to a great extent successfully, employed for the cure of diseases the most difficult to cure. Pleasure first sent men into the water; intelligence sends them into it now. Laving was first a luxury; it is now a system; and the ascertainment of the kind of lavements to be used in special cases is becoming a question of interest and importance.

"Originally, bathing undoubtedly took place in the rivers and the sea, but men soon learned to enjoy the pleasure in their own houses. Homer mentions the use of the bath as an old custom. When Ulysses enters the palace of Circe, a bath is prepared for him, after which he is anointed with costly perfumes and dressed in rich garments. The bath, at this period, was the first refreshment offered to the guest. In later times, rooms, both public and private, were built expressly for the purpose of bathing. The public baths of the Greeks were mostly connected with the gymnasia, because they were taken immediately after the athletic exercises. The Romans, in the period of their luxury, imitated the Greeks in this point, and built magnificent baths."

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Sybil Grey. An Autobiography. Edited by Bourne Gomerie. Newby.

The first chapter of this novel is a description of the death of a wicked aunt, who cannot make her exit comfortably until she has obtained the forgiveness of her niece Sybil, who arrives at the house of her repentant relative just in time to pronounce the necessary absolution. The dying woman dies in melodramatic style :—

"Hush! hush, she is coming—coming, I hear her, 'tis her old foot-fall, so light, so gentle—coming—ah!"

Sybil's husband is introduced in the following terms :—

"Life of my life, soul of my soul, as he was, whose every heart-throb echoed back my own, whose soul-light sunned with golden, holy radiance my being; yet even he could but dimly picture the wild thoughts that swept over me."

This first chapter is, in fact, the end of the story; and we presume the authoress begins at the end, rightly judging that few readers would care to wade through three volumes of bathos, of which the above quotation is a fair sample. It is an ingenious contrivance to allay that curiosity which induces young ladies to hurry to the last chapter of Volume III. by skipping; but the precaution in this case is unnecessary, for novel-readers are only curious about the fate of the hero or heroine when their sympathies are excited, and they are interested in the story—a state of things that could never arise from the perusal of *Sybil Grey*.

Aunt Esther, who is handed over to the undertaker in Chapter 1, reappears in Chapter 2 as the guardian of Miss Sybil Grey, a young lady not yet in her teens, but who is remarkable precocious, and talks sentiment like a damsel of eighteen. The aunt hates her ward, and the reason of this hatred, she exp'ains to the child's nurse, arises from the unpleasant circumstance of her being engaged to Sybil's papa before he married her sister. Miss Sybil happens to be concealed behind the curtain when the aunt makes this avowal, and at the end of it comes forth. For a child of nine years of age, she rates her relative with extraordinary vigour, though with a sprinkling of Irish idiom :—

"You hate me as you hate my father! Why don't you send me away from you? I hate you, Aunt Esther; do send me away from you; I don't want to live here; I'd like to go ever so far away."

After a few more pages of abuse, the aunt, instead of boxing the child's ears, taking away her doll, and sending her to bed without supper, turns pale, and totters out of the room. Nurse Susan and nursemaid Eliza—both of them paragons of domestic servantism—do all they can to soothe the irritable young lady, but in vain. Miss Sybil Grey, who is afflicted throughout life with hypochondria, imagines, among other things, that a giant's hand is sometimes pressing her heart, and is so excited by this conception that she takes a walk in her sleep, has a fit of illness, is ordered off to West Cliffe, and there makes the acquaintance of Miss Agnes St. Clair, who, it is some comfort to know, is in a consumption, for she is distressingly good and very insipid. Agnes dies in her sleep; Sybil weeps, brother Ralph sympathies with her, and beautiful cousin Maud sneers and pouts, whilst Agnes is being decorated with flowers in her coffin. Uncle Leigh is a splendid conception. He is a lawyer of great eminence, who investigates intricate cases for infants under three months and widows of any age, without fee or recompense, except the gratification of doing good. When Sybil is seventeen, the wicked aunt wants her to marry the Rev. Mr. Slowcumbe, who is verging on fifty. The young lady refuses, and consults Ralph St. Clair, who says she is quite right. The wicked aunt gets angry, boxes the ears of her niece, who straightway falls down, cuts a wound a few inches deep in her temple, and is carried to bed, with gory, matted locks :—

"And then I awoke to a feeling of intense pain—a burning, smarting agony in my temple; a throbbing as of ten thousand pulses in my brain; my hair was swept back, and fell over the pillows. 'But la, Miss, before you could have thought it, your hair was so wet—'tis quite stiff with the blood now, that poured so fast.'"

Next day, despite her wound, she rides over to the Oak Lodge, and meets with Ralph, who then and there promises to marry her. Such a runaway match was never heard of. At midnight, when the lightning is flashing and the thunder roaring, Miss Sybil leaves her bedroom, creeps down stairs, finds her way into the stable, saddles her horse, gallops to Oak Lodge, and is there married to Ralph by the aid of a gentleman in white, assisted by a gentleman in black. After the occurrence of an auspicious event—the birth of a son—Sybil finds out that she has been duped by a false marriage, and that her pretended husband is wedded to the beautiful and sneering Maud. A Captain Rowland places her under the charge of an elderly lady in the country, and remains in town herself to look after the baby, which very properly expires. Sybil turns authoress, and writes a successful book, quite as easily as most young ladies would write an invitation note. Maud dies (really the work ought to be very popular with undertakers); and Ralph offers to marry Sybil, who savagely declines the honour. One night it is rather windy, and Sybil has an idea that the wind has something to do with Ralph, and so she prays for him. By a singular coincidence, it does happen that at this fortunate moment Ralph is praying in the cabin of the ship about to be engulfed :—

"There was a strange calm upon his face; no, it was not the calmness of despair. 'She is praying for me,' he murmured; 'Sybil, whom I have wronged, is praying for me now.'"

By another singular coincidence, it happens that Captain Rowland and Paul—the latter a distinguished literary character and a suitor for the hand of Sybil—are together in a sea-side cottage on this fortunate evening, and, hearing signals of distress, they persuade the life-boatsmen to go out, by offering them ten or twenty guineas reward. Ralph notwithstanding the storm, recognises the faces of his former friends. He refuses to leave the vessel, but gives Rowland a manuscript :—

"'Rowland,' he said, 'Rowland, I entrust this to you. Do me one last favour; give it with your own hands to her. You will promise me Rowland?'"

This is surely the height of absurdity. Perhaps Bourne Gomerie has never beheld the sea, and fancies it is a large sized mill-pond. Whilst the fish are eating the flesh of poor Ralph, Paul listens to Sybil, and is finally married to her; and this Paul is the "Life of my life, soul of my soul," &c., of Chapter 1.

The style of the novel is no better than the construction of the story; but, at any rate, *Sybil Grey* may be turned to account as a provacative to laughter whenever the mind requires a little innocent diversion.

Love.—Every listener, or reader, has admired Parthenia's definition of Love to Ingomar :—

"What Love is, if thou would'st be taught,
Thy heart must teach alone;
Two souls, with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Upon which a profane cynic, having no fear of Cupid before his eyes, perpetrated *for us* (*Model American Courier*) the following villanous parody, which appeared in a late *Courier*, and has been pirated by a host of our exchanges without credit :—

"Love is a nightmare with one foot;
Two children with one bun;
Two turnips with a single root;
Two cabbage heads as one."

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THE SEASONS.

Summer is dead—and o'er the stricken fields
The winds go wailing with a dreary sound.
Autumn hath perish'd too—and, in the woods,
The wither'd leaves lie in the frosty air,
Like hopes that have gone by; and as the breeze
Comes sighing through the boughs, they sweep along,
Crackling and crushing with a mocking sound.
Autumn hath vanish'd with the waving corn,
With the pale shrinking flowers, that in the woods
Trembled and quiver'd as the night came on,—
With the green tufts that shone among the grass
Fading, and dying, with a yellow care,—
With the last leaves that clung upon the boughs
Of the old forest trees, sickly and weak,
Yet clasping wearily until the storm
Breaks rudely o'er the hills, and, in its ire,
Dashes them stiffly to the frosty ground.

Winter is come—the fields are dress'd in white,
Sparkling and brilliant in the sickly sun
That looketh on serenely o'er the plain,
As though he knew the season he awaits
Hath need of his forbearance, and so shines
With a chill languishing of empty warmth
That hath no real heart. The trees are bare,
Stretching their gaunt boughs with a helpless look
Against the clear blue sky, watching themselves
In their still shadows lying on the ground—
A cruel satire on their summer pride.
And in the ponds the rushes, harsh and dark,
Are matted now together. Thoughtfully,
The water looks back on the quiet sky,
As though it seem'd to say within itself—
"How fair thy seeming is; and yet, and yet,
Thou smilest on the lilies that are dead,
Thy blasts have withered." And lo! the morn
Finds e'en the shadows quench'd upon its breast,
Lock'd with the keys of ice.

Then, faint and pale,
With a thin sickly beam, the sun looks down
And laughs upon the earth; and from the grass
Spring timid snowdrops, looking shyly down,
And crocuses, and graceful purple flowers,
So fresh and beautiful. And balmy winds
Come wooingly athwart the clear blue sky,
Bringing kind gentle rain; and in bright groups
Grow simple flowers upon the wide, wide heath,
And on the lonely hills. Then, harsh and stern
Old Winter shrinks 'neath the awakening power,
And withereth away, and far and wide
The sun doth launch his fascinating rays.
The ice endures a while, maintaining still
Its cold tranquillity,—and yet anon
It perisheth away. Then far resounds
The sound of waterfalls and running streams
Tumbling o'er rugged stones across their path;—
The trees burst forth in leaves, and in their shade
The young birds twitter in the early dawn,
Filling the woods with sound; and brighter yet
Steals the soft sunshine o'er the beds of flowers
With a warm lingering ray, kissing the buds,
And glancing off, with weak inconstancy;
Resting itself upon the gleaming face
Of placid waters—or, in airy mirth,
Dancing upon the ripples of a stream,
Dazzling itself with glee. And lo! the earth
Doth usher in the morning of the year!

Mrs. Partington on Diseases.—"Diseases is very various," said Mrs. Partington, as she returned from a street-door conversation with Dr. Bolds. "The doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs! It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The diseases is so various! One day we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs, another of brown creatures; here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, there about the tenor of the throat; here we hear of the neurology in the head, and there of an emargo; on one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of beef in the sarcofogus, and there another kills himself by discovering his jocular vein. Things change so that I declare that I don't know how to subscribe for any disease now-a-days. New names and nostrils take the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old yarb bag away."

A Fishing Adventure.—"What a magnificent pool that is!" exclaimed one of the party, looking at a deep hole, close to the tents. "O be joyful; there are plenty more such, no doubt. Go A., up the stream, and reconnoitre." A. set off for the purpose, and in half an hour returned with the unwelcome intelligence, that the river from hence to the foss, which might be three quarters of a mile off, was one broad, rapid stream, with hardly a single resting-place for a large salmon. "The foss-pool could not be fished from the land, and no boat could live in it." "Shocking disappointment," blurted out C. "Very well! never mind!" I put in, imitating the tone of the Danish Greve, whom we had left drinking port-wine by bucketsfull at Vadsö. "Here is one good pool at all events. Let us cast lots which of the three shall have the first throw in it." The philosophy with which I bore our disappointment was rewarded by my winning the first throw. My rod was soon put together, and my celebrated "Paswig" fly, as I had named it, was looped on the end of the treble-gut casting line. Like the father of her who was beloved by Villikins, it abounded in "silvier and gowd." Blue, yellow, and scarlet pig's-wool decked the body, while golden pheasant tippets and toppings, with a profusion of parrot, bustard, and other mixed fibres adorned the wings. The ladies on board the damp-skib had never ceased to admire its gorgeous hues, and the ingenuity displayed in its construction. "Christopher," said I to one of our men, "row me up above there, and let the boat sink gently towards the hole." The "Paswig" fly at last descended lightly on a spot, where the rapid stream flowing more tranquilly, became all at once very dark and deep. What a tug I felt at that instant! The handle of my reel went round at such a pace. "Be ready, Christopher, to let the boat go down when I give the signal. He is off, I think. Follow him. But no. Hold hard. What's that? Look at the line; it's fizzing up the water like the cut-water of her Majesty's steam yacht." The fish had suddenly turned in his downward career, and shot like an arrow obliquely up stream, making the line belly below him. The next moment he came to the surface, ploughing it up for the space of half-a-dozen yards, and disclosing his size. "By jingo!" exclaimed C., who stood on the bank close by, yelling and dancing like one frantic, "what a fish! hurrah for the Paswig! Forty pounds if he is an ounce. I'll bet you three dollars, even money, he is forty pounds. Your tackle is strong, I suppose? There is a prodigious strain upon it. Egad! how he is sawing up stream. Fit to snap a cable." And snap went my line at that instant. Woe worth the day! The terrific rush of the fish up stream had done the mischief. The line, not being a new one, the great weight of water, and the pull of the fish together, were too much for it. "Very well! never mind," said I, imitating the Greve. "We have, at all events, discovered one thing, and that is, that there are good fish in the river. Unfortunately, as I have before said, the tide rose all the way up to the falls; so that, at certain periods of the day, we could not fish. By wading out into the stream higher up, and standing on some large stones, one of the party managed to catch several salmon; but they were none of them of large size. Lapland salmon proved equal, I had almost said superior, in flavour to any that I ever tasted. One of our men, a Quain, was no mean performer in the cooking line. Cutting a sharp-pointed stick, he used to transfix a wedge of salmon therewith, and roast it over the embers in a very skilful manner. It was ludicrous to observe the earnestness with which he used to engage in this employment; never dishing up the savoury morsel till it was done to a turn; although C. was apostrophizing him all the time in English and bad Norsk, of which language the Quain did not understand a word, not even the monosyllabic "strax" (directly), which was the most favourite word in C.s' Norsk vocabulary. Indeed, he nicknamed the boy Anton, the waiter on board the steamer, by that adverb.

Death of the Shanghai.—The *Palmer Journal* man thus winds off an affecting notice of its Shanghai rooster: "His voice, when heard amidst the crowing of other roosters, was like the trombone in an orchestra of violins, or the bass of rumbling thunder amid the hum of a dozen spinning wheels:

Farewell, faithful servant, a lasting farewell!
From thy fate let all roosters take warning—
No more will thy voice, in a long and loud swell,
Awake us, to get up and go to work,
About half-past five o'clock in the morning.

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"THE LONDON AND PARIS LADIES' MAGAZINE" has a large and steadily-increasing circulation in the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and America, and offers peculiar advantages as an advertising medium to all those who administer to the necessities or luxuries of the fairer portion of the public. Unlike newspapers and publications of an ephemeral or purely literary character which are either torn up or shelved as soon as read, this Magazine remains during the intervals of its publication in the show-rooms of the fashionable milliner, the work-room of the practical *modiste*, and the boudoir of the lady of wealth, continually referred to, and continually under the eye of precisely that class of customers which it is presumed to be most the interest of advertisers to attract.

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A set of twelve in a box	1 1 0
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A single sleeve sent to all parts for 1s. 3d. Any pattern post free on the receipt of postage stamps or money order for the amount. All letters must contain a remittance for the goods required.

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Fashions for January 1860

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Pl. II

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Pl. III

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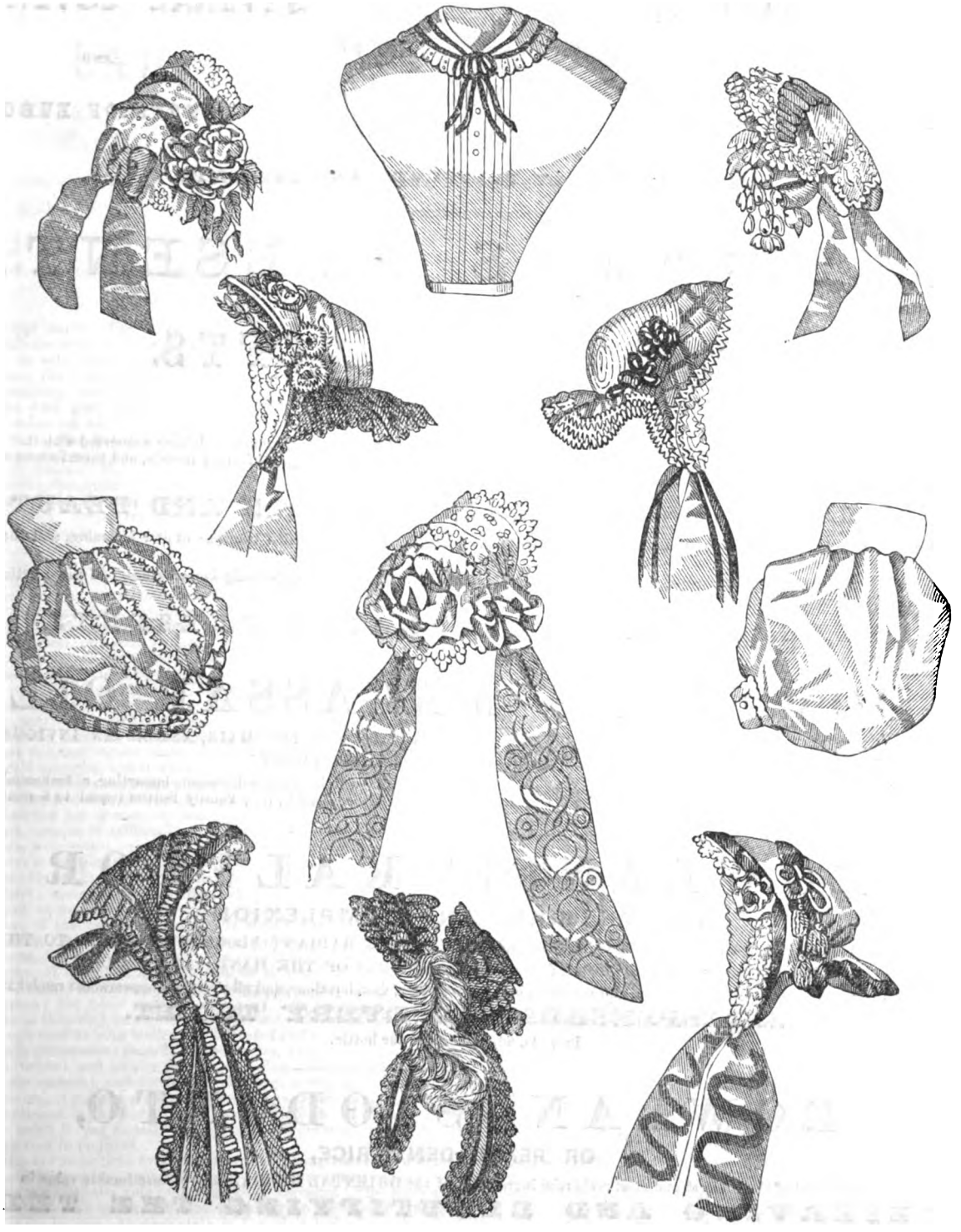


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PLATE V.



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Fashions for January, 1860.

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are more than usually essential for preserving the Hair in its decorative charm, the Skin and Complexion transparent and blooming, and the Teeth in their pearl-like lustre.

The Patronage of Royalty throughout Europe, their general use by Rank and Fashion, and the universally-known efficacy of these articles give them a celebrity unparalleled, and render them peculiarly

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, etc.

No. 350. FEBRUARY, 1860. Vol. 33.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevard des Italiens, 29*th January*, 1860.

Chere Amie,—The dresses for evening or grande toilette will be this winter composed of splendid materials. The silks are of two kinds, plain, or with bouquets broché, or of velvet; the taffetas Imperatrice, the reps, the Pekin velvets, taffetas with velvet flowers; a new satin, less brilliant, but very rich. To these we may add the materials lameés with gold or silver, which form most dazzling ball dresses; these robes are with several skirts bouillonnées, ornamented by flowers or ribbon, the bodies much ornamented with ruches and lace, the sleeves very small, with bouillons of tulle. Flowers will be much worn on ball dresses; the robes, of tulle lamé or plain, have all flowers attached in bouquets to the upper skirt; the bouquet on the corsage is very small, but is indispensable where flowers are worn in the hair and on the skirt. Grass, sea weed, and garnitures of hothouse plants, are very fashionable; wreaths of roses of every colour mixed, and all round, are worn as well as geraniums.

The toilettes for what are termed morning negligés now are united with much elegance as well as richness of material, both with respect to the dress as all its accompaniments; there is always observed, however, much distinction between the decided morning fireside dress and that for receiving visits, the former being more simple, though of rich material, without flounces, and little trimmed. Casaques of various kinds are worn over a body of tarlatane to the throat, with insertions, and Valenciennes of a square form, and little nœud of ribbon; over this is a resille of black velvet, or second body of black taffetas. These are worn with skirts of very rich materials of dark colour, marron, pensée, dark green, with long ceinture the same colour as the dress, trimmed with narrow black lace; the casaque Zouave, of currant coloured velvet, embroidered on the front, sides and sleeves, with gold spangles, and is worn on all dresses, provided they are without flounces; they are worn also with dresses of light colours. White taffetas, striped with blue or pink, sprigs of pink or lilac, form charming toilettes for dinner or evening toilettes. The peignoirs, with Turkish casaque of taffetas Imperatrice, may be trimmed with marten fur, or a wide velvet, or plissé à la vieille, and is made in every colour; in velvet it is trimmed with Astracan or marten, and, when wished to be more simple, it may be of violet plush, of two shades, or of plush moucheté; some, indeed, have been made of white plush, with pelerine, trimmed, as well as the front, with a wide band of Terry velvet or taffetas; if the peignoir is white, it should not be ornamented with any colour. A new style is introduced for dresses; they are round at the waist, short in front, and very long behind, corresponding with the design of the skirt, which should be hollowed in front and form train behind. With respect to trimmings, there is nothing universally prescribed; the plain morning dress, of handsome materials, is as elegant as that with guimpes, nœuds, or velvet trimmings. Guimpes are much used on both bodies and sleeves of full dress. Point de Gène, and wide guimpes are placed on high bodies, as plaques of black laces before, behind, and on the top of low bodies. The trimmings on the skirts are various; sometimes a band fifteen or twenty ruches wide at the bottom, of guimpe guipures, point de Gènes, diminishing as it rises and continued on the body, others have l'aumoniere of guimpe placed at the side; it has tassels, and resembles those worn in the middle ages, as seen in pictures.

Fichus are more than ever in fashion, for young persons, also pelerines, either square or round, for demi toilette, over low bodies.

There is no definite rule for the make of corsages. The form most used is that with gores, without marking the waist, and widening towards the bottom; another style is the plain body termed corsage Empire, the waist short in front and long behind, not as worn years back, but rather short in the front, much longer at the sides, and still more so at the back; the tight sleeve is used with this body. Velvet trimmings are a little gone by, the plain dresses preferred, ornamented with moire or Terry velvet, sometimes with satin and taffetas; the bodies are not either trimmed with black velvet, but with the same colour as the dress, or of point de Gènes or guipure; large flat buttons encircled with lace are very fashionable. Some dresses have these large buttons on the skirt and body; even on ball dresses of white tulle the skirt is raised by large macarons of pink taffetas, trimmed with a double row of black and white lace.

Dark colours decidedly prevail in carriage dresses, and black ribbons even for evening coiffures; in Paris, indeed, black ribbons are in great use, for toilettes at this moment, dresses, coiffures, and bonnets, they are all frequently used to trim in preference to velvet.

A pretty style of dress for a little girl was one of the laurel taffetas; a thick pinked ruche gave the effect of a double skirt; the body was high, with a ceinture, ornamented by a ruche forming berthe, the ceinture tied behind in large spread-out nœud, with ends also ornamented with a very small ruche, the sleeves of two bouillons with revers, trimmed with ruche. Capote of white taffetas, with nœud of red velvet inside, and small square Cachemire shawl.

The bonnets at the beginning of the season commenced by a sensible alteration in the form, which inclined more over the face; but not being considered becoming, it has undergone a change; for dress bonnets, ostrich feathers have quite returned to favour; some are in bouquets placed very high at the sides; some very large and mousseuse in different shades of the same colour. Black ribbon is much used for bonnets of Chinese blue, velvets have black ribbon mixed with blue velvet, also for curtains, velvet with black ribbon; the brides or strings are all black of taffetas, cut on the bias, edged by a narrow ribbon the colour of the velvet, or sometimes all black. A bonnet of black velvet was made with a soft crown of French blue velvet, on one side was a pouff of velvets; on the other, two caquilles of black lace inside a bandeau of blue velvet and nœud of black lace, brides of black velvet; a capote of currant colour velvet was ornamented with lappets of black lace placed horizontally, terminating with ends drooping from a nœud of black velvet.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Morning Dress.*—Robe peignoir of popeline; the corsage crosses at the waist, and is a little open, with revers and collar edged with black lace; ceinture at the waist, tight sleeves with fluted jockeys, edged with black lace, the skirt closes at the side with large flat buttons, black lace at the edge, chemisette and collar of cambric.

Dinner Dress.—Robe of mauve satin; the skirt ornamented by three biais, headed by a ruche casaque of violet velvet, richly embroidered; under sleeves of tulle in bouillons, the hair is in ringlets, with nœud and ends of violet velvet.

Evening Dress.—Robe of pink tulle; the skirt is covered by flounces and bouillons, the berthe on the body corresponds, and the short sleeves are of one bouillon; scarf of black lace; coiffure of hair, with white flowers intermixed.

PLATE II.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of moire and pardessus of black taffetas, with square pelerine trimmed with fringe and guimp; large loose sleeves lined with satin. Bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with lace and roses.

Young Lady's Dinner Dress.—Robe of taffetas, with four skirts, each edged with band of trimming; the body is high, and tight without division at the waist, and closes up the front with buttons; bell sleeve, with cuff under sleeves of muslin in bouillons. Coiffure of hair, intermingled with black lace and flounces.

Little Girl's Dress.—Frock of taffetas, trimmed with plisses of ribbon; low body, with tucker of lace; double bell sleeve, with white one under, nœuds of ribbon on the shoulders.

PLATE III.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of satin, with jacket; the basque of a square form, trimmed with black lace, headed by a small ruche; large bell sleeves open and turned back, trimmed with black lace and frills; the skirt is ornamented by flowers of the same, and lace; the hair in ringlets and nœuds of narrow ribbon.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of black velvet and manteau of Edredon richly ornamented with fringe and guimp. Bonnet of Terry velvet.

Morning Dress.—Robe peignoir of popeline, with jacket body, trimmed with a plissé à la Vieille of ribbon; the skirt is open in front,

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trimmed down each side, and round the bottom with a wide plisée; very wide open sleeves, under skirt, sleeves and guimpe of embroidered muslin. Cape fauchon of lace.

PLATE IV.—Bonnet of straw, trimmed with pink satin edged with black lace, and two large roses.

Carriage bonnet of white silk, trimmed with crimson velvet and black lace, and a bunch of white spring flowers.

Bonnet of quilted mauve satin, trimmed with velvet to match, and white roses.

Morning cap of muslin, trimmed with narrow green ribbon.

Second ditto of white and black lace, trimmed with narrow and broad orange ribbon.

Dress cap of white tulle, trimmed with black blond and blue ribbon.

Second ditto of white blond, trimmed with a wreath of scarlet flo wer across the head; a bow at the back of the same colour.

Pelerine and sleeve to match, made of white muslin, trimmed with white lace, and ornamented with rosettes and guimp of narrow black velvet.

White sleeve of net and wide lace, trimmed with rosettes of black blond and violet coloured ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

The present Number contains the model of a tight sleeve, without the join down the middle; by placing the inner parts together, and turning the larger piece over to meet the small one, a seam is formed on the inner side of the sleeve, and which obviates the seam as seen in a gentleman's sleeve.

RIFLEWOMEN, FORM!

We have great news to communicate to our countrymen. England is safe! Our "dear little island"—as bibulous after-dinner speakers affectionately call her, in utter forgetfulness of their early friend Pinnock, who informs them that England is a very large island—our "dear little island," we repeat, need no longer fear the terrible Bogie over the way, for the women of Great Britain are to shoulder the rifle, smother their timidity, show a bold front to the foe, and, with the aforesaid weapon—a needle-rifle is the favourite—for ever sew up the French. What a sight for the envious world to witness! While our men are properly working at their usual avocations, is it not natural that our women, who have no other employment, should be adding a belt of steel (which they well know how to do in these days of crinoline) to our sea-girt land? Every true woman, we learn, is to have a rifle, and to practise rifle-shooting. Every true woman is to give up her bow and her arrow (now found in all households, of course), "which yield no useful benefit to society," and to take up with her Enfield. Her archery ground is to be altered to suit the new demands on it, and herself "accoutred to contest for the prizes to be awarded to the best rifle-shot." Here are defensive preparations indeed! Our great ally may well pause before he gives the signal to devastate these shores; and, in trembling apprehension lest the enthusiam of the petticoats may outrun the bounds of the strictly defensive, request the French press to be more moderate in its tone towards the Amazonian land. Imagine a hundred thousand thorough-bred English ladies, cased in steel and whalebone, making a descent on our neighbour's territory! Consider the tremendous effect of such an array on the quick susceptibilities of the Imperial army! Taken captive by a brilliant charge from the British riflewomen, our old foes would for once acknowledge themselves beaten, and, gallant though they be, never dream of avenging their signal defeat.

Not that our authority (an "Archeress," writing in the *Morning Post*) absolutely says she means to fight the French—neither she nor any one else is really thinking of that just now; but she implies as much, and leaves us in astonished gratitude at all she means to do for us of the (supposed) sterner sex. She intends, by her rifle, to protect us and our property from the "burglar and the midnight assassin," to "permit us to enjoy our country abodes in peace and tranquillity," and—astounding intelligence! hear it, ye country gentlemen, who strive might and main, and sell your honour in bribes for the strange contradiction of being called "honourable members"—our sharpshooter absolutely promises, *Abolition of the Parliament of Great Britain.* Hearken to the Archeress:—

"The present movement among the gentlemen and ladies' rifle grounds, will do more to dissipate the fear of the midnight assassin, and permit us to enjoy our country abode in peace and tranquillity, *than all the penal laws, for the passing of which so many country gentlemen are obliged to abandon their homes for several months in the year*, and leave the same to the protection of their wives and dependents."

What need have we of that corrupt thing, a British Parliament, while our "Archeress" lives?

And, as if to surfeit us with good news, all this "useful benefit to society is to be given without entailing a single drawback. Some dullards might think that rifle-practice and drill would induce rather more of that coarse muscular development which we find in our fish-women than is exactly consistent with refined female beauty. Nothing of the kind. For we read: "Nor need such change—that from archery to rifle-shooting—"affect the present attention paid to costume, figure, and attitude; the graceful movements of the body need not be sacrified by the substitution of a new weapon, and a larger and keener sight." This is, indeed, highly satisfactory. We would not, for any other thing in the world, have lost our ladies' "figures and attitudes"—be it understood we carefully abstain from alluding to the costume, which the Zulu Kaffirs may have as soon as they like; and as to the "graceful movement of the body," not one iota would we give up, even if the whole French army, Zouaves, Turcos, and all, were to demand it at the bayonet's point. So we are doubly, nay, trebly blessed: our ladies are to protect us from foreign foes, to scare away the midnight assassin, and to save us the infliction of Parliamentary sessions; while they will retain "their figures and attitudes and graceful movements of the body." So we say, "Riflewomen, form! as quickly as possible, and pray, kind 'Archeress,' if you be good-looking, send us word when the rifle practice commences, that we may study with all due attention your 'figure and attitude and graceful movement of the body.'"

VEGETARIANISM UNPHILOSOPHICAL.—Every one who has the least knowledge of anatomy is aware that the whole apparatus for eating and digesting food in man, occupies an intermediate position between that in the carnivorous and herbiverous mammalia. It is generally inferred, from this arrangement, that man is clearly intended by nature for a mixed animal and vegetable diet. But it can scarcely be admissible to argue, that as man is neither intended to live on vegetable or animal food exclusively, therefore he should eat both. The vegetarians use the anatomical argument with more propriety when they infer that the food of man should be midway between flesh and herbs. They assert that the roots, fruits, and seeds of the earth, exactly supply the food which nature wants. Both parties, however, forget that man cooks his food—that he can neither live on raw flesh, raw potatoes, nor unprepared grain. The fact of cooking alters the anatomical argument entirely, and it would not be difficult to prove that well-cooked flesh, fowl, and fish, sound potatoes, good bread, and ripe fruits, assisted in their mastication by the substitution of knives and forks for the teeth of the carnivora, furnish the exact intermédiate food indicated by the conformation of the human species. It must be remembered that the flesh of all animals usually eaten contains two crystallisable nitrogenous substances, kreatine and kreatinine, which are not found in wheat, peas, or any vegetable food, or even in milk or eggs. Kreatine is kreatinine combined with water, and thus rendered neutral in its relation to acids and alkalies. It resembles theine, the active principle of tea and coffee, and appears to act as a stimulus upon the nervous system. This would give some colour to the assertion that vegetable feeders are "mere digesters and flesh growers," and assist in proving that meat is necessary to those who do not want mere muscular strength, but desire perfect freedom and full activity of the whole nervous system. Modern experience appears to be leading to the conclusion that the flesh-forming constituents of food should be principally taken from the animal kingdom, and the starch-like or heat-producing fuel from the vegetable world. Thus, when much meat is eaten bread should be used less, potatoes, other vegetables, fruit, and leaves, more; and when bread is taken largely it should not be with, but as a substitute for, beef and mutton. —*Spencer Well on Gout.*

HERE LIE THE REMAINS, &C.—The ashes of an oak in the chimney are no epitaph of that oak, to tell me how high or how large it was. It tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless too,—it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldst not, as of a prince whom thou couldst not, look upon, would trouble thine eyes if the wind blew it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of a churchyard into the church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the church into the churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce—this is the patrician, this the noble flour; and this is the yeomanly—this the plebeian bran?—*Dr. Donne.*

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THE REFORMERS OF 1527.

A PROLONGED, multitudinous shout reverberated from the immense concave of St. Peter's, and swept like a rushing torrent through its mazy labyrinth of aisles and porticos.

"Venite, exultemus Domino"—

And the assembled thousands joined with the swelling choir.

Beneath that gorgeous dome—encompassed by the sublimest trophies of art and science—with a spirit absorbed in the united aspirations of congregated myriads, how insignificant, yet how exalted—how abased, yet how penetrated with the liveliest emotions of unutterable love—felt a simple student of theology.

"If this be not heaven, for what beatitude are the saints reserved?" murmured he in involuntary self-communion.

And he bowed his head, overwhelmed by conflicting emotions.

The solemn service proceeded, with the imposing ceremonials of the church of Rome. Its white-robed apostles surrounded the altar—and the crucified Saviour seemed, in the wondrous tablet of the prince of painters, to be present in body, and to doubly hallow the consecrated rites. The most apathetic were enkindled—the most worldly enchained by the resistless, yet ennobling enthusiasm.

What was the torrent of sensibility that swept through the mind of the untravelled, guileless student!

But when the cardinals, with their wide-spreading hats of brightest scarlet, with their interlaced bands of net-work, and glittering tassels depending, rose in their many folded robes, and made obeisance to the vicar of Christ on earth—and when Leo himself, with severe yet graceful dignity, gave to the prostrate multitude his paternal benediction and absolution, then—fervently wished the student for death.

"Must I mingle again with the world? O that he who gave my spirit, would here, in this his sanctuary, before these his holy ministers, resume the gracious gift!"

"Nunc dimittis Dominie"—

The flood of moving beings rolled on slowly and majestically, with the gradual yet unopposable might of an immense, spring-swoln river—but when they passed the porticoes, its concetrated force was expanded, and the area before the Cathedral allowed the exertion of individual motion.

"Luther!" cried a voice at the foot of the towering obelisk, the trophy of imperial Rome from conquered Egypt—that seems to emulate the opposing mountain of architecture.

The student for it was he who was addressed, turned his eyes in the direction of the sound.

"Ha! Melancthon!" cried he in return as he struggled through the still compact crowd, to reach his companion.

"Leo! Is it not a noble dome? and the high altar. I,"—but he stopped as he caught a glimpse of the abstracted look of his friend.

Luther silently embraced his companion's arm, and they turned together down a narrow street to their obscure hostel.

"So the list is completed for Tetzel?" said Cardinal Cajetan to a prelate at his side, as they sate in high conclave, in a private apartment of the Vatican.

"'Fore God, an extensive jurisdiction," replied his neighbour sarcastically; and unfolding a roll of parchment he read—

"'Mentz, Halberstadt, Magdeburg, Brandenburgh,' and this monk is to have the saving of all the souls in these limits, at a ducat a piece! How much does his holiness realize from his spiritual dispensation?"

"It is reported that Tetzel offered fifty thousand ducats in behalf of his patron Archbishop Albert.

"A timely supply. Leo can now finish his chapel al fresco; the scaffolding has long been a scandal to the church; whom will he employ? Bramante!"

"No—Michael Angelo."

"Have you seen the new pontifical button by Cellini?"

"Ha! Benvenuto at work again? I thought him food for the crows ere this. Was not the murder proved on him?"

"Well—but his holiness pithily observed, 'where can I get such another workman? anybody else, but I cannot hang Cellini.'"

"And so the button was the peace-offering?"

"Yes! it is whispered that his holiness fell into a towering rage at the intrusion of the condemned braggadocio, the guards rushed in, and his life in every body's view was as surely forfeited as if he had been extended on the block of the executioner. 'Away with the reprobate—pollute not my presence! to death with him instantly,' cried Leo."

"And how 'scaped he?"

"The crafty dissembler then drew from beneath his cloak the glittering button, and knelt with it, in his extended hand at the feet of the pontiff."

"And what ensued?"

"Oh a change, a most marvellous change, the frown relaxed, the voice grew mild, the hand waved the guards away, the erring son was received into the bosom of the church, and is now closeted with him to adopt a design for the pontifical signet; some of Tetzel's money will doubtless go away in his purse, but did you not observe the button in the tiara, before the second crown? It is splendid, the toes of the saints project in such admirable releivo; it made me quite devotional."

"I was looking at the new eyebrows of the Charity—San Iachimo! but that Raphael has the gusto."

"And so," said Arcemboldo of Genoa, who had come to Rome to farm the expected indulgences, "this huffing, swaggering, bewhiskered Cellini is at liberty to strut about the streets with a four-feet Toledo, and arms a-kimbo, provided he spend his spare hours in his work-shop, making Venuses and Bacchuses for his holiness's most Christian taste. I crossed him yesterday—my blood ran cold at the sight of the bravaccio."

"Tut, no moralising," said Cajetan, "now that the indulgences are off our hands, let's to supper—'t is laid in the eastern hall."

And the reverend dignitaries of that church, whose foot was upon every neck in christendom, descended to the repast.

The supremacy of the pope was acknowledged by every crowned head of every christian people, and Rome in her old age, seemed, by a power differently exerted, though equally controlling, to rival the glories of her maturity. She *had* enchained the body, *now* she led captive the mind. Her 'senatus consultum' *had* made the remotest barbarian chief tremble for his rule; *now* the pontifical bull of excommunication drew reluctng monarchs in low abasement to the footstool of the Vicar of God on earth, or with its blighting curse of interdiction desolated the kingdoms with pestilence and famine.

But the end was at hand.

In the hour of her pride and exultation, when she was parcelling out heaven and selling it for a price, and trafficking in the souls of men like vile merchandize, when guilt walked unabashed in the garb of sanctity, and the foulest crimes in her ministers were but badges of distinction and notoriety, then was a mine silently digged beneath her feet, the explosion of which was to astound the nations, and verify the prophetic denunciations of the recluse of Patmos—"Alas! that great city Babylon—that mighty city—in one hour is thy judgement come!"

The instruments of Providence are not less wonderful than the end accomplished. No refractory monarch, or potent vassal was to effect a moral change through the civilized world. It was an obscure student from scholastic seclusion, with a few ardent but humble partizans; and he cautiously and fearfully approached the imposing structure of errors and sophisms, that was destined to totter to its base under his vigorous assault.

He came to Rome an ardent enthusiast, alive to every impression, and enraptured with the gorgeous displays of pontifical grandeur; but his penetrating and observing mind could not overlook the glaring abuses that lurked beneath the mantle of religion—while the scandalous lives of the clergy contrasted hideously with their sacred functions. His ardour gradually cooled—disgust supervened—then indifference—but his noble nature soon shook off paralyzing apathy. He resolved in the secret recesses of his heart, to create what he despaired of finding—from the unfathomed depths of intellect, to reproduce the model of that religion, a long series of abuses had defaced; and by arguments drawn from holy writ, to oppose the categories and absurd postulates of the schoolmen.

He left Rome an altered man—the fervid glow of youth was abated, and years of experience seemed to have concentrated their maturing influence within the brief compass of his transient stay.

He betook himself to Wittemberg, and in the cloisters and secluded halls of that celebrated university, applied himself to intense and unremitting study.

His learning soon elevated him to the theological chair.

"Await my summons in the ante-chamber."

The secretary bowed and retired.

"Curse that fool Tetzel," ejaculated Leo, passing his hand impatiently across his brow, "or rather my own folly, in permitting an important trust to a lack-brained, noisy declaimer"—

And the excited pontiff measured the apartment with impatient strides.

"This Luther too, with his ninety-five theses, and Tetzel must need

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increase the flame by senseless opposition—Eccius too, and Prieras' could they not abide the orders of the church! an inquisitor-general demean himself to an obscure monk!—ha! what is this?"

His eye caught the name of Frederic.

"Protected by the elector of Saxony! he dare not, this bodes evil, ho there!

The secretary re-entered.

"Write a summons to convoke the council."

"The signature of your holiness," said the scribe, on completing the paper. The bold hand of Leo made it imperative.

In an hour the assembly was convened, and amid the zealous anathemas of the members, a bull of excommunication was unanimously resolved upon. After long deliberation, in order to prepare it with due formality, it was issued.

This was a death-blow to the church.

The denouncing instrument of wrath no longer swept with resistless energy over the suppliant nations—it was met with equal violence: tumults, rumours, loud shouts of defiance, and the ignominious flames, every where encountered it. It seemed as if the world had awaked from the lethargy of ages.

A corner of the veil was lifted. A glimpse of the enshrouded demon thus imperfectly seen, impelled the intruders with an uncontrollable curiosity to explore the secrets still hid from the vulgar gaze, and lay bare the concealed springs that held captive the nations. The people too, whose vanity was flattered by the unaccustomed appeal to their reason, readily espoused the cause of Luther, till, more and more enraged at the artifices and absurdities constantly developed, they rose with the might of a swollen torrent, and threatened every vestige of the papal authority with destruction.

As in every ebullition of popular sentiment, whether in defence of truth or error, this violent revolution, and adoption of new modes of worship and motives of action, was attended with consequences which have been subjects of lasting regret to all true Christians, and served to bring the new tenets into discredit with many distinguished men, who would otherwise have been their most ardent advocates.

Churches, the models of architectural grandeur, were levelled to the ground, for the sin of their officiating priests. Paintings, which succeeding ages have in vain endeavoured to equal, were destroyed by the same insane fury; and excess grew upon excess, till the reproaches of the civilised world united to arrest the infuriated reformers, and the secular arm had a just excuse for interfering to prevent the spread of that religion, it otherwise would have been forced to witness without interruption. It is but a short time since the world were taught by sad experience, the inefficiency of brute force as an argument for moral conviction, and the present pacific international policy, and salutary dread of war, is the consequence of the accumulated precedents of ages, proving how worse than useless is force even on the side of truth, and that both in civil and religious government, the only effectual way of controlling the body, is to subdue the mind. Thus, the excesses which sullied the earliest period of the reformation, arose from the partial mental illumination of the people, joined with a total want of civil restraint.

"Down with the Dagon of idolatry!" cried Kurt Lederstein, the cobbler.

"Ay, ay! so say I; down with him, root and branch," replied Hans Vanderspiegel, the joiner.

And a heterogeneous mass of artisans, apprentices, and disbanded soldiers, shouted, "To the ground with the cathedral! down with the sin of Nuremberg!"

"Did n't Doctor Luther call upon us in his last sermon to pull down all high places, with their abominations? and is not this a high place?' said the butcher Karl Fleischer, eyeing the massive and towering walls of the cathedral as he spoke, to confirm his argument.

"He's right," shouted the cobbler; "there's not so high a place twenty miles about."

"And those windows, with their ungodly devices, and those idols on the corners and pinnacles, what are they but so many snares for the temptations of believers?" added Musterschnitt, a diminutive tailor, who had crept among the throng.

"Bravo!" said the butcher, slapping on the shoulder the quaking brandisher of shears. "They say the devil is so well pleased with them that he comes every Sunday eve to give them a look. My grandmother Lotte saw him, one night, fly out of the belfry with a crucifix in his mouth, then stand trimming his wings cheek by jowl with Saint Peter, on the north-east turret! To be sure," added he in a lower tone, "she is purblind, and it was twilight, but she has told it so often it must be true! So, I again say, down with the house of Satan!" and he swung round his head the massive, long-handled mace of his calling.

An immense mob had now filled the great square of Nuremberg, and surrounded the towering pile of architecture which occupies its centre. The most active among them assembled in front of the great entrance, and began to assail it with axes, bars, stones, and such miscellaneous weapons as chance supplied to their furious, misdirected efforts.

But it was all in vain; the massive portals stood unmoved, and seemed in conscious stability to mock their puny assaults.

"A petard were well applied," muttered old Dolf Wildenstein, a gruff, one-eyed arquebusier, who stood surveying the scene, and leaning on a rusty partisan. I saw the Emperor Max, when he made the gates of Terouene fly apart with one, after the battle of Spurs."

"Well said, old campaigner!" cried out a young man, in a dress betokening high rank, who appeared as if from the earth, and took the command of the multitude. "Hollo, there! torches, and a petard! or—this may suffice."

A tumult was heard in the distance—and a dozen men appeared waving their caps, and rolling a cask of powder.

"Nuremberg is famed for inventions," bitterly exclaimed the youth; "we shall see if she disdains to profit by those of others! now, haughty prelate, think on Drachenfels."

He was forcibly withdrawn beyond the reach of the anticipated explosion.

The ignited train ran like a fiery serpent to the fatal spot, and the carved portal burst asunder in fragments beneath the force of the shock.

The sound had hardly died away on the ear before the stranger youth, followed by an immense crowd, rushed over the scorched and splintered panels, and with a vengeful cry of exultation entered the body of the church.

"Down with the Virgin Mary!" shouted Fleischer the butcher, upheaving his mace at the word.

The furious blow divided the base of a silver crucifix, which tottered and fell among the eager multitude, who scrambled in heaps to secure the precious fragments. "Would that he who last sat here were present to witness this," cried the youth as the mob rushed eagerly to the gorgeously ornamented seat of the bishop, with its gold-wrought canopy and silver hangings: "ha! and this too!" as they tore and trampled under foot the consecrated vesture found in the private wardrobe of the church.

The old arquebusier Wildenstein had laden himself with the consecrated plate—the pictures drawn from sacred history were contemptuously pierced through and trodden upon—the spacious gothic windows, with their curiously stained glass and armorial compartments, scattered from within and without with every missile chance could offer, or rage employ—the aspiring turrets, with their tapering peaks, like needles against the sky, thrown down—and nothing seemed wanting to complete the destruction of the chef d'œuvre of gothic architecture but the devouring flames.

And they were at hand.

The fragments of the front portal were collected in the chancel, beneath the superintendence of the unknown youth—his hand applied the fire—and the slow rising smoke, curling upwards in languid spirals, the precursors of a rapid conflagration, soon filled the upper concave of the church, and wound slowly from the windows, amid the repeated shouts of the mob assembled without, who welcomed the grateful sight.

The youth, at the head of the crowd within, busily supplied the flame with fuel from the torn-up benches, and altar ornaments.

"Cursed be the day I first beheld these walls, but blessed, more than blessed the hour of revenge!"

And he crushed with his iron heel a crucifix and chancel picture into the flaming pile.

By this time the spreading conflagration had forced the multitude from the higher part of the cathedral, and the wooden carved work of the ceiling taking fire, the blazing fragments rendered a stay in the body of the church hazardous, still the youth was indefatigable in his exertions, till a falling rafter compelled him to retire to the porch.

A statue of St. Paul, the last of the external decorations yet undestroyed, came to the ground with a crash. "Am I under the ban of the empire, proud Albert! look to thy home, thou'lt wander further yet than I."

And the youth, with a glassy look of unnatural hatred, threw himself among the crowd and was lost to view.

His work was accomplished; his revenge complete; and rushing to a neighbouring hostel, he mounted a steed which stood in attendance, then left the city with frantic speed. His name was unknown to any, but his dress and bearing indicated high rank, and it was rumoured

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the day following, that he was a leader of Free Companions, whose castle on the Rhine had been razed, and himself declared an outlaw, by the League, of which Archbishop Albert was a prominent and active member.

Be that as it may, the pages of history teem with actions proceeding from dissembled motives; and religion, above all, has ever been a cloak to hide them, and doubtless, for one disinterested shout of joy at the downfall of superstition, many rose from a restless love of excitement, or the still baser feeling of gratified revenge.

But the flames soon sallied, instinct with wrath, from portal and window—while the gathering mass of beings looked in stupefied amazement upon the conflagration they themselves had raised. After many hours the oaken roof gave way, and precipitated itself into the chancel. But the massive stonework, with its pyramidal buttresses and arched supports, resisted the utmost violence of the flames, and Nuremberg signalized its early accession to the reformed religion by the blackened and fire-scathed walls of its cathedral, which stood a monument of misdirected religious zeal, till, rebuilt in later days, it effaced by its renewed architectural beauty, the remembrance of its former destruction.

It was a small study in the university of Wittemberg. A circular table occupied the centre, around which a number of professors and divines were seated in earnest debate. The sombre hue of their academic gowns, and dark, angular caps, contrasted strongly with the glittering cuirasses and polished greaves of some noblemen apparently high in military command, who mingled promiscuously in the circle, and engaged in the discussion. At length, one who, by his bearing seemed the chief, arose, and strode across the room with a gesture of impatience.

"Are you bent on self-destruction?"

"Will your highness but hear me?"

"Hear you? shall I suffer myself to be cheated by argument out of what my reason assures me is right? and, still more, shall I lose you for a false whim, a—but I cannot, will not allow it"—and he resumed his walk with increased agitation.

"Nay, Luther," added the gentle, insinuating Melancthon, who sat by him, "his highness, Frederic, means it for your welfare. Would you trust to the Diet before him? they have every reason to wish your ruin, he every reason to preserve you."

"My honour is in question," sharply replied Luther.

"So said John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, when called before the council of Constance—they too had a safe-conduct from an emperor, yet did not that prevent the chain from girding them to the stake, or their ashes from being scattered to the winds," said Melancthon.

Luther rose and cast his eyes around, then uttered the energetic saying recorded in his life, "I am cited before the Diet—and I will attend it, were there as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the house-tops!"

His friends, with reluctance and sorrowful forebodings, submitted to his unalterable determination.

It was a bright summer's morning, and thousands had assembled at the small city of Worms, to behold the man who, by the innate power of mind, had effected a revolution that threw into the shade the unsubstantial triumphs of conquerors, and the petty intrigues of statesmen. In a few years, the lowly student who bent, in the unconscious simplicity of his heart, at the shrine of superstition, had grown a giant in intellect, and was himself the centre to which were paid admiration and devotedness of heart exceeding what the proudest pontiff had ever received at the zenith of his powers.

The contrast was the greater, when we consider that military renown was, at that time, the only avenue to distinction, except ecclesiastical preferment, and that Luther had, by the course of life prescribed to himself, not only been debarred from all eminence in that quarter, but had been forced to encounter the virulent opposition of the church, which had, until then, crushed with overwhelming weight every one who had the presumption to resist it. Till then the influence of brute force was indirectly felt in all matters of judgment in religion and politics. Compulsion followed so close upon instruction, that the alternative left no room for reasoning, and the infallibility of the church was a dictum which many admitted with a tacit mental reservation, rather than submit to the flames. But with Luther and the early reformers began the reign of that moral influence, which, with its gentle yet controlling power, is destined to consolidate the world in harmony—that potent charm, which is daily and hourly softening the asperities of human nature, and levelling the arbitrary and artificial barriers of nationality and prejudice, till "the sword shall be changed into the pruning hook, and the nations learn war no more."

No wonder that the wise and noble, the soldier and the scholar crowded around, to behold him who had given this mighty impulse to the world, and, from the humblest condition, raised himself above the privileged of the earth. And their wonder might well increase at the sight of him, since the effects were all they could appreciate, while the causes of the mighty change lay deep, and hid from their superficial observation.

He entered Worms in the midst of a crowd so numerous that his onward motion was hardly perceptible—the roofs of the houses, the windows, and even the steeples were black with spectators, anxious to get a glimpse of the Apostle of Reformation. When he alighted at his inn, he found in attendance the most distinguished men, both military and learned, awaiting his arrival, to obtain the honour of his acquaintance; and Luther received more courteous attentions from the wise and noble than the Emperor Charles V. himself. With the inherent politness and modesty which seems ever to attend true greatness, he was not abashed by the unaccustomed sight of a court paying him homage, neither insolently puffed up by his sudden elevation, but demeaned himself with all humility and dignity.

The following day he attended the Diet—the most august body at that time ever convened in Germany, in which history recounts the names of seven electors, twenty-four dukes, eight margraves, thirty-five bishops and prelates, and five royal ambassadors, besides many other personages of distinction. He entered the assembly with dignity and composure, and took his place near his patron, the Elector of Saxony. Cardinal Cajetan, the pope's legate, then rose and read a long list of charges against him, in which the most opprobrious personalities were mixed with sophistical assumptions of papal authority, and concluded with demanding an unconditional recantation.

After the cardinal had finished, the eyes of the Diet were turned on Luther. He rose and advanced to the table in the hall—then taking in his hands a copy of the scriptures, he replied in the memorable saying prefixed to this hasty sketch, and which is usually found beneath his portrait, "Here I stand—I cannot alter—so help me God—Amen."

His opponents were struck dumb with astonishment—he hastily left the Diet.

The eyes of the world were now fixed upon Luther; he had not shrunk from the ordeal which his enemies fondly hoped would annihilate his influence, but came out from the trial unscathed and confirmed in resolution. His success only served to increase the malevolence of his opponents, and the emperor was beset with ecclesiastics, endeavouring to procure an annulment of the safe-conduct, which alone shielded him from the arm of secular violence. Charles resisted their dishonourable requests, and they determined by private means to accomplish what they could not effect by open solicitation. In accordance with this design, they stationed a body of soldiers in ambuscade, near the road which Luther was to take on his return from Worms, with orders to grant no quarter to him or his escort. They trusted, in the event of the success of the stratagem, to make it appear that he had fallen by the hands of a band of robbers, many of whom, at that time, infested Western Germany. But providence overruled their nefarious design. A retainer of the elector of Saxony overhearing them while exulting in the prospect of its certain accomplishment informed his master, and Frederic, disguising himself and a chosen number of friends in masks, followed after Luther and his company, who had departed a few hours before. They came up with them a short distance from the place of the enemies ambush, and rushing from a wood that skirted the road, took the whole party prisoners. After many rude interrogatories, and studied insults and injuries, in order to deceive his companions, they dismissed the remainder of his attendants and taking with them Luther and one friend, conducted them to the castle of Wartburg, a secluded fortress of the Elector.

There the mask was removed, and the true reason of the procedure made known to Luther.

In this quiet retreat he remained undiscovered, while Germany resounded with his fame, and his doctrines were taking fast root in the affections of the people. There he employed his time in composing homilies, and in the great work of translating the Bible into German, which herculean task he accomplished alone; and, by so doing, gave a fatal blow to the papal supremacy, which suffered none but the Latin vulgate, and thus kept the mass of the people in abject ignorance of the scriptures.

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REVIEWS.

A Translation into English Verse of Virgil's Fourth Georgic. By CHARLES ROBERTSON HONEY, *Second Master of Sutton Coldfield Grammar School.* Leamington: NATHANIEL MERRIDEW.

YOUNG aspirants in literature, or art, or science, or indeed in anything on which the well-being of society depends, ought to be encouraged; they ought to be patted rather than struck, even if they do not come up to the standard of undoubted excellence. We are free to acknowledge that this translation does its author credit. Although we should not have been very forward to do over again what has been already done by the Marquis of Normanby and Dryden with the almost universal approbation of mankind, yet we ought to be the rather pleased than otherwise, that the masterpieces of the ancient world are being now again presented to the public in new dresses, somewhat after the latest fashion. We have seen so many fashions pass away, and sometimes ridiculed into discontinuance, that we cannot be expected to be much influenced by any fashion. There is such a thing as correct taste, or what is justly regarded as perfection in style; hence we wish to be influenced by a due appreciation of what has stood the test of time, rather than be drawn to admire the caprice of the moment. It is singular that both Dryden and Mr. Honey introduce the epithet "ambrosial." Mr. Dryden in the second line, and Mr. Honey in the first of their translations. Now "ambrosia" is the food of the gods, whilst "nectar is their drink; and although the poets of Greece and Rome say so much of these elements of sustentation, as enjoyed by the gods, they never tell us what this meat and drink consist of, or are like; simply for the reason that they never knew, nor pretended to know. It was enough to imagine that the celestials lived somehow or other, and on something or other; imagination and the impersonation of things were the two main attributes of the ancient poetic world. The world is now too much matter of fact, so that it is hardly possible for man or woman to be poetical in these days, even if he or she be born in the poetic mould, unless urged on by the fire of Pindar, or riding on a pegasean steed thus challenging the derision of mankind, on the remote chance of commanding admiration. Virgil, of course, does not misapply the word "ambrosia;" and we are surprised that Dryden and Mr. Honey do. Had Mr. Honey stuck to the signification of his own name, he would have been right. We think it is of very little use to give bare poetic translations of the ancients; such translations should ever be accompanied with short judicious notes by way of explanation for the general reader. The story of Orpheus' and Eurydice's hapless love can never cease to be admired as told by Virgil. Mr. Honey's version runs thus:—

"The queen of hell command on Orpheus laid,
That he should not look back upon the maid.
Th' incautious swain a sudden frenzy seized,
Excusable if e'er aught hell appeased;
He stopped, and on Eurydice he looked,
No long delay the ardent lover brooked;
Unmindful he, and overcome at last,
That fatal glance where day-light blaze was cast.
There all love's labour suddenly was lost,
This act so rash his dearest treasure cost.
The rule is broken of the ruthless king;
Three times throughout Avernus crashes ring.
'Orpheus,' she cries, 'what frenzy urged thee on
'To gaze? For now our fresh-felt bliss is gone;
Me back again the Fates relentless call,
Death's horrors on my swimming eye-balls fall.
With awful shades encompassed now I go,
Not thine, alas! to Tartarus below.
To thee Farewell, a long Farewell I cry;
With feeble hands to thee outstretched I die.'
She spoke; and suddenly before his eyes,
As vapours mingling with the æther rise,
She spread and vanished, and no more again
Saw she her spouse, whom shadows seized in vain."

It is no disparagement of Mr. Honey's attempt to say, that the concluding lines of this extract by no means come up to the beauty and force of Virgil's language. Neither Dryden nor Mr. Honey gives the force of "*fugit diversa*," and we question whether it has ever been seen. The Delphin interpretation most conveniently passes over these words. In the last line the misprint "Fityrus" for Tityrus is very unsightly; but Mr. Honey has noticed it amongst others in his *corrigenda*. From Virgil's Fourth Georgic, we find that the instincts of bees was as well understood as they are now, after an interval of two thousand years. The Romans called the Queen Bee the King Bee: they had no idea of being ruled or reigned over by a woman; hence they nationally made the ruler of the bee-hive a male, and called him KING. It is difficult to believe that Virgil thought that bees could be reproduced from the putrescent inwards of a steer beaten to death. At all events the moderns know much better. It took Virgil seven years to write his four books of Georgics. Translators should remember this. We would bid Mr. Honey not to be afraid to mount his Pegasus; if he fall, he wont injure himself much; and if he does, fools will be sure to amuse themselves at his expense, and he can laugh in his sleeve at them in turn.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fry. London: R. JONES, Paternoster Row.

EVERY one should know something of this remarkable woman and her labours. This sketch has accordingly been prepared, and will, it is hoped, awaken in many readers the inquiry, "What can I do for the glory of God and the salvation of immortal souls?" The entire series to which this belongs will be found admirably adapted for loan circulation.

Katie Seymour. London: R. JONES, Paternoster Row.

THIS neat and pretty little book gives an account of a few simple and natural occurrences in the early life of a Christian child, who had been taught, and by God's grace had learned to take pleasure in being useful to others, and in endeavouring to make them happy and cheerful. There is nothing exaggerated in the child's feelings or actions; and she thus presents an example capable of being followed, which, it may be hoped, will lead many, both young and more advanced in age, to see how good a thing it is to be a lamb of Christ's flock, and to be earnest to do good even in small things, and to promote happiness for Christ's sake.

WASHING-DAY AT THE DIGGINGS.—Mr. Kelly in his book on Victoria, writes:—"The day when the digger had a sick headache, his lady, for a little relaxation, condescended to 'get up a few of her light things.' She always dressed for the washing, but tying her long hair in a hard knot at the back of her head, and transfixing it with a huge gold pin, with a father-of-pearl head, she would then shake off her loose morning robe, and, having disengaged the body, get into the skirts of a satin dress, only slightly mottled with punch and mustard stains—but, nevertheless, protected from suds spatters by a thick bandanna, cut into the form of a stomacher apron, concluding her toilet by clasping on a pair of massive bracelets, throwing a heavy watch-chain over her neck, and stuffing a carved time-piece into her virtuous bosom. Thus arrayed, I presume to show her neighbours that she did not wash for filthy lucre or contemptible economy, but only as a colonial substitute for crochet work. I am aware that this sketch may appear overdrawn and overcoloured to the home reader, but I am equally satisfied that any one of early colonial experience has frequently witnessed scenes and occurrences fully as whimsical and *outré*, and I solemnly declare that I have more than a dozen times seen the lady in question up to her elbows in soap lather attired literally in the costume I have endeavoured to describe."

A POSER.—On Sunday a lady called to her little boy, who was tossing marbles on the side walk, to come into the house. "Don't you know you should not be out there, my son? Go into the back-yard if you want to play at marbles. It is Sunday." "Well, yes, but aint it Sunday in the back-yard, mother?"

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Pl I

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PL II

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Pl. III

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PLATE IV.



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Honoured with the Special Patronage of Her Majesty the Queen,

THE ROYAL FAMILY, AND NOBILITY OF GREAT BRITAIN,



THE SEVERAL SOVEREIGNS AND COURTS OF EUROPE,

AND UNIVERSALLY PREFERRED AND ESTEEMED.

ROWLANDS' UNIQUE REQUISITES

FOR THE HAIR, THE SKIN, AND THE TEETH,

Are universally held in high estimation; and the fact of the distinguished Patronage they enjoy, their general use in all countries, and the numerous Testimonials constantly received of their efficacy, sufficiently prove the value of their "MACASSAR OIL," "KALYDOR," and "ODONTO."

SIXTY YEARS OF SUCCESS HAVE PROVED BEYOND QUESTION THAT

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

POSSESSES EXTRAORDINARY PROPERTIES FOR PROMOTING THE GROWTH AND IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE HUMAN HAIR.

It *prevents Hair from falling off or turning grey—strengthens weak hair—produces a thick and luxuriant growth*—and makes it BEAUTIFULLY SOFT, CURLY, and GLOSSY. Subduing all relaxing tendencies, it firmly *keeps the hair in curl* and other decorative formations during many hours, unimpaired by damp weather, crowded assemblies, the dance, or equestrian exercise. Thoroughly eradicating all obstructions to which the heads of children are particularly liable, this celebrated Oil *generates with infancy an ample growth of beautiful hair*, and will sustain it in luxuriant perfection through all stages of existence. Its invaluable properties have obtained the Patronage of ROYALTY and the ARISTOCRACY throughout Europe; while its introduction into the NURSERY of ROYALTY, and the numerous Testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, afford the best and surest proofs of its merits.

CAUTION.—On the Wrapper of each Bottle are the Words, "ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL," &c., in white letters, and their Signature "A. ROWLAND & SONS," in Red Ink.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION, AND SOFT AND FAIR HANDS AND ARMS,

ARE REALIZED BY THE USE OF

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR,

AN ORIENTAL BOTANICAL PREPARATION OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO THE SUPPORT OF FEMALE BEAUTY.

This Royally-patronized and Ladies-esteemed Specific possesses balsamic properties of surprising energy, and is perfectly free from MINERAL or any PERNICIOUS admixture, It eradicates *Tans, Freckles, Pimples, Spots, Redness*, and other *Cutaneous Visitations*, gradually realizing a delicately clear and soft skin; transforms even the most *Sallow Complexion* into one of a healthy and juvenile bloom, imparts a delicacy and softness to the *Neck, Hands, and Arms:* and, by due perseverance in its application, promotes a free and uninterrupted exercise of those important functions of the Skin, which is of the utmost necessity for the preservation of health, and attainment and continuance of a beautiful complexion.—Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

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THE TEETH AND HEALTH.

A good set of Teeth ever insures favourable impressions, while their preservation is of the utmost importance to every individual, both as regards the general health by the proper mastication of food, and the consequent possession of pure and sweet breath.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO,

OR PEARL DENTIFRICE,

Compounded of ORIENTAL INGREDIENTS, is of inestimable value in

IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE TEETH,

STRENGTHENING THE GUMS,

AND IN RENDERING THE BREATH SWEET AND PURE.

It eradicates tartar from the Teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a

PEARL-LIKE WHITENESS,

Renders the Gums Firm and Healthy, and fixes the Teeth firmly in their Sockets.

It is important to observe, that when used in early life it prevents all aches in the Teeth and Gums—effaces spots and discoloration—eradicates scurvy—and, in a word, soon realizes the chief attribute of Health and Beauty—A FINE SET OF TEETH!

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SOLD BY THE PROPRIETORS, AND BY CHEMISTS & PERFUMERS.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, etc.

No. 351. MARCH, 1860. Vol. 33.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevard des Italiens, 29*th February*, 1860.

Chere Amie,—Double skirts are only worn for ball or evening dresses. The corsages continue to be pointed; but round ones are also worn, though mostly confined to morning or demie toilette. Some modistes prefer the ornaments on the skirts, to the sides; they are made according to fancy or the material; plisses, ruches, velvets, macarons, brandenbourgs, or embroidery in point d'Hongrie. The bottoms of the skirts are also frequently ornamented by plain bands. Those of velvet en biais are much used. Flounces are always in fashion for dresses of plain taffetas; they continue to be made narrow. They may be worn to the knee only, or, as seen sometimes, to the waist. Sometimes, also, on figured materials, a single deep flounce, headed by a thick ruche of the same; if the dress is of black moire antique, the flounces and ruche are both edged by a narrow black lace. The skirts retain their fulness, but are reduced at the top, and the plaits are made very large. A new form of corsage is much spoken, termed corsage Suisse; it is of a square shape in front, and has small shoulder straps, fixed by nœuds, and descending in points near the centre of the ceinture; one of these bodies, worn at a ball, was of white satin, embroidered in gold, and bound with velvet: the effect was very good.

Dresses of silk materials, figured, are without trimmings; but on plain taffetas, flounces are worn to the knee, or some even to the waist. One dress was made with four flounces at the bottom, then two rows of three flounces, a space being left of four or five inches between. Some bodies for evening wear are with open, forming small châle, turned back, and trimmed with two or three narrow frills; this châle forms point in front: with this a chemisette or guimpe is worn, with ruche round the throat.

Sleeves are made of all kinds. The large open ones are, however, preferred for dress, the tight sleeves being quite confined to negligé. The same may be said of the sleeves plissés, or full at the top, wide but closed at the wrist, either with band or revers. The under sleeves continue bouffantes, frequently ornamented by frills of black or white lace, intermixed. Wide sleeves are frequently made with deep cuffs of velvet. Tight sleeves have jockeys of velvet, which is also used to edge the skirts, or to form wide revers in front, with a row of nœuds, buttons, or lozenges in the centre.

Violet, green, and a shade of grey, are the favourite colours for morning dresses.

The tulle dresses for balls are this season spotted with gold, sometimes nine or ten narrow flounces of tarlatane, with stars, crescents, etc., of gold; for young ladies, the tarlatanes with flounces are spotted in white mat. Court dresses are lamées with silver; the silvered tulles, in robes Pampadours bouillonnées, are usually made with two or three skirts, according to the height of the wearer. Dresses of white tulle, sprigged in crescents of silver, are with three skirts, the upper raised all round; others in tunic, trimmed with a thick ruche. A very pretty dress of white tulle was trimmed as high as the knees with bands of double tulle, put on full as a flounce, each headed by a small rouleau of white satin; the corsage was bouillonné on the front and shoulders.

We must remark that, for dresses of gauze or tulle, the under skirt is of very clear tarlatane; those of satin or taffetas are only used to support these dresses, and no longer as an indispensable ornament. Lace ornaments the dresses of grande toilette, as well as ball dresses; it is then put on tulle, a method both economical and handsome, at the same time renewing a toilette, which may be entirely changed in appearance by adding lace. The corsages of ball dresses are drapés, or covered with fancy berthes, with or without long ends.

The new colour this season is called Ophelia, and is a tint between mauve and lilac.

The vestes Zouaves of cloth braided with silk, or velvet embroidered in gold, increase in favour; the latter, with a silk skirt, are very pretty to complete an indoor negligé; under them is worn a pretty corsage of muslin, ornamented with bouillonnés and coloured ribbon; for coiffure, a fauchon of black lace, mounted on tulle, and enlivened by coques of velvet or ribbon. The maréchale trimmings, both for dresses and cloaks, form a pretty ornament. Various other styles are also fashionable. The bodies of dresses are made very high; and, for variety, some are with tight sleeves, others wide, the latter being preferred for toilettes de ceremonie. Velvet is more than ever in favour for trimmings.

Children's dresses in Paris are frequently chefs d'œuvre. Their white embroidered dresses are preferred to any other, even in winter; but, as they are expensive, many prefer silk or popeline; for a little girl of four or five, a frock of blue taffetas has three little flounces at the bottom of the skirt, or a band of black velvet; the bodies are mostly low. A little embroidered guimpe may be added, and long or short sleeves, as wished. For little boys of three or four, tunics of grey popelines, braided with currant colour. For young ladies, the long ceintures tying behind are always fashionable. A little girl's dress of dove-coloured taffetas was ornamented by bands of sky blue taffetas, the body tight, a châle, and in front a stomacher, embroidered in imitation of network, a similar band at the bottom of the skirt.

For carriage or dress bonnets drooping feathers are worn of a different colour from the bonnet, black or violet, with white feather very long and very mousseuse, with pink; the feather is pink and black, with green, black, and white; the aigrette is always fashionable, whether black or white. The fashion of black ribbon trimmings has not yet passed away; they are still much worn, particularly in coiffures; the Empress wore at the theatre, lately, a coiffure composed of black taffetas, mixed with wheat-ears of pearls. Until the season is more advanced there will not be much change in bonnets; the form continues the same, but the ornaments may be varied at pleasure; those bonnets which have neither feathers nor flowers are covered by the light voilette Clotilde, which is made in every variety, whether black or white.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of grey moire, ornamented at the bottom of the skirt by a broad band of mauve, headed by a plissé of ribbon and nœuds of black lace; the body is half mauve and half gray, with large open sleeves and nœuds of black lace. Coiffure of black lace.

Evening Dress.—Robe of green satin, ornamented by rosaces of black lace; the body pointed, with berthe covered with black lace; and lace sleeves pendant over white ones in bouillons. Coiffure of hair in ringlets, with small white flowers.

Carriage Dress.—Robe redingote of black satin; the body and skirt are without division, and close at the side; a band of black velvet edges it all round; the sleeves are tight at the top and wrist, but a little full in the middle. Bonnet of black lace and ruby satin.

PLATE II.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of droquet, and pardessus of black silk, which closes it at the side with buttons; wide sleeves, with cuffs. Bonnet of Terry velvet, with aigrette.

Little Girl's Dress.—Frock and paletot of mauve taffetas, with bell sleeves, closing to the waist with buttons, and edged by a narrow black velvet. White felt hat, edged with mauve and cock's feather.

Promenade Dress.—Robe of dark green popeline, and manteau of grey cloth, trimmed with velvet and brandenbourgs all up the front. Bonnet of marron velvet and black lace.

PLATE III.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of moire, with high body, ornamented with rosaces from the throat to the bottom of the skirt, which has rosaces en tablier; tight sleeves, with small bouillons on the top. Bonnet of mauve taffetas, with flowers.

Evening Dress.—Robe of blue gauze, with white border; pointed body, with berthe; châle crossing in front, and terminating with long ends, edged by a fulling of ribbon. Coiffure of hair in ringlets, with single white camelia at the side..

Little Girl's Fancy Dress.—Costume of the reign of George II.; skirt of striped satin; bodice of white satin, with a ruche of cherry-coloured bows at the stomacher; jerkin of maroon-coloured velvet

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trimmed with green satin: apron of white muslin, edged with lace. Hair dressed with powder. Hat of red satin, trimmed with a wreath and ribbons. Shoes of white satin, with cherry-coloured rosettes and heels.

PLATE IV.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of satin, trimmed with lace; pointed body, with berthe of lace, headed by a plissé of ribbon. Coiffure of hair in ringlets, with flowers.

Evening Dress.—Robe of tarlatane; a deep flounce at the bottom of the skirt, with small heading surmounted by four narrow flounces, with heading to the top one; the body is pointed before and behind with berthe of frills, and long pendant sleeves of tulle. Coiffure à l'Eugenie, with flowers.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of striped taffetas, with double skirt; the body high, with nœuds of velvet down the centre of body and skirt; wide sleeves, with nœuds. Bonnet of crape and satin, with flowers.

PLATE V.—Promenade bonnet of straw, trimmed with narrow black velvet, and a spray of spring flowers; strings of broad black ribbon.

Carriage bonnet of white chip, trimmed with black lace.

Second ditto of quilted pink satin and black velvet.

Morning cap of white and black lace, and blue ribbon.

Second ditto of white lace, and primrose satin ribbon.

Evening cap of white blond, and broad mauve satin ribbon.

Pelerine of white lace and muslin, and trimmed with blue bows.

Sleeve of book-muslin, trimmed with a dark violet ruche.

Second ditto of net, and ruches of black lace.

Necktie of white lace, and green ribbon.

Second ditto of white lace and scarlet ribbon, with ends of black ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

The accompanying Model is the front of a drapé corsage; the back is plain, and the side-piece as usual; it is full on the shoulders, and in folds in front; the small piece is called the soufflet, which forms folds down the centre, concealing the join.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE HUMAN VOICE, IN RELATION TO DENTAL SURGERY.*

I DO not intend to enter into a highly scientific consideration of the above subject, but to endeavour to give, as concisely as possible, my experience in relation to it; and to show by what principles we are governed in our practice; seeing that, by former methods, and the practice of too great a number at the present time, much inconvenience is experienced by a disregard to a proper consideration of the organs of speech, in operations generally upon the teeth.

It would seem that few have any idea of the *physiology* of the voice, and still less have they *thought* upon the subject. That we have had great satisfaction by considering well the nature of the defects in the speech, in operating upon the teeth, and especially in setting artificial teeth, is true; while in the absence of such consideration much mischief would have resulted. If I can, therefore, succeed in directing the attention of some of the public to this subject, my labours will be rewarded.

That the dental organs are largely concerned in enunciation, all will, I doubt not, allow. What are the first lispings of childhood, but the effects of the imperfect development of the organs of speech, of which the teeth, gums, and alveoli form an important part? Mark their changes from their earliest manifestations, modified by every change to mature developement of the system generally, as well as by the organs of speech, up to the full, clear, and robust development of adult life.

The Larynx is the principal organ concerned in effecting or producing what is called the voice. But many organs are necessarily concerned along with it. The *trachea*, the *lungs*, *diaphragm*, and *abdominal muscles*, below it: the *glottis*, *velum-palati*, *nares*, *roof of the mouth*, *gums*, *teeth*, *lips*, and *tongue*, above or outside of the larynx. No voice can be perfected with either of these organs imperfect, or in an abnormal condition. And it is well for the dentist, when he discovers that he cannot produce an agreeable voice in setting teeth for a patient, whom he had not known previously to his loss of them, to consider whether any defect complained of depended upon a mal-arrangement of his own work, or whether nature, or the health and habits of the patient, were at fault. The dentist ought to be sufficiently familiar with all the organs of speech and their peculiar functions, to judge which one, or more, is or are not properly performing their respective functions; whether difficulties complained of, depend upon a loss of any or all of the teeth, their mal-arrangement or disease, the imperfect development of the alveolar processes, and what sounds are most affected by the loss of either or all of the teeth. As, for instance, a loss of the posterior teeth is calculated to affect some sounds more than others. A loss of the front teeth, superior or inferior, affects different sounds differently; hence a correct idea of the "*articulations*," or articulate sounds, of the organs of speech is necessary. For instance, we must know whether it be a *labial*, a *dento-lingual*, or *guttural*, sound that is defective, before a remedy can be applied; and precisely in what way it is deranged and requires to be modified.

What we mean by the "*articulations*," is the manner in which the column of air is stopped or restrained by the approximation or contact of the walls or sides of the vocal tube, as the air is impelled through it by the lungs, diaphragm, &c., in effecting enunciation. For instance, the lips must be brought in contact with each other, and then separated suddenly to pronounce the letters B and P. The margins of the tongue must be placed in close contact with the gums and necks of the teeth of the superior jaw, and dwell there for an instant, in the same manner as the lips are brought in contact to stop the column of air in the labial sounds, then suddenly removed, to effect the sounds of the letters T and D. And the root of the tongue and veil of the palate must be brought in contact in like manner, to pronounce the letters K and Q.

Very frequently great defect is produced by a loss of the back teeth, and especially when great absorption of the gums and alveoli take place, simply because the tongue cannot close the tube laterally, but allows the air to escape into the cheeks, producing a very defective enunciation. Similar effects are produced in articulating *te*, *ne*, *re*, and *le*.

I corrected a marked defect of this nature in the case of a gentleman, in 1843, by setting teeth behind the canines, three on one side and two on the other, by simply joining the stay plates together, and forming an even surface with the other teeth. In this way, the margins of the tongue could form an air-tight joint, so to speak, along its lateral margins, which prevented completely the escape of the air into the cheeks. He was considered by his friends a regular stammerer; in fact, in speaking, his cheeks were vibrating like a pair of bellows.

Again, it will be observed, that, as the air rushes over the apex of the tongue, the sounds will be modified by the front incisors being very close together or very far apart; hence, in filing teeth, very marked changes are sometimes produced in the voice; also by the loss of a single tooth. If the tongue cannot came forward on account of the extreme narrowness of the upper jaw and projecting position of the front teeth, there will be lisping on this sound and on the articulation of *te*.

Now it is clear that if any of the teeth are destroyed, and the margins of the gums rendered very uneven, so that the tongue cannot accommodate itself properly to the margins, all the words in which this articulation occurs will be proportionately defective; hence in setting artificial teeth, either partial, or full sets, if care is not taken to restore the natural relations of the mouth generally, and especially the principal relations which are broken, but little good will be effected, and most commonly mischief will be done.*

* "On Loss of Teeth," edition 1860. By Thomas Howard, Surgeon Dentist to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, George Street, Hanover Square.

* Wolfgang Kemplin, who invented that very ingenious deception, the Automaton Chess-Player, which seems for a time to have puzzled all the philosophers and mathematicians of Europe, constructed a speaking automaton, in which he ultimately succeeded so far as to make it pronounce several sentences, among the best of which were—"Romanorum imperator semper Augustus;" "Leopoldus secundus;" "Vous êtes mon ami;" "Je vous aime de tout mon cœur." It was some years, however, before he could accomplish more than the simple utterance of the sounds o, ou, and e. Year after year, we are told, was devoted to this machine, but i or u, or any of the consonants, refused to obey his summons. At length, he added, at the open extremity of the vocal tube, an apparatus similar in action and construction to the *human mouth*, WITH ITS TEETH, when he quickly succeeded in making it not only pronounce the consonants, but words, and even the sentences quoted above. He had previously imitated the tongue, and its actions. This fact is interesting, not only as a rare instance of human ingenuity, (for, if not the first, it was probably the most perfect instrument of the kind that had been constructed,) but also as exhibiting in a most striking light, the beautiful adaptation of parts to their respective functions; and that so perfect are the contrivances in Nature for particular ends, that, in order to arrive at anything like an imitation of those funotions, we must follow closely the method she employs.

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HELEN SYMINGTON.

Amidst the hills of Tweeddale there are many lonely valleys, which seem remote from all human ken—little separate regions, where you may loiter for a summer's day without seeing a living thing, save a few straggling sheep, which lift up their heads in seeming wonder as you pass. Or there may rise at your foot a startled hare, or a covey of moorfowl, unused to such intrusion; where no sound reaches your ear excepting the song of the skylark, the bleat of the sheep, the hum of the wild bee, and the low murmuring of a burn, stealing along its quiet way to pay its tribute to the Tweed. It was to one of those sequestered spots, being a stranger in the country, that I was one day led by an old man, who undertook to be my guide to the best streams for trout-fishing. But though now deserted by man, as I have described this valley, there had been a time when it was inhabited, as appeared from a roofless and ruined hut, over the walls of which the ivy and the wild-flower had apparently crept for years. I observed to my guide what a lonely dwelling it must have been. "It was so," said the old man; "but love and youth can make any place a paradise; and happiness once dwelt there, though it did not continue; and though the fate of its hapless inhabitants made a great noise in the country at the time, it is now in a measure forgotten, for it is more than fifteen years since a fire was kindled in that lone house." Perceiving by this that something remarkable had happened to the last occupiers of the desolated hut, and being tired with ascending and descending the neighbouring hills, I sat down, and requested the old man, who was the schoolmaster of a village where I had for some days taken up my abode, to gratify my curiosity by repeating to me the story to which he had alluded. The place where I had chosen my seat was a little grassy bank, near the brink of the rivulet, and about forty yards below the site of the little ruin, which stood on the side of a hill; and the old man, having placed himself beside me, began his narration.

"My occupation as a teacher gives me, of course, an opportunity of observing with accuracy the dispositions of the youth I instruct; and I have never met with a girl of more ardent affections or of better temper, or who possessed more amiable qualities, than Helen Symington. She was the daughter of an honest and respectable weaver in our village, of which, as she grew up to womanhood, she was the pride. When scarce twenty years old, she married William Brydon, a sensible, well-disposed young man, who was principal shepherd to the owner of this property, and came here with him to live in that cottage which is now a ruin, but which was then, by the unwearied industry of Helen, a neat and comfortable habitation; and never, in those early days of her marriage, did lark carol more blithely to the sun, than did she while employed in her household occupations, or, as passing over the heather with a light step, she carried some refreshment to her William, when detained with his flock in some more distant sheep-walk. Even when left by herself in this wild solitude, she felt no loneliness, for all was peace and joy within and without. William loved her entirely, and her alone; and she knew it, and in that knowledge all her earthly wishes were complete. Yet was this feeling of felicity still increased, when, before the year had completed its circle, she sat, in a summer evening, on yonder little turf seat at the door, with her infant in her arms, watching her husband descending the opposite hill, and drawing nearer and nearer, till at length her baby shared with her in his caresses. The second winter of their abode here was unusually severe; but it was William's care to guard his wife and child from its inclemency, by many little ingenious contrivances to render their cottage more impervious to the cold; while Helen looked forward each day with longing solicitude to the evening hour which restored him to a participation of its comforts, and seated him by its cheerful hearth. And thus the winter had nearly passed away, and they began to anticipate the varied joys of spring, when the birds would again sing around their cot, and all nature, awakened from its wintry sleep, would start anew into life and joy. The month of February arrived, and the weather seemed so settled and serene, that, for two successive Sabbaths, Helen, with her infant enveloped in her cloak, and accompanied by her husband, had crossed the hills to the parish church. On the second of those Sabbaths, they 'took sweet counsel,' and, walking together to the house of God, they conversed of a better and a purer world, where they should fear no after-parting. And as Helen listened to her husband, who was eloquent on this subject, she thought she had never heard him speak so like a minister, or seen him so full of holy hope. I notice this particularly, as it is a circumstance I shall have occasion to mention again. On the next morning after this conversation, William departed with the sheep from this valley for a distant fair. The weather was still fine when he gathered his flock, and bade farewell to his beloved Helen for three days, promising to return on the evening of the third. He had never been absent from his home all night but twice since his marriage, and that for a single night each time. His wife, however, expressed no fear from being left alone for so unwonted a time; for the fact is, that there is in general more courage in women of her humble rank in life than in any other, for they are too much occupied to find time for the indulgence of idle alarms; nor do they meet with any encouragement to affect fears till the folly becomes a habit. Neither did William experience any uneasiness on account of the solitariness of the dwelling in which he was to leave her, considering that very circumstance as the principal warrant for her safety.

"The weather, I have said, was fine at the time of his departure; but in our treacherous climate, and especially in these hilly districts, there is nothing more uncertain than a continuance of settled weather at that season of the year; and never did it exhibit more rapid transitions than during the three days of William's absence. Before the shades of the first night had fallen on the hills, the rain had descended their sides in torrents, and swelled the little burn into a river. On the second night the clouds had disappeared, and a keen frost succeeded, which, ere morning, arrested the water in its course, and transformed the ground for some distance round where we now sit into a frozen lake. Again, another change came o'er the spirit of the storm; dark clouds began to gather, and showers of sleet and snow to fall, till all again was hoary winter. But still, when night came on, there was seemingly, from the quietness, of its descent, no depth of snow, though it had fallen at intervals for many hours, and as the time was now arrived when Helen expected to see her husband, she felt no dread of harm; and no sooner had she put her baby to sleep, than she prepared a change of garments, a warm supper, 'a blazing ingle and a clean hearthstane,' for her William, and often opened the door to listen and and look out, if haply she might discern his dark figure against the opposite white hill, descending the footpath towards his home. She was, however, as often disappointed, and returned again to heap fresh fuel on the fire, till she began to feel, first the heart-sickness of 'hope deferred,' and then the heavy pressure of foreboding evil; and when her baby waked, there were in the melancholy tones of the hymn with which she soothed him to rest a soul subduing pathos; for it has been my lot to hear again that lullaby, when it sounded even more deeply affecting than it could then have done. Poor Helen continued all night her visits to the door, till at length, just as morning began to dawn, she heard her name shouted out by the well-known voice of William. Joy came to her heart, for she thought he had seen her, and though she looked in vain for him, still he was near. But again she heard his voice, and his words fell distinctly on her ear—'Oh, Helen, Helen, I perish!' She flew with the speed of lightning down the bank; but when she approached near to this spot, her progress was arrested, for the ice, from which the water had receded below, could not bear her weight. And then it was for the first time she discovered, through the indistinct glimmering of the dawn, and by his own words, that, on William's having reached the middle of the burn, where the force of the stream below had rendered it hollow, the ice had given way, and he was only kept from sinking by his arms resting on the surrounding part, which was still firm. Again and again Helen tried in each direction to reach him, in spite of his urgent entreaties to keep off, and his assurances that he had hopes of being able to maintain his position for a length of time, from the manner in which he was wedged between the ice, and its apparent thickness in that place where it had been gurged together; though he feared to make the smallest exertion to extricate himself lest he should go down. In this extremity there was only one course which gave the agonized wife any chance of saving the life of her husband, and that was to seek for more efficient aid than her own. Meantime William was almost fainting with exhaustion from fatigue, cold, and hunger; and Helen, thinking that if she could supply him with some food, he would be better able to endure his situation till she could procure assistauce, ran to the house, and putting some of what had been intended for his supper into a small basket, took a sheep-crook, and, having tied a stick to one end of it, hooked the basket on to the other end, and in this manner conveyed it to him. At the same time she pushed a blanket close to him with the crook, and having seen him draw it by degrees round his head and shoulders, she returned to the cottage, wrapped her child in a small blanket, and throwing her cloak around her, took it in her arms; then, having taken a hasty leave of her husband, in words which were half a farewell and half a solemn prayer for his preservation till her return, she set off on her journey of four miles to the next farm-house, for no nearer was there a human dwelling.

"Helen Symington was at all times active, but now a supernatural

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strength seemed to be given her; and, in spite of her burden, she proceeded swiftly through the snow, ascending the hills with incredible rapidity, and flying rather than running down their declivities. Thus she proceeded till nearly three of the miles were passed; but the snow, which had ceased falling for some time, now began again to descend thickly, and was accompanied by sudden gusts of wind, which drove it full in her face, and prevented her from seeing the different objects by which she marked her way. She wandered on in this manner, endeavouring to avoid the deeper parts of the snow, which the wind was beginning to drift into hillocks on all sides of her; while she was almost driven frantic by the fear of losing her way, and by the cries of her infant. In vain did she endeavour to warm him, by pressing his little limbs close to her bosom, and by doubling and redoubling the cloak over him, regardless of her own exposure to the biting blast. He at length ceased crying, and fearful that the torpor of death had seized him, and feeling her own strength beginning to fail, despair seemed to take possession of her, when the snow ceased for a short time, and she found that she had wandered far away from the road to the onstead which she so eagerly sought to reach. But thoughts of her husband again strung her nerves, and she once more regained the right direction. This happened several times; and had she alone been concerned, she must have perished; for nothing but the energy inspired by the faint hope of saving her husband and child prevented her from lying down to die. But what a gleam of joy shot through her overspent frame when, on looking up just as a fierce blast had swept by, she beheld the farm-house at a short distance! New strength seemed to be again imparted to her stiffening limbs; and at length she reached the door, told her tale, and almost immediately four men, belonging to the farm, were ready to start, with all necessary implements for extricating William from his singular and perilous situation. Helen's infant, who had been benumbed for many hours, showed little signs of recovery: she, however, delivered it, though with an aching heart, to the farmer's wife (a benevolent woman, who was herself a mother), and determined, contrary to all advice and opposition, to return to her husband. Nor, had she remained, could she have served the poor infant, who died shortly after she left the house.

"The poor distracted wife, mounted on horseback behind a man, now proceeded on her way with all the speed the animal could exert in its toilsome journey, while her whole soul was absorbed in the one desire of finding her husband alive; of which no hope could have been entertained but for the depth of the valley, which, from the way that the wind set, might in a great measure have occasioned it to escape the drift that was fast blocking up the roads, and transforming plains into hills. But who shall calculate the years of misery which Helen seemed to endure while this suspense hung over her? She was, as I have said, possessed of deep and ardent feelings, and they were now strained to their utmost tension. After much difficulty in avoiding the deeper wreaths of snow, and in floundering through the less dangerous, the party at length reached the entrance of the valley. All here seemed propitious to there hopes, for the snow was but little drifted. The men who were on foot had, however, by a nearer way, which the horse could not travel, first reached the spot, where, sad to tell, though poor William still retained his suspended posture, the snow was drifted over him, and he no longer breathed. They had succeeded, however, in extricating the body, which they bore to the cot, and laid upon the bed before the arrival of Helen, who, with a frantic hope still clinging to her heart, repeated, unwearedly and often, every means to bring him back to life, though foiled in all. Alas, poor girl! her young and ardent heart had loved her husband almost to idolatry, and with him the charm of life was fled. The spring of hope and existence was dried up at the fountain head. The stroke was too heavy for her to bear, and a brain fever was the immediate consequence of her great bodily exertion and mental suffering. For a considerable time her life was despaired of; yet youth, and the natural strength of her constitution, gained a transitory triumph, and some degree of bodily health returned; but the mind had become an utter ruin. She was removed, as soon as it could be safely accomplished, back to our village, and became again an inmate of her father's house, where I have often sat for hours listening to the suggestions of her wayward fancy, where William still reigned paramount. Fortunately, all that had passed since the intensity of her suffering began, seemed quite annihilated in her recollection; for she talked of her husband as being still absent at fair, and still sung to her infant that hymn with which she soothed it to sleep on the first night of her misfortunes, and which has often forced the tears from my eyes and the sobs from my breast. No tongue can describe the touching melody of her soft and melancholy voice, or the sweet subdued expression of her beautiful countenance, which became daily more wan and delicate; till, at the end of two years, her weakness was so great that she was unable to rise from her chair, and I was one evening sent for in haste to see her. When I entered her father's house I was met by the old man, who imparted to me the surprising intelligence that Helen had recovered her senses. I immediately anticipated that a change was about to take place; and had no sooner looked upon her, than I was confirmed in my opinion. Sorrow had completed its work, and she was about to pass from our sight for ever. The recollection of her husband's sad fate had returned with her reason. But neither the remembrance of it, of her own sufferings, nor the knowledge of her child's death, which she now knew for the first time, seemed to trouble her; for her thoughts were fixed on that better country where she rejoiced that they were already waiting her arrival, and spoke of the conversation which passed between William and her on the last Sabbath they were together, as an earnest which it had pleased God to vouchsafe of their happy meeting. I am an elder of the church, and it was in that capacity that Helen sent for me to pray with her, which I did with a fervour I have seldom felt. But never has it been my lot to witness an appearance so heavenly as she exhibited when I rose from my knees. She sat in her chair supported by pillows, with her hands clasped, and her dark soft eyes beaming with an expression so holy, that she seemed like some disembodied spirit, which having been perfected by suffering, had returned to encourage and comfort those who were still in the vale of tears. When I bade her farewell, and promised to see her next day, it was with a presentiment that I looked upon her for the last time. And so it proved; for I was next morning informed that her spirit had taken its flight about twelve o'clock the night before."

The old man thus concluded his melancholy tale; and after sitting for some time in silent reflection, my guide again spoke, and, pointing to a deep pool at some distance down the stream, informed me that large trout were sometimes caught there; and having adjusted our fishing-tackle, we proceeded to it. But though our sport was unusually good, it did not banish from my mind during that day for a single instant the affecting story of the ill-fated Helen Symington.

THE FROST.

THE Frost looked forth, one still clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way:
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads—and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he slept,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things:—there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
"Now just to set them a thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left me
Shall '*tchick!*' to tell them I'm drinking."

MISS GOULD.

REVIEW.

Souvenirs de Madame Récamier. Paris.

MADAME RECAMIER was for so many years at the head of Parisian Society, and around her were grouped so many of the notabilities of France, that the announcement of a

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biography, compiled by a near relation, excited much curiosity. That curiosity, however, was sadly disappointed by the work, and those who knew Madame Récamier by name only, will form a very erroneous opinion of her, if they trust solely to these confidential revelations.

Juliette Bernard was born at Lyons in 1777, and appears early to have shown a strong passion for music and flowers. When yet a child she was present at the last grand concert given by Louis XVI., and was fortunate enough to attract the notice of his Queen, the ill-fated Marie Antoinette. In 1793 she married M. Récamier, a man of wealth and of some standing in society; but in his conjugal relations he was as a father to the youthful Juliette, and nothing more. Immediately upon her introduction into society, she became popular —the belle of the season. She was the queen of Longchamps, and danced like a fairy. The first and only time she appeared at the soirées given by Barras in the Luxembourg, she met Napoleon Bonaparte. Lucien Bonaparte too was there, and, as her name was Juliette, he expressed his passionate admiration under the signature of Romeo, declaring that "without love, life is but a long dream." Romeo's letters, which are as ridiculous as can be conceived, Juliette showed to her husband, suggesting that it would be wise to close her doors against the writer; but M. Récamier thought such a measure "would compromise him seriously, and be the ruin of his bank." The great Napoleon, in his turn, felt the power of her charms. It was just after the eighteenth Brumaire: he was in the spring-tide of his glory, and already master of France. He had made his brother Lucien Minister of the Interior, who in return gave an inaugural fête, to which Napoleon was invited. Madame Récamier was among the guests, dressed in virginal white, as was her habit until the end of her life. Among the crowd, but unapproachable, she caught sight of a face which she took to be Romeo's. She nodded to him in a friendly manner, and then to her surprise discovered that it was the First Consul. This astonishment did not prevent his returning a graceful salute, but he seems not to have pardoned the young beauty her neglect of him at the Luxembourg soirée. When the First Consul had become Emperor, Madame Récamier, alone of all who were great or fashionable in Parisian society, kept away from the Tuileries. This tacit rebellion seems to have irritated the man who saw all the continent at his feet, but was unhappy because two women, our heroine and Madame de Stael, refused their homage. Fouché, the Emperor's man of all work, particularly of his dirty work, was ordered to convey the Emperor's pleasure to Madame Récamier. After breakfast, the unscrupulous negotiator communicated his message with a coolness strongly contrasting with the dishonourable nature of the Imperial propositions. The greatest dames of France, he said solicited the honour of seeing the Empress, but there was always a place at the court for Madame Récamier. As the lady did not appear to understand him, Fouché added that she would be in the strictest sense of the word *une dame d'honneur*—an absolute mistress; and then, with the Emperor for her slave, she might do all the good she desired. Her reply was as unmistakeable as the message—"she did not deserve so great an honour," and the virtuous Fouché returned to report his failure to his Imperious master.

Bernadotte was also one of her admirers, and as unsuccessful as the great captain. He had been fortunate enough to do the fashionable beauty a service—the liberation of her father, who had been committed to the Temple for conniving as postmaster at the admission of a number of compromising letters and pamphlets. The young soldier appears to have been deeply smitten, but the lady never went beyond the bounds of a warm platonic affection. Another time, at one of the famous opera balls, very much in fashion, she met the Prince of Wurtemberg, who was adroit enough to steal a ring from her charming hand. The famous Metternich was also one of her attentive admirers, and so, too, was the hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, brother to the Queen of Prussia. Three-and-twenty years after their first meeting, he begged Madame Récamier to leave him her portrait by Gérard, which she had formerly given to her betrothed, Prince Augustus of Prussia. A tender worshipper, too, was the Prince Royal of Bavaria, who, as King, scandalised Europe by his amours with Lola Montes.

The fascination exercised by Madame Récamier on all who came near her seems to have been limitless. She gained her victories by her moderation and her retirement. She had no lovers—she had only friends. She dressed in a plain style, simple and elegant, rarely in the fashion, but not opposed to it. She knew what became her—a knowledge in which our fair countrywomen are greatly deficient. The failure of her husband's bank only brought fresh worshippers to her feet, such as Junot, afterwards Duke of Abrantes; then M. de Barante; and, to crown all, Prince Augustus of Prussia. He had just lost his elder brother in the battle of Saalfield, and had himself been made prisoner. He was melancholy and handsome, still mourning for his brother and for his country when he met the young wife at Madame de Stael's. A pretty romance of Love in a Cottage was enacted in that charming month of May at Coppet. The prince offered to make her his wife; vows were exchanged, and an active correspondence was kept up. She had promised her hand, but she must first be divorced from her parental husband. Here her heart failed her; she hurried away from the Eden where she had been so tempted, and with bitter tears resigned the sweet illusions in which she had for the moment indulged.

After the death of her husband, three men appear to have held a high place in her esteem—to use no warmer word. They were Duke Mathieu de Montmorentcy, Ballanche, and Chateaubriand. A word on each. The Duke was a noble and rare specimen of the French gentlemen, the very soul of purity and honour. He had fought under Lafayette in America; and when he came to know Madame Récamier, he had loved her because he saw her exposed to the dangers of the world, and understood that she had need of his advice and example. The first book he lent her was Madame de la Vallière's *Réflexions sur la miséricorde de Dieu*, begging her to read one page of it at least every day. "A little solitude with yourself, a moment of prayer and silence, is all that is needful to save you," said De Montmorentcy; and though so young and brilliant, she listened to his words of wisdom, and she had her reward in the respect that accompanied her to the brink of the grave.

Of Chateaubriand we need say little. His vanity overpowered all other feelings; he fancied himself the first genius in France, and was as proud of his birth as Mathieu de Montmorentcy was unconscious of it. Chateaubriand was a spoilt man: all vanity and selfishness. His conceit mounted at times to something almost sublime. One of his best friends, a man who knew him well—it was M. de Fontanes—said of him, "I expect him in office, without wishing it for his sake. He will do something memorable, and then he will fall." Louis XVIII., who also knew him well, but did not like him, said, "Chateaubriand is one of those friends whom it is difficult to escape." Charles X., whose ruin was brought about by the very party who acknowledged Chateaubriand as their leader, called him "a terrible man, an implacable genius." While ambassador at Rome, his chief occupation was writing boyish love-letters to Madame Récamier. He was suffering, he said, and wished her to join him: "I shall love you so much, I shall tell it you so often, my letters will repeat it, and I shall call you to me with such constancy, that you will have no pretext left for deserting me." At every halt on his way from Paris to Rome, he sent a letter to the fair dame. Once at Rome, he was eager to return, counting the days and the hours which separated him from the lady of his thoughts. At length when Madame Récamier positively refused to join him, he quitted his post and returned to Paris without leave.

Ballanche was a man of very different character: timid and blushing at everything, he scarcely knew how to enter or leave

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a room. Accident brought these two remarkable people together. Ballanche, then a painter at Lyons, was informed that a lady, exiled by the Emperor, was residing at one of the inns. He hastened to offer his services, and Madame Récamier received him as if they had been friends for years. Ballanche was talking in his usual enthusiastic way on subjects dearest to his heart, when he observed the lady turn pale, and look as if she would faint. "What is the matter? asked he, all of a tremble." "Nothing," she answered, smiling, "only your shoes have been cleaned with rank blacking, and I cannot endure the smell." Without saying a word, Ballanche quitted the room, and soon after came back in his stockings. He had taken off his shoes and left them in the corridor. A year later she happened to be at Rome, and not in the best of health, when suddenly Ballanche appeared before her. Canova was in the room at the time, and of the two friends it would be hard to say which felt the deepest affection for the fascinating lady. After dinner, Ballanche, all eagerness to see the Rome and the Capitol of his dreams, proposed a ramble through the streets. "It is not to be thought of," objected Canova. "To go out at this time of day will bring on fever, and perhaps end in death." Ballanche, however, insisted, and Madame Récamier yielded. The carriage, an open one, came round. The lady wrapped herself in a cloud of shawls, Canova rolled himself up in his cloak, leaving hardly his nose visible, and off they set for the Coliseum. Ballanche, in ecstacies, was admiring the starry skies and the ruins of the Roman world, when suddenly Canova uttered an exclamation of terror, and pointed to Ballanche. His hair was floating in the night wind, and he had no hat. "My dear Ballanche," said the lady, "what have you done with your hat?" "'Faith I was in such a hurry to see you, that I left it in my room at Lyons." Such was Ballanche; and because he was naturally the most simple-hearted and devoted of men, Madame Récamier seems to have been attached to him with a sincerity as remarkable as it was unusual. Ballanche was a member of the Académie Française, and, *àpropos* of his election, is a good story of Andrieux. Among his canvassers were some of the most charming women of Paris, all of them friends of Madame Récamier. One of these waited on Andrieux to solicit his vote and interest. The academician objected, that he knew nothing of Ballanche's claims to the honour of being one of the illustrious Forty. "What, sir, you have not read his works?" "I must confess, madam, that until this moment I did not know even his name. What has he done?" "Done! why he has written—he has written what would fill at least sixteen volumes." "Sixteen volumes," exclaimed Andrieux, starting from his chair. "Oh, he shall have my vote then: j'aime mieux l'élire que les lire."

Madame Récamier even in exile never forgot that she was a Frenchwoman. In the year 1814 she was at Naples, and one day in conversation with Murat, the latter asked her what choice he ought to make between the vanquished Emperor and the victorious party. "You are a Frenchman, sir, and must keep on the side of France." At these words, Murat turned pale, opened a window which looked out upon the sea, and pointing to the English fleet just sailing into the harbour, exclaimed—"Then I am a traitor!" More romantic and more French was her intercession in behalf of a young Italian condemned to death for smuggling. She had petitioned in vain that his life should be spared, and with difficulty obtained leave to visit him in his cell to console him during his last moments. The poor fellow was stunned by the sentence, and unconscious of her presence. She, too, could not speak, but she threw her arms round his neck, tenderly kissing his insensible face, while the hot tears of pity flooded her cheeks. The prefect of Rome, who had rejected Madame Récamier's petition was M. de Norvins, of whom an anecdote is told, which, if not quite new, is so good as to bear repeating. One day he was sailing on the Lake of Geneva, and as he sat between Madame de Stael and Madame Récamier he hazarded the compliment—"Here I am between genius and beauty." "Without possessing either," retorted de Stael.

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"In no other place in Europe are so many touching and important memorials of the great Emperor to be found; even for a National Collection, our gallant Allies might be proud to possess the relics which are here preserved. Madame Tussauds' Exhibition is without a rival, either here or on the Continent—all who have attempted competition have proved but so many foils to set up the superior attractions of her admirable collection of *les hommes celebres.*"

Open from 11 in morning till 10 at night; Brilliantly lighted at 8.

Admittance—One Shilling; Napoleon Rooms, Sixpence.

FRENCH MODELS

OF

LE ZOUAVE JACKET,

With Vest and Sleeve complete, Price 3s. 6d.

THE NEW ROBE A LA GABRIELLE

(BODY AND SKIRT IN ONE PIECE),

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PAPER MODELS of the above (Life Size), full trimmed, as worn in Paris, with Flat Patterns to cut from, sent Post Free to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of Postage Stamps or Money Order to above amount,

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SPRING FASHIONS.

AT MISS RYAN'S COUNTER, 106, GROUND FLOOR PANTHEON, OXFORD STREET, NEAR THE CONSERVATORY.

JUST ARRIVED FROM PARIS.—All the newest designs in dress for the coming season. Mantles, Jacquettes, Bodies, Sleeves, Skirt Trimming, and Children's Dresses trimmed in the most distingué style, in full-sized Paper Models; a flat pattern given with every article.

	£	s.	d.
A set of twelve in a box	1	1	0
A smaller ditto of six — 10s. 6d., post free	0	11	0
Bodies — 1s. 6d., with sleeves	0	2	6
Skirt Trimming	0	1	6
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A single sleeve sent to all parts for 1s. 3d. Any pattern post free on the receipt of postage stamps or money order for the amount. All letters must contain a remittance for the goods required.

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Fashions for March 1860

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Pl III.

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Fashions for March 1850.

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Pl. VIII

LONDON AND PARIS

Fashions for March 1851

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PLATE V.



LONDON AND PARIS

Fashions for March, 1860.

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Honoured with the Special Patronage of Her Majesty the Queen,

THE ROYAL FAMILY, AND NOBILITY OF GREAT BRITAIN,



THE SEVERAL SOVEREIGNS AND COURTS OF EUROPE,

AND UNIVERSALLY PREFERRED AND ESTEEMED.

ROWLANDS' UNIQUE REQUISITES

FOR THE HAIR, THE SKIN, AND THE TEETH,

Are universally held in high estimation; and the fact of the distinguished Patronage they enjoy, their general use in all countries, and the numerous Testimonials constantly received of their efficacy, sufficiently prove the value of their "MACASSAR OIL," "KALYDOR," and "ODONTO."

SIXTY YEARS OF SUCCESS HAVE PROVED BEYOND QUESTION THAT

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

POSSESSES EXTRAORDINARY PROPERTIES FOR PROMOTING THE GROWTH AND IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE HUMAN HAIR.

It *prevents Hair from falling off or turning grey—strengthens weak hair—produces a thick and luxuriant growth*—and makes it BEAUTIFULLY SOFT, CURLY, and GLOSSY. Subduing all relaxing tendencies, it firmly *keeps the hair in curl* and other decorative formations during many hours, unimpaired by damp weather, crowded assemblies, the dance, or equestrian exercise. Thoroughly eradicating all obstructions to which the heads of children are particularly liable, this celebrated Oil *generates with infancy an ample growth of beautiful hair*, and will sustain it in luxuriant perfection through all stages of existence. Its invaluable properties have obtained the Patronage of ROYALTY and the ARISTOCRACY throughout Europe; while its introduction into the NURSERY of ROYALTY, and the numerous Testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, afford the best and surest proofs of its merits.

CAUTION.—On the Wrapper of each Bottle are the Words, "ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL," &c., in white letters, and their Signature "A. ROWLAND & SONS," in Red Ink.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION, AND SOFT AND FAIR HANDS AND ARMS,

ARE REALIZED BY THE USE OF

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR,

AN ORIENTAL BOTANICAL PREPARATION OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO THE SUPPORT OF FEMALE BEAUTY.

This Royally-patronized and Ladies-esteemed Specific possesses balsamic properties of surprising energy, and is perfectly free from MINERAL or any PERNICIOUS admixture, It eradicates *Tans, Freckles, Pimples, Spots, Redness*, and other *Cutaneous Visitations*, gradually realizing a delicately clear and soft skin; transforms even the most *Sallow Complexion* into one of a healthy and juvenile bloom, imparts a delicacy and softness to the *Neck, Hands, and Arms*; and, by due perseverance in its application, promotes a free and uninterrupted exercise of those important functions of the Skin, which is of the utmost necessity for the preservation of health, and attainment and continuance of a beautiful complexion.—Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

CAUTION.—The Words "ROWLANDS' KALYDOR," &c., are on the Wrapper, and their Signature, "A. ROWLAND & SONS," in Red Ink, at foot.

THE TEETH AND HEALTH.

A good set of Teeth ever insures favourable impressions, while their preservation is of the utmost importance to every individual, both as regards the general health by the proper mastication of food, and the consequent possession of pure and sweet breath.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO,

OR PEARL DENTIFRICE,

Compounded of ORIENTAL INGREDIENTS, is of inestimable value in

IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE TEETH,

STRENGTHENING THE GUMS,

AND IN RENDERING THE BREATH SWEET AND PURE.

It eradicates tartar from the Teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a

PEARL-LIKE WHITENESS,

Renders the Gums Firm and Healthy, and fixes the Teeth firmly in their Sockets.

It is important to observe, that when used in early life it prevents all aches in the Teeth and Gums—effaces spots and discoloration—eradicates scurvy—and, in a word, soon realizes the chief attribute of Health and Beauty—A FINE SET OF TEETH!

As the most efficient and fragrant aromatic purifier of the Breath, Teeth, and Gums ever known, ROWLANDS' ODONTO has, for a long series of years, occupied a distinguished place at the Toilets of the Sovereigns and the Nobility throughout Europe; while the general demand for it at once announces the favour in which it is universally held.—Price 2s. 9d. per box.

CAUTION.—The Words "ROWLANDS' ODONTO" are on the Label, and "A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20, Hatton Garden," engraved on the Government Stamp affixed to each box.

SOLD BY THE PROPRIETORS, AND BY CHEMISTS & PERFUMERS.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS!!!

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, etc.

No. 352. APRIL, 1860. Vol. 33.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS, 29th *March*, 1860.

CHERS AMIS,—Dark colours are still fashionable, many dresses of violet are of moire, or taffetas Impératrice, also violet and black, steel grey black, dark green. The forms of dresses vary materially, some pointed at the top, the body with nervures forming part of the skirt; other dresses are very full, the body round or pointed, tight sleeves, pagodas or ballounées, all these are equally worn, but only waiting some little time to announce a change; narrow flounces and bands of velvet en biais continue in fashion; many dresses are seen with nœuds of velvet down the skirt, which has a simple pretty effect. A dress of dark green had nœuds of black velvet, the ends of which were edged by a wide green fringe; the large buttons and macarons encircled with lace are also fashionable.

A dress of steel moire antique had each breadth edged by a velvet of the same colour six or seven inches wide, the edges vandyked corsage Gabrielle; this new body is round at the waist, the front part being united with the skirt, the sleeves are tight with a second short one trimmed with a frill; another dress of moire francaise had the body and skirt in one (as are most of the dresses for morning wear that are not en negligé), it was ornamented at the bottom by a taffetas in small black spots, pattes of the same down the centre and sides, as well as on the body, with this dress a pelisse of black taffetas is worn, trimmed with very wide Terry velvet, a new style that is much admired.

A dress of deep blue taffetas was made with a single deep flounce, headed by five narrow ones, high body with point, with nœud duchesse of the same taffetas as the dress, bordered by a narrow frill; the skirt mounted in deep hollow plaits behind, and flat ones commencing at the sides; wide sleeves, plissées at the top, and three narrow frills at the bottom; another style in black taffetas was with three bands of velvet graduated in width, and en biais round the skirt, tight sleeves, high body buttoning, round at the waist, jockeys of velvet on the sleeves, edged with black lace; the highest fashion is to place on the skirts a kind of chatelaine composed of plisses of velvet, or of ribbon trimmed with black lace; these chatelaines terminate by a nœud of lace with long ends, similar ones are placed at the point of the body, and on each sleeve, smaller of course in size; some bodies are made with revers, under these are worn a kind of waistcoat of velvet, replacing the guimpe of lace or muslin, but the latter are prettier.

A pretty fashion was observed this winter, as etiquette in a public mourning, which was all the toilettes at a Ball being white, they were called white Balls, according to an old custom, the collection of white dresses formed an elegant coup d'œil; many ladies had lilac and white camelias; the dresses are generally of tulle, with two skirts, the upper one being raised, the under one is frequently with flounces or bouillons of tulle, for young ladies they are of tarlatane, with double skirts, sometimes with narrow flounces trimmed with ruches of tulle, the upper skirt raised by nœuds, others of white tulle have six or seven very thick ruches of tulle on the under skirt; the upper a tunic of spotted tulle, with ruche of the same all round the corsage, with draperie of plain tulle, headed by a bouillon of tulle. An elegant dress of mauve taffetas had flounces of lace which had mauve tulle under them to support them, which is a very judicious arrangement as it gives the necessary firmness to the lace; these flounces were not put on horizontally, the lace encircled the dress several times, and terminated as a wreath on one side, with a nœud; the flounces were headed by small ruches of taffetas, and a thick ruche of pinked taffetas was put at the bottom of the dress; the corsage drapé trimmed with two rows of lace. Another dress of blue taffetas was similarly trimmed, only the flounces were placed in deep vandykes in three rows, a ruche at the bottom of the dress, and a very small one on a plissé on the flounces. A dress of pink satin had a triple skirt of tulle of two colours, first one of white tulle double, then one of pink, and the third white, each of these was looped up at the left side by a bunch of pink roses on the white tulle, and white daisies on the pink, the drapery on the body was ornamented at intervals by a rose or daisy.

The toilettes for ball-dresses are all very light in texture, Pompadour flounces fluted are in favour, sometimes covered by a long plain skirt looped up at the sides; the corsages are almost all with drapery, but many berthes are seen; when wreaths of flowers are used on the skirts they should also be on the body and sleeves, these are mostly bouffante, many are covered by the long floating Odalesque sleeve. Under skirts of fine cambric muslin with three narrow flounces festounés, or simply hemmed, should be starched, and will support the dress with better effect than any of the stiff skirts which are no longer fashionable.

Fichus of blond have been very fashionable, forming either the toilette negligée, or according to its trimmings may be worn particularly by young persons in dress; the fichu Caramia is with narrow black velvet in trellis pattern, of a square form at the top, and trimmed with blonds and macarons of pink and black lace. Pelerine, Madame, is with four ends, two of white blond, two of black lace, fastened by narrow velvet mixed with gold cord; the Rosetta is a fichu which does not cover more than half the body, it is square at the top and round at the bottom; the pelerine Adele is very pretty for young persons, it forms shawl in front, the ends falling on each side the skirt, trimmed with blond as well as round the fichu.

Gold is very much used in evening coiffures, this fashion will pass away, but at present it reigns supreme, plats, tassels, wheat ears, balls of gold are all used with velvet and feathers; flowers are used without gold in round couronnes, and this season they are frequently mounted without foliage. Necklaces being in fashion, the crosses and cœurs à la Jeannette of former days are again worn, only that they are of coloured stones beautifully arranged on Byzantine enamel.

It is said that mantelets will be but little worn: pelisses or shawls will replace them; for the cool weather a pelisse of black taffetas, with pelerine trimmed with fringe or lace, some have two pelerines of Chantelly lace, pretty mantelet shawls are made with small frills of quite a new form, and well preferred for young ladies. Burnouses and hoods are quite exploded, particularly the latter, the burnous may be used for travelling or at the sea-side, but it will be with pelerine instead of hood; the Pardessus Oriental is with large sleeves ornamented by velvet dice and taffetas bouillouné the Pardessus Leda marks the waist as a casaque, but in large plaits with pointed pelerine trimmed with fringe.

Pardessus Lugarena of taffetas, with wide sleeves having double ones of black tulle richly ornamented with insertions of guipure lined with coloured ribbon, the skirt part plaited into a pointed pelerine. For young persons a long casaque was made of royal blue, it was braided on each seam, and in front with black soutache, and should be worn with a dress of the same colour, or black; the Pelissés d'ete will be of black taffetas, some trimmed with plisses or rich guimps, others with lace.

The bonnets are marked by their great simplicity and good taste. Capotes of taffetas covered with black or white lace, often a tulle bouillouné form the usual prelude to the straw bonnets, which will soon succeed them, black and white mixed with pink or red or violet, are still worn, but the newest styles will be more simple, of one material and only one colour, which will be the decided fashion this spring; a bonnet of white crape bouillouné on the front, and bavolet with no ornament but a tuft of pink hydrangea, and one of green. When this flower is used, as at this moment, it is much smaller in size than the real one, which it would be impossible to wear on the head; yellow stacks, like honeysuckle are very pretty for straw bonnets. Pretty capotes, half straw and half taffetas, with soft plissé crowns will be worn, bonnets of white crape and mauve are ornamented with agaleas or blades of long grass; the trimmings for straw bonnets are very pretty, sometimes a simple nœud, sometimes a ruche or a flower, but always in small quantity; some of the white crape bonnets are made on foundations of pink or lilac.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of green moire; the skirt is ornamented by nattes of velvet in three divisions of two rows in each, the

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body high and pointed, with macarons on the lower part, and a natte of velvet in a square form; loose open sleeves. Coiffure à l'Eugenie, with lappets of black lace.

Evening Dress.—Robe of mauve silk, the body pointed with drapery folds, the skirt ornamented by flowers Pompadour. Coiffure of hair in ringlets.

Dinner Dress.—Robe of black moire, with high body, ornamented with point d'Hongrie, sleeves in bouillons, the skirt with trimming down the seams. Coiffure à l'Eugenie, with lappets of black lace and camelias.

PLATE II.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of taffetas, with high body; the skirt has plissés of ribbon the same as the dress down each seam. Manteau of black velvet, with small square pelerine trimmed with black lace. Bonnet of pink satin and black lace.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of blue taffetas, ornamented by biais of velvet, the body and sleeves trimmed with velvet. Manteau shawl of velvet. Bonnet of crape, ornamented with black lace and flowers.

Little Girl's Walking Dress.—Frock and pelisses of lilac taffetas trimmed with flounces festonnés, pagoda sleeves with frill. Hat of white felt, with trimmings of ruby velvet and cock's feather.

PLATE III.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of pearl grey satin, with plain high body and open sleeves trimmed with fluted frills continued up to the throat, similar trimming on the skirt. Bonnet of white crape and blue velvet.

Dinner Dress.—Robe of pink taffetas, the skirt ornamented by five flounces headed by black velvet; high body, closing with buttons and loose hanging sleeves, with frills as the skirt. Coiffure of hair and ribbon.

Dinner Dress.—Robe of green satin, ornamented by bouillons en tablier and macarons of black lace up the centre; high body, with bouillons and lace, tight sleeves, with bouillons on the top. Coiffure of hair in thick ringlets.

PLATE IV.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of popeline, with single deep flounce. Manteau with hood. Bonnet of taffetas and velvet with flowers.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of satin. Shawl mantelet of black velvet, trimmed with very broad rich black lace; the pelerine trimmed with narrower lace to match. Bonnet of taffetas and lace.

Riding Dress.—Skirt of cachemire cloth, with jacket ornamented with fancy buttons, closing only at the waist, the upper part open showing the chemisette and small cravat; half-long sleeves with cuffs, under ones of muslin. Straw hat with cock's feather.

PLATE V.—Carriage bonnet of emerald green satin, trimmed with rosette and black blond.

Promenade bonnet of straw, trimmed with violet-coloured velvet and white flowers.

Second ditto of tuscan, trimmed with mauve satin and blond.

Evening cap of tulle, trimmed with spring flowers.

Dress cap of blond and white satin ribbon, trimmed with three yellow ranunculus and narrow velvet.

Morning cap of white net and pink trimmings.

Second ditto of white lace and blue ribbon.

White sleeve of muslin, open at the top, trimmed with ruche of peach blossom ribbon, and rosette of narrow velvet; collar to match.

White sleeve of net, trimmed with green.

Canezou of muslin, trimmed with lace, and two puffs of muslin over primrose-coloured ribbon, with bows to match.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

The Model given with the present Month is of a loose hanging sleeve made of tulle, and worn over the short bouffant sleeve for evening dresses.

COURTING IN JAPAN.

THE Japanese marries early; but, as to marry beneath his rank is held to be utterly disgraceful, persons of the middle classes of society are commonly reduced to the necessity of espousing those whom they have never seen. The children of the Governor of Nagasaki—who have no equals in the place—must get wives and husbands out of the families of men of the governor's rank in the distant cities and provinces. When no such obstacle prevents "the course of true love" from running "smooth," and a youth has fixed his affections upon a maiden of suitable condition, he declares his passion by affixing a branch of a certain shrub (the "Cerastrus alatus") to the house of the damsel's parents. If the branch be neglected, the suit is rejected: but if it be accepted, so is the lover; and if the young lady wishes to express reciprocal tenderness, she forthwith blackens her teeth: but she must not pluck out her eyebrows until the wedding shall have been actually celebrated. When the branch is accepted in the one case, or the parents have agreed to unite their children in the other, a certain number of male friends of the bridegroom, and as many female friends of the bride are appointed as marriage brokers. These persons discuss and arrange the terms of the marriage contract; and when they have agreed upon these, they carefully select two auspicious days; the first for an interview between the affianced pair, the second for the wedding. At this stage of the proceedings the bridegroom sends presents, as costly as his means will allow, to the bride: which she immediately offers to her parents, in acknowledgement of their kindness in her infancy, and of the pains bestowed upon her education. Thus, although a Japanese lady is not subjected to the usual Oriental degradation of being actually purchased of her father by her husband, a handsome daughter is still considered as rather an addition than otherwise to the fortune of the family. The bride is not, however, transferred empty handed to her future home. Besides sending a few trifles to the bridegroom, in return for his magnificent gifts, the parents of the bride, after ceremoniously burning their daughter's childish toys, in token of her change of condition, provide her a handsome "trousseau," and bestow upon her many articles of household furniture, where the handsomely-matted floor answers the purpose of chairs, tables, sofas, and bedsteads. Those given on the occasion in question always include a spinning-wheel, a loom, and the culinary implements requisite in a Japanese kitchen. The whole of this bridal equipment is conveyed in great state to the bridegroom's house on the wedding day, and there exhibited.

The bride is attired in white, to typify her purity, and covered from head to foot with a white veil. This veil is her destined shroud, which is assumed at the moment of exchanging a paternal for a conjugal home, in token that the bride is thenceforward dead to her own family, belonging wholly to her husband to whom she is about to be delivered up. In this garb she is seated in a palanquin of the higher class, and carried forth, escorted by the marriage brokers, by her family and by the friends bidden to the wedding feast; the men all in their dress of ceremony, the women in their gayest, gold bordered robes. The procession parades through the greater part of the town, affording an exceedingly pretty spectacle. Upon reaching the bridegroom's house, the bride, still in her future shroud, is accompanied by two playfellows of her girlhood into the state-room, where, in the post of honour, sits the bridegroom, with his parents and nearest relations. In the centre of the apartment stands a beautifully-wrought table, with miniature representations of a fir-tree, a plum-tree in blossom, cranes, and tortoises, the emblems, respectively, of man's strength, of women's beauty, and of long and happy life. Upon another table stands all the apparatus for "saki" drinking. Beside this last table the bride takes her stand; and now begins a pouring out, presenting, and drinking of "saki," amidst formalities, numerous and minute beyond description or conception, in which the bridesmaids (as they may be called), under the titles, for the nonce, of male and female butterflies, bear an important part, which it must require many a school rehearsal to perfect. This drinking finished in due form, the ceremonial is completed. The wedding guests now appear, and the evening is spent in eating, and drinking "saki." The wedding feast, however, is said usually to consist of very simple fare, in deference to the frugality and simplicity of the early Japanese, which many of the customs still prevalent are designed to commemorate. Three days afterwards the bride and bridegroom pay their respects to the lady's family, and the wedding forms are over. Whether the house in which the young wife is thus domiciliated be her husband's or his father's, if yet living, depends upon whether that father has or has not been yet induced, by the vexations, burthens, and restrictions attached to the conditions of head of a family, to resign that dignity to his son. These annoyances, increasing with the rank of the parties, are said to be such, that almost every father in Japan, of the higher orders at least, looks impatiently for the day when he shall have a son of age to take his place, he himself, together with his wife and younger children, becoming thenceforth dependents upon that son. And among such a whole nation of Lears, we are assured that no Regans and Gonerils, of either sex, have ever been known to disgrace human nature.

In manners it is woman that makes the man. Where the gentler sex are graceful, elegant, and refined, the other sex are never found to be coarse, ungainly, and vulgar. The Japanese gentleman is invariably described as a person of pleasing address and most polished manners. Even among the commonest people, brawlers, braggarts, loud-tongued disputants, dirty slovens, or men with coarse repulsive manners, are very seldom met with. The poorest labourer, toiling by the wayside for his daily bread, expects a civil question, and is always ready with a civil answer. In their most familiar intercourse with one another, they scrupulously observe the set forms of politeness. Unless it be some

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person in authority, they will not reply to the man that addresses them in an insolent or rough way. They will even refuse to work for a violent or coarse-tongued employer.—*Steinmitz's "Japan."*

REVIEW.

The What-not, or Ladies' Handy-book: London: Piper, Stephenson and Co. 1859.

THE volume for 1859 of this useful and interesting monthly publication, with ample illustrations On looking through it we cannot speak too highly of the objects and aim of the editor—in the introduction to the present volume he gives us a fair idea of what he purposes, and we cannot do better in commending the work to the attention of our fair readers than give them an extract from his introduction.

"The assertion of Woman's influence is the social characteristic of the present age. Poets have drawn inspiration from her smile, and philosophers gathered wisdom from her lip, but the practical sagacity of the present era labours after the development, in act, of those feminine graces, powers, and accomplishments which, in other times, formed merely themes for panegyric. It is acknowledged that barbarism has been kept back by woman; that every great mind has been led forward or raised up by her; and that if man executes the performance, woman trains the man.

"The present work, therefore, is intended to qualify her for her task, and by instilling accomplishment and cultivating intellect, to refresh the attention with novelty, even while strengthening the mind with knowledge. All useful hearts; the science of making home happy, of extending the social influence of the sex, will constitute the elements of our publication. No subject will be omitted which can amuse, inform, or cultivate the mind, without fatiguing it, so that, whereas many attempts have been made to facilitate the methods of merely wasting time, we trust that a perusal of our pages will prove that the most trivial topics contained therein have yet a beneficial purpose. We write for the wives, mothers, and daughters of England, and recognising the fact that woman's life is comparatively secluded and meditative, we hope to present her with a source of continual refreshment and companionship at home, instrumental to her daily increasing and important influence abroad.

"Oh! woman! woman! thou wert formed to bless
The heart of restless man—to chase his care,
And charm existence by thy loveliness.
Bright as the sunbeam, as the morning fair,
If but thy foot fall on a wilderness,
Flowers spring, and shed their roseate blossoms there,
Shrouding the thorns that in thy pathway rise,
And scattering o'er it hues of paradise!"

PRESERVATION OF THE HAIR.—Under ordinary circumstances the hair may be preserved by simple means. In a sound and healthy constitution, the best preserver and beautifier of the hair is regular and careful cleaning. When the hair is in an unhealthy condition, especially where much has fallen off, recourse should be had to remedial measures, and we especially recommend for this purpose "Pears's Dr. Locock's Lotion for the Hair." This important discovery is based on the established fact that all Baldness, Greyness, Scarcity and want of Gloss in the Hair, arises from two important causes—deficiency of nutrition, and want of full circulation through the pores of the Skin of the head; a fact overlooked or not understood by many Perfumers and Vendors of the innumerable nostrums of the present day. Acting entirely on the system, it is found completely to prevent Baldness, want of Gloss, and that change to Grey which often assails us in our prime of life, and even in a great measure to re-establish the hair in its original state, after having been for many years subject to many unprepossessing complaints. It is particularly efficacious after Fevers, Confinements, or change of Climate; from its refreshing influence, most highly recommended to be used through any time of illness, and were its qualities for imparting that beautiful gloss to the hair, and preventing that annoying disfigurer, Dandriff, sufficiently known, no lady's toilet would be without it. In every case it should be remembered that the preservation of the hair depends not only on local stimulation but also on constitutional treatment: this cannot be too strongly insisted on, as there are many persons who accept of such a specific as the one we recommend without considering that unless the general health is improved a fair chance is not given to the local treatment.

BOUDOIR VERSES.

UPON A BOUDOIR SANSPAREIL

By Lady E—S—W.

ERST known, when virgin nuns, with pious bent,
Bore the full fragrance from the convent door,*
On Charity's sweet mission still intent,
And gave the blessed balm to grateful poor;
Entered the lowly cot, the home of care,
Meek-hearted pilgrims, from a holy fane,
With new-found charm to lay wild fever there,
And sooth with odorous balm the scorching pain—
A dew distilled by ROWLAND.—So applies
The charitable nun her gift divine,
Till cunning Love the honey-charm descries,
And, bee-like, rifles it for Beauty's shrine!
His quiver-feathers the dear nectar sip,
He sprinkles Laura's face with laughing eye;
Now each too-ruby spot hath left her lip,
Lo! from her cheek the summer freckles fly;
The envious sun-specks, that have dared repose
On that fair neck and bosom, fade in flight;
And 'neath the pure transparent skin, there glows
A blushing tide, that longs to tinge its light.

Oh! now, in vain the angry wasp may sting.
The buzzing insect spend its rage in vain;
One milky drop the laughing girl shall fling,
Gone is the spot, and stifled is the pain.

If toilets are the altars of the fair,
Where Love declares the loveliest oftenest pray:
Then Beauty, load them with thy incense rare,
ROWLAND'S KALYDOR sprinkle round like spray,
The skin to robe in snow—the sting to smother,
And let the pretty priestess use no other.

* The allusion is to the first exportation of Rowland's Kalydor to France, where (until its fame reached the ears of the Court Beauties) it was used by the nuns of different convents for charitable purposes.

THE POSTMASTER has decided that the Society of Arts' Prize Writing-case, as manufactured by Parkins and Gotto, can be sent free through the post for 4d, so that this extremely useful and durable waterproof case, fitted with writing paper, envelopes, blotting book, metal pen-case, with reserve of pens, &c., &c., can be sent through post to any part of the kingdom, on sending 28 stamps to Parkins and Gotto, 24 and 25, Oxford-street, London. The attention of soldiers, sailors, and travellers is especially requested to the above.

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A set of twelve in a box	1	1	0
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Bodies 1s. 6d., with sleeves	0	2	6
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Are forwarding daily to their Agent in England, *Models in Paper* (life size) of all the Novelties in Dress as they appear in the Parisian world of ton. The well known Elegance of Style and accurate *Cut* of these designs, render comment unnecessary; but they beg to submit their prices as a guide to Country Customers.

Single Models forwarded, POST FREE, to any part of the United Kingdom, at the following prices:—

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Or, Twelve of the above articles, selected to form a *Set* of elegant and useful Designs, for 21s., Box included.

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The Trimmings are exact in every particular (as worn in Paris), and a Flat Pattern to cut from is given with every Article.

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"The Girl's Number will be found a useful companion and instructor for recreation and pastimes for winter and summer, in-doors or out-doors. Every girl possessed of this Number will treasure it as a never ceasing fund of amusement and recreation."—*Brighton Gazette.*

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With Vest and Sleeve complete, Price 3s. 6d.

THE NEW ROBE A LA GABRIELLE
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Price 5s. 6d., Sleeve included.

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Extra Rich Bayadère Flounced Silks, 2½ Guineas.
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Household and Family Linens!
Mohairs! The New Reps! Droguets! And other Spring Piece Fabrics for Dresses!
Ribbons! Lace! Gloves! Hosiery! &c., equally cheap!
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PLATE V.



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Fashions for April, 1860.

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THE **V.** **R.** THE

ROYAL FAMILY, **SEVERAL SOVEREIGNS**

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THE LONDON SEASON.

The exuberance of the feelings amid scenes of gaiety induces the fair and youthful to shine to advantage under the gaze of many friends, and therefore to devote increased attention to the duties of the Toilet. It is at this gay season that

ROWLANDS' AUXILIARIES OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY

are more than usually essential for preserving the Hair in all its decorative charm, the Skin and Complexion transparent and blooming, and the Teeth in their pearl-like lustre.

The Patronage conceded by ROYALTY and the NOBILITY throughout Europe, and the Beauties who adorn the Circles of Regal Magnificence, confirms by experience the infallible efficacy of these *renovating Specifics*, and gives them a celebrity unparalleled. They have proved the theme of the poet; they are celebrated in the periodical literature of the whole civilized world; the lays of Byron, and the voice of the press, have proclaimed the incomparable virtues of the "OIL MACASSAR," and of its accompanying preparations.

A few words on the merits of these admired Specifics will doubtless be appreciated in the present instance.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

IS A DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT AND TRANSPARENT PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR;

And, as an Invigorator and Beautifier, beyond all precedent.

It bestows a permanent gloss, with a silky softness, and a strong tendency to curl, and is THE ONLY KNOWN SPECIFIC capable of effectually sustaining the Hair in decorative attractiveness during the exercise of dancing, or the relaxing effects of crowded rooms.

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A BALMY, ODORIFEROUS, CREAMY LIQUID, AS EQUALLY CELEBRATED FOR SAFETY IN APPLICATION AS

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The radiant bloom it imparts to the Cheek, the softness and delicacy which it induces of the Hands and Arms, its capability of soothing irritation and removing cutaneous defects, discolorations, and all unsightly appearances, render it

INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY TOILET.

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A White Powder, compounded of the choicest and most recherché ingredients of the Oriental Herbal, and of inestimable value in

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STRENGTHENING THE GUMS,

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, etc.

No. 353. MAY, 1860. Vol. 33.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevard des Italiens, 26*th April*, 1860.

Chere Amie,—The materials for dresses this season are novel and much varied. It would be difficult to describe the numerous kinds of grenadines in wool and silk, reps, taffetas, bareges, jaconets, &c., &c. One material, a little different from these, is of wool and silk in steel grey, in various designs—spotted, checked, or striped; it is rather thick in texture, and makes very handsome dresses for morning wear. Whilst the weather continues cold, moire, taffetas, and brocalettes will be worn; but on milder days striped taffetas, pekins, moires, taffetas, roseaux, grey and black, green and white, two shades of grey checks, and mille raies, pink, blue, light green, &c. Printed muslins, jaconets—particularly that called percale taffetas—will also be fashionable. The taffetas and fancy materials in grey will be much used, and narrow flounces will be very general.

The spring fashions for dresses vary in style; indeed, seem quite in opposition to each other. Some skirts are with flounces, others quite plain; some corsages are with small basques, others à la Gabrielle, others in one piece with the skirt or with nervures, the sleeves tight or wide; the skirts and borders of thick materials are trimmed by rich guimpe. Straw will be much used in the guimps, and fringes are made with tassels mixed with straw, ribbons are also embroidered with straw to trim bonnets; it is quite a new style, and very fashionable, and makes very pretty ornaments for spring toilettes. The long basquines the same as the dress will still be seen; it is a very pretty style for children or young ladies.

For ball or evening dresses of tulle, silk, tarlatane, the bodies are with draperie, round the top a small bouillonné of tulle or tarlatane, trimmed with a narrow lace or blond, sometimes a very small ruche, which is more becoming. Dinner dresses are worn with elegant fichus covering the body; some are half high, some square, trimmed with a very small ruche, and ornamented with black velvet or narrow ribbon. As yet these dresses are of silk; later lighter materials will appear. The ball dresses will be of the lightest possible texture; still dresses of plain satin, moire antique, and francaises and taffetas brocaded in the Pompadour style are worn; plain taffetas are also much worn, particularly by young persons, trimmed with narrow flounces, sometimes edged by a plissé of ribbon. Berthes and drapery divide favour; the sleeves are short and bouffantes; the double hanging sleeves of tulle are admired. Some skirts are double, in deep Vandykes edged by plissés of ribbon, the under with fluted flounces to the knee.

An important announcement is made in the make of the sleeves this season; some of the earliest spring toilettes have decided the fashion. The new sleeve is named Jockey Club, for it is absolutely in imitation of the gentlemen's coat sleeves; it has already been worn this winter, but not generally, which it appears certain it will be this spring. These sleeves are very long, falling on the hand, and as wide as those of paletots, and with revers, the under sleeve of cambric, with cuffs on wristbands as men's skirts, but they may be equally worn in dress with the lace sleeve or turned-back cuff—the sleeve is then made shorter than for negligé. Silk dresses, round at the waist, and with high bodies, will have this style of sleeve, the skirts with narrow flounces to the knees, and sometimes a second skirt trimmed with plissés or ruches, in deep Vandykes trimmed with fringe or rolls of velvet or taffetas; long ceintures of taffetas the same as the dress are worn tied at the side, trimmed to correspond with the dress. Small buttons are no longer fashionable; very large ones, mostly flat, are preferred.

By giving one or two toilettes for children, a general idea may be gained of the prevailing styles. A frock of marron popeline was made with square low body, and guimpe of embroidered muslin, with sleeve to match; burnous of white cachemire, spotted with red, and edged with red velvet. Another of grey pekin, with trimmings of pink taffetas; small flounces, embroidered with pink casaque Zouave, the same as the frock. Little girl's straw hats are ornamented with large poufs made of feathers—blue, red, or white and black cerese, and black, &c.; they are raised at the side, and often a long feather in the deep edge, but it should not droop. The toilettes of young ladies are of great simplicity; no trimming on their walking dresses, their ball dresses of very thin materials, with double skirt or Pompadour flounces; ceintures with nœuds à la Duchesse and long streamers, wreaths on the head, with sometimes branches drooping on the shoulders.

Black lace shawls have become a necessity; in laying aside furs and velvet the lama shawl is in request, pelissés Fornarina of black taffetas, trimmed round with a wide galon, embroidered. This pelissé has the effect of a pelerine behind, trimmed with guimpe, in front it hangs as a paletot, the sleeves are large and pointed, à la Italienne. Another pardessus of black taffetas with pelerine is full at the waist by means of a running string to draw at will; this pardessus is destined to replace the tight basquines; the fronts mark the waist, the sleeves are plain, with revers; a small bugle trimming edges the whole of it, and flat trimming of guimpe with bugles are placed on each side the opening. A morning paletot of black taffetas lined with violet crosses and buttons in front, with revers of violet; the sleeves very large, lined with violet, and pockets at the side ornamented with lace. The Manteau Mauresque is long and full, and various other styles will appear as the weather permits a change.

Bonnets paille de riz will be much worn this season. Leghorns and Belgian straws will be ornamented with coloured taffetas, and even velvet. Feathers will not be used for negligé bonnets, nor many flowers. Leghorns for carriage wear will have flowers or feathers; it is almost the only summer bonnet on which feathers will be worn. The various early spring flowers—narcissus, primroses, violets, anemones, field flowers—are selected for straw bonnets; pretty wreaths are made of them. The corn-flowers mixed with spring verdure, narcissus in bunches, taffetas of currant colour, and quarantaine for flowers, will be very fashionable used with paille de riz or paille Belge. Many bonnets are made with the crowns of silk and fronts of straw; but the mixture of colours is not approved. More flowers will be used than ribbon, and they are placed in small bunches on the top of the front or quite at the back. Double tulle fluted will replace the blond caps inside the front of bonnets; it is a new style, which seems to be preferred. Pailles de riz and Leghorns are ornamented with blonds and Voilettes, or veils of tulle forming lappets, aigrettes, and feathers. Some Leghorns are simply trimmed, often a double plait of straw falling partly on the bavolet and terminating in nœud on the front. Long aigrettes in every colour are the present novelty for carriage bonnets. Another novelty is in straw, black, grey, or green, embroidered in small flowers, pink, white, or straw colour. Gold is sometimes mixed in the ornaments of bonnets. The fronts advance a little more on the forehead.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Promenade Dress.*—Paletot of light lavender grey material, with binding of dark peach blossom silk, trimmed with bands of the same material as the paletot, edged with quillings of golden brown silk. Bonnet of white crape with violette Clotilda and bunch of flowers at the side.

Young Lady's Dress.—Skirt of taffetas covered by narrow flounces edged with velvet. Zouave jacket of black glace silk embroidered with gold. The sleeves are made open, but can be closed with gold buttons at the pleasure of the wearer. It opens at the neck, to show an under jacket of white lace trimmed with ribbon to match the robe. Coiffure a l'Eugenie and black lace.

Child's Dress.—Frock of spotted taffetas, the skirt with flounces, high body with pelerine frill, half long sleeves with frills.

The above paletot and jacket are from Mr. Ford's Mantle Rooms, 42, Oxford Street.

PLATE II.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of mauve taffetas with body and skirt in one, fastening up the front with flat buttons, a plissé of ribbon is placed in deep vandykes on the bottom of the skirt, also ornaments the large open sleeve. Bonnet of Belgrave straw with trimmings of ribbon.

Evening Dress.—Robe of tarlatane with flounces edged by coloured

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fringe, square body with lace berthe terminating at the waist. The hair in ringlets, ornamented by velvet ribbon.

Bridal Dress.—Robe of white moire with high body pointed at the waist, double bouillon sleeves tight to the wrist with cuffs and collar of point lace, the skirt is simply ornamented by nœuds of white satin ribbon. A very large veil of tulle envelopes the figure, wreath of orange blossoms on the head.

PLATE III.—*Public Promenade Dress.*—Robe of green taffetas with plain high body and ceinture at the waist, four rows of velvet ornament the skirt. Shawl of white lace. Bonnet of paille de riz with pink flowers.

Promenade Dress.—Robe of broché silk, and pelisse of black satin trimmed with a broad stamped velvet, wide hanging sleeves with epaulets. Bonnet of paille de riz trimmed with lappels of white lace and bunch of daisies bavolet, strings and torsade of mauve ribbon.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of pale blue taffetas with several narrow flounces edged by a galon of deeper colour, mantelet to match. Bonnet of paille de riz trimmed with lace and flowers.

PLATE IV.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of moire antique with full plain skirt and pointed body with berthe of rich black lace. Coiffure of hair in ringlets with ornament in the centre of the forehead.

Dinner Dress.—Robe of taffetas with high body, covered by a fichu of lace and ribbon, tight sleeves with bouillon at the top. Coiffure of black lace and velvet, with large roses at the side.

Evening Dress.—Robe of white silk, ornamented by bouillons of tulle and small ruches, pointed body with double berthe edged by a small ruche, open sleeves with nœud on the shoulders of taffetas, edged by a ruche nœud with long ends at the side of the waist similar to those on the sleeves. Coiffure of hair in ringlets and wreath of flowers.

PLATE V.—Pelerine of white lace and emerald green ribbon.

Promenade bonnet of straw, trimmed with pale blue silk and black blond.

Carriage bonnet of white tulle and silk, trimmed with bunches of May flowers.

Second ditto of spotted blond over mauve silk, trimmed with a bunch of lilac.

Dress cap of blond and white jonquils.

Second ditto of lace and pink ribbon.

Third ditto of figured blond and primrose ribbon, and ornamented on one side with two large yellow flowers.

Morning cap of net, with lavender trimmings.

Ditto of white muslin and blue ribbon.

White sleeve of net, trimmed with narrow purple velvet.

Second ditto of embroidered muslin, trimmed with cerise ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

With this Number we give a novel form of body termed *Corsage Bretelle*, consisting of three pieces, it is open to the waist both before and behind, and crosses over a little with point, the back is merely a *bretelle* or brace, but attached to the side piece and shoulder, the sleeve worn with this body is a loose hanging one as given in a previous Number.

SHEFFIELD,

In the beginning of the 17th century was only a large village: it now displays all the features of a manufacturing town of the first importance. The principal manufacture is that of cutlery in all its branches, indeed of every thing that can be fabricated of iron or steel. The vast buildings used for the grinding of all sorts of tools and implements by steam-power, form one of the curiosities of Sheffield. Silver plate and plated goods form also one of the staple manufactures. Brass founders are numerous. Articles in Britannia metal and German silver are also manufactured. Brushes, buttons, combs, and optical instruments are also made here to a considerable extent, and various workmen are connected with the staple commodities of the town, such as cabinet makers, haft and scale pressers and cutters, powder flask and shot belt makers, silver refiners, &c. It would be difficult, indeed, to enumerate all the kinds of articles manufactured in this busy town, principally of steel: they comprise pen, pocket, pallet, table, and other knives, anvils, vices, augurs, gimblets, awls, axletrees, traces, and bits, Britannia metal goods, coach springs, razors, edge tools, fenders, and fire irons, files, German silver goods, mathematical instruments, machinery, saws, seals, shears, scissors, scythes, sickles, silver and plated goods, skates, snuffers, spoons, steel plates, steel ornaments, musical instruments, &c.—thus giving one of those curious examples which the history of manufactures often presents, of a settlement of a particular branch of industry in one spot, where the skill of the inhabitants becomes habituated to that particular manufacture. The establishment of Messrs. Mappin brothers cutlers and electro platers, known as the Queen's Cutlery works, Sheffield, is well worthy of a visit—the cutlery of these manufacturers has obtained a world-wide renown: and visitors to London will be well repaid by paying a visit to their Show Rooms in King William Street, City, which contains we suppose the largest stock of Cutlery and electro plated goods in London—perhaps, in the world. Their prices also as shown by their Illustrated Catalogue, which may be obtained on application, at King William Street, are so moderate that they defy competition.

PERFECTION.—That writer who aspires to immortality should imitate the sculptor, if he would make the labours of the pen as durable as those of the chisel. Like the sculptor, he should arrive at ultimate perfection, not by what he adds, but by what he takes away; otherwise, all his energy may be hidden in the superabundant mass of his matter, as the finished form of an Apollo in the unworked solidity of the block. A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed:—"You have been idle since I saw you last." "By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this musele; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

ONWARD! ON!

Onward! On! nor tarry here,
Pilgrim of an hour:
Pleasure's voice thy soul may cheer,—
But, O! distrust its power.

Onward! On! Is there a heart
Oppress'd with care and fear?
Haste, Haste! and act the Christian's part
It may not long be here.

Onward! On! Frail, feeble age
On thee hath spent its prime;
The sorrows of its night assuage.
Haste! whilst there still is time.

Onward On! The sun, tho' bright,
May quickly veil his face:
Work, whilst thy soul is full of light,
Work, in thy day of grace.

UNA.

THE HAIR.—The peculiar structure of this integument of the head, its singular mode of growth and elongation, and the various conditions of delicacy and decay connected with its existence, and its preservation, render it an object requiring paramount care and attention. As a specific for its health and well-being, Rowland's Macassar Oil cannot be too highly commended. Composed essentially of exotic oils, refined and purified by chemical agencies of exceeding subtlety and skill, and amalgamated with other materials of like rare and costly nature, free from all noxious ingredients, powerful, yet balsamic, efficacious, yet mild; its effects, either in preserving the hair in its original strength and beauty, or restoring it if destroyed by accident or disease, are in many cases all but miraculous, and are recorded by testimonials most numerous in themselves, and certified by the highest authorities. It has obtained the exclusive patronage of Royalty, not only as regards our own Court, but those of the whole of Europe. From its exquisite purity and delicacy, it is admirably adapted for the hair of children, even of the most tender age, and is constantly employed for this purpose in the Nursery of Royalty, and by the families of the nobility and aristocracy. It is alike suited for either sex; and whether employed to embellish the tresses of female loveliness, or to add to the attractions of manly grace and aspect, will be found an indispensable auxiliary to the toilet both of ladies and gentlemen.

A GOOD LEAPER.—An Irish gentleman, well known in the sporting circles for his wit, was accosted by a friend, with—"Upon my word, ——, you are riding a good horse!"—"And why should I not ride a good horse?"—"Well," rejoined his friend, "but will he jump *timber*?"—"Timber!" replied the other; faith he'll just jump over your *head*, man, in a jiffey."

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WHICH OF THE TWO?

My first portrait is of a woman who has sufficient wit to excite love, but not fear; sufficient virtue to command esteem, but not to contemn others; sufficient beauty to enhance her virtue, but not her vanity. Of a woman equally free from the extravagance of love, the torment of fearing love, and *ennui* of living without love. Of a woman whose gentle indulgence for the failings of her sex in others, renders her fidelity sacred in the eyes of those who do fail; who has so much respect for the kindlier courtesies, that even the veriest prude pardons her winning tenderness. Surrounded by folly and coquetry, frivolity and jealousy, she remains untouched by the contagion of those petty caprices, passions, and trifles, which too often render null the pleasures of society, or transform them into scenes of envious contention. Submitting to the usage of the world of fashion and its rules, she rejects its tyranny; and only consults her own pure heart for her monitor, and adopts the counsels of reason for her guide. Her birth-place is France, and her world the saloon.

My second portrait is of her who is happy enough to be ignorant of what are called the *pleasures* of the world. Her glory is to devote herself to the duties of a wife and mother; to dedicate all her days to the practice of the retiring virtues. Occupied with the management of her family, she governs her husband by kindness, her children by gentleness, her domestics by goodness. Her house is the abode of religion, of filial piety, of conjugal love, and of maternal tenderness. Within its walls dwell order, domestic peace, refreshing sleep, and the treasure of health. Economical and attached to home, neither the passions, nor the necessities of life find entrance beneath her roof. The vicious and the worldly-minded pass by her portal; but at that hospitable gate the indigent never knock in vain. Reserved and dignified, she commands respect; by her indulgence and sensibility, she makes herself loved; by her prudence and firmness, she knows how to inspire fear. The halo of her virtues, pure as the lightning's beam, but more permanent, exhilarates, enlivens, and blesses all within its benign compass. Her birth-place is England, and her world is "home, sweet home."

Thrice happy is the fair one who resembles either of our portraits! A thousand times blessed is he, who possesses the heart of either.

CONSUMPTION.—The bane of English society, resulting in no slight degree from England's varied climate, especially affecting her sons and daughters with long necks, sharp shoulders, narrow chest, slender fingers, clear skin, fair hair, and rosy complexions. Various are the remedies which have been proposed to check the ravages of this destroyer—but as many many can testify in their family circles without effect. Gladly do we therefore hail Dr. J. Collis Browne's "Chlorodyne," certain it has been proved, after prolonged and severe testing, to possess remedial proprieties of unrivalled value in the preventive and curative treatment of disease. The success it has met since its discovery, used as it is in the various hospitals of London and the country, the testimonials of medical men in every direction, shows that when all other means have failed this has succeeded, gives us faith in its use, and we cordially recommend it to our numerous subscribers, assured that many will concur in our views, if they apply to Mr. J. T. Davenport, of Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, who is the sole manufacturer of this valuable remedy.

REVIEW.

Spiritualism, and the Age we Live in. London: Newby.

Mrs. Crowe can at times think wisely and write well. Her argument, as we understand it, is this:—That, while man has made immense strides in physical science—while he has advanced in material power and resources, as evinced in his mastery of steam, electricity, &c.—he has made no corresponding move in the achievement of spiritual knowledge, or a perception of eternal truths apart from the actualities of the world; that secular education, art, and literature are daily becoming more diffused, while religion has degenerated into an empty formalism, devoid of soul, earnestness, or truth; that man's belief in salvation is no longer real and vital, but mere speculative guess-work—"a vague hope that Divine Mercy will, in some way or other, be extended to him,"—the consequence of which it that the mass of mankind, instead of thinking, investigating, and reasoning, "take their religion from somebody else, and swallow it like a pill with their eyes shut;" and that we should "leave off disputing about incomprehensible dogmas and senseless forms, and humbly and reverently beseech God to grant us more light." And where does the reader think this additional "light" is to be found? He will hear with astonishment that he is to turn to his familiar table—to the mahogany or deal (as the case may be) on which he eats his dinner and does his daily tasks! He will be shocked to learn that the "light"—the higher spiritual knowledge which, according to Mrs. Crowe, is to make this world a place of content and happiness—is to be educed from the dead piece of wood at which he sits!

We believe we have fairly stated Mrs. Crowe's case; yet, violently absurd as her conclusions are, so much good sense and good feeling are to be found even amidst this silliness, that we cannot rank her amongst the impostors who first brought forward the wicked delusion of "spirit rapping." We would rather consider that we have to "minister to a mind diseased"—diseased, that is to say, on this one subject; but our ministration must not be of the lightest, if we would help to keep the minds of others from the dangerous path followed by Mrs. Crowe. That she can write boldly and well, however, the following passages will show. Speaking of the "present unsatisfactory state of our theological knowledge," she says:—

"It is inevitable, therefore, that the generality of people should take their religion from the mouths of other men, and equally inevitable that, so taking it, it should degenerate into a cold formalism on the one part, and the means of living and an instrument of power on the other. But, as long as the salvation of men's souls remains a means of living, or an instrument of power to any men whatever, we may be sure that we entertain very erroneous ideas on the subject, and, in short, are involved in a great degree of darkness. Very few men individually, and none as a body or corporation, can be safely trusted with so awful a function. I need not expatiate on the reasons; they are patent to every observer; and experience shows that the danger of investing human beings with such an office is only limited by the limits of their power. Whenever it pleases God to awaken us to more enlightened views of our relations to Him, and to let us see more clearly the meaning and purpose of this earthly pilgrimage, we shall find that every man is a temple to himself, and that the salvation of his soul is an affair between him and God alone."

Again, in alluding to the necessity of labour, how true and how full of kindly feeling are the following remarks!—

"We see, also, that idleness is a sin; and that work, of some sort, is man's duty as well as his interest. By work alone can he procure that kind of prosperity which is truly conducive to happiness; and we see constantly that those who are born to live without labour either make some for themselves, or seek in violent exercise and active sports a substitute for it—a poor substitute it is true, but still better than none, where the sport is innocent, which unhappily it often is not; for man, heedless of any sufferings but his own, is utterly insensible to those of what he is pleased to denominate 'the lower animals.' Perhaps, if we knew all, we should not be so heedless of these suffering creatures, who are certainly endowed with faculties of some sort that we are unable to comprehend, and which we call by the name of instinct, pronouncing it much inferior to reason. Now, I should like to know, who could construct a honeycomb out of the pollen of the flowers, or build a bird's-nest without hands? Reason is a very valuable endowment, certainly; but, till it can teach us the way to truth, it is quite evident that either we do not know how to use it, or that it is not so supreme a gift as the despised gift of instinct."

From this it is painful to step to Mrs. Crowe's "reasoning" in support of her theory. She bids us believe in spiritual manifestations (through the medium of the aforesaid mahogany), because, being unable to arrive at the first causes of the laws of Nature, we are not to reject any proposition, however monstrous, or however suspicious the source whence it comes. Because Mrs. Crowe does not understand what electricity is, or galvanism, or magnetism, or why the planets maintain their invariable course, the sane part of mankind is to give its reason into her safe custody, and accept her "spiritual" notions, which she is candid enough to admit she

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knows as little about as of electricity or imponderables. But such an argument, if argument it can be called, is one of the most fallacious that ever was advanced. Electricity is a fact; we know its powers and its properties, how to produce it and how to direct it; but an endeavour to ascertain exactly what it is, brings us to the same point as an inquiry into what *we* are; in other words, our investigation is stopped, because we can know nothing of first causes while we remain finite beings. Now, in what respect is table-turning fact? Mrs. Crowe says she has "seen tables move without any hand touching them." Of course we are not in a position even to hint a contradiction; but we cannot resist a suspicion that on these occasions Mrs. Crowe was not in good health, and was at the mercy of a morbid excitement of the nerves. She tells us to investigate "the phenomena called spirit-rapping and table-turning," and is very severe on the "smart young men who were glorious at having outwitted the medium, and disturbed all the conditions under which the phenomena could be elicited." We have investigated both the rapping and the turning, and found nothing but a miserable delusion. The seeker knows where to find and how to produce electricity and galvanism; but does he know where to find and how to produce spiritual manifestations? We declare that he does not. It is idle in these "believers" to assign such a power to any particular individuals to the exclusion of all the thinking part of mankind. The wise are not so to be taken in. Spiritualists boast that their creed is spreading: it may be so, and for a time, probably, it will continue to spread; but amongst whom? Why, according to Mrs. Crowe herself, amongst "ignorant men and weak women, who have succeeded in obtaining results which the scientific world had failed to discover." The admission is unfortunate. Learned and thoughtful men, who, with an earnest desire to dispel a delusion under which some were labouring, have stooped to its causes, and have given the result to the world, are not likely now to follow in the track of the ignorant and the weak, however bitterly the cleverest of the "spiritual" advocates may rate them for declining to re-commence the discussion.

The same faint nonsense by which mesmeric clairvoyants endeavour to excuse their manifold features, is always resorted to by spiritualists in the like predicament—namely, that the "presence of sceptics disturbs the conditions under which the phenomena are elicited." Why should this be so? To convert a sceptic would be a real triumph; to convert, if it can be so called, a thousand mere idle acquiescers in any wonder, is a miserable victory not worth that over a single thinking man who resolutely refuses belief till conviction is forced on him. And where are such proselytes to be found? The spiritualists admit that there are none amongst them, because, they say, the "presence of sceptics disturbs the conditions under which the phenomena are elicited." This is fatal. The great Creator does not suppress a truth because doubters are at hand. If it be His will that disembodied man should revisit this earth, and proclaim some fact to the living he would make that will clearly known. If it be His will that a mesmeric clairvoyant should know more of the great mysteries than is vouchsafed to human kind in its normal state, and that such knowledge should be for the good, spiritual or temporal, of man, that clairvoyant would announce some great truth and send it living into the world. Instead of this, we see trickery so low that the veriest mountebanks would scorn to use it.

These "spiritual manifestations" have done harm in the world, and they are still working some evil; the delusion has spread like a rank epidemic, seizing on the mind and blighting it; and we therefore simply discharge a duty to the public in showing how weak are the arguments in its favour which the most intellectual of its converts can adduce.

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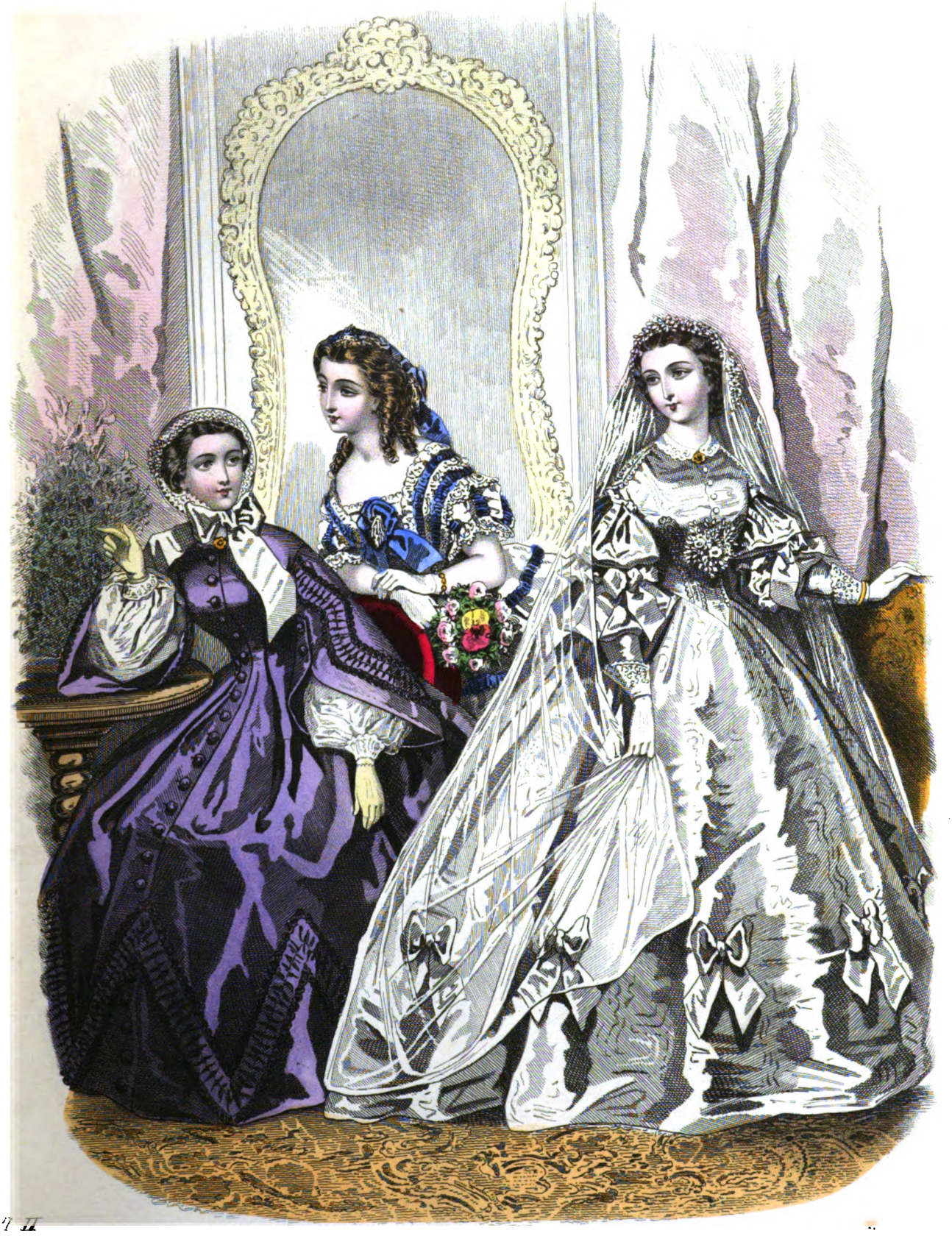


Pl I.

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Pl. III.

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PLATE V.



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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, etc.

No. 354. JUNE, 1860. Vol. 33.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevard des Italiens, *25th May*, 1860.

Chere Amie,—Silk materials have never been prettier, either style or pattern than they are this season; the taffetas double chaine is of a firm texture now required for skirts without flounces, pekins and stripes lengthways with that, a double chaine are the kind mostly in use, they are usually made plain, and merely ornamented by nœuds and plisses à la Vieille, a fashion which never seems to age; the taffetas Imperatrice are mostly plain, the taffetas Japonais for dresses of morning grande toilette, are with white ground and large devices of paille and Japan red, others of similar design are on black grounds, which has a charming effect; a new kind of barege has also appeared, it is thicker, and broché with sprigs of mais or any soft tint.

Foulards are again used in demi-toilette, and for country wear they are very serviceable; plain silks are also much in favour, numerous dresses are made of them in light green Prussian blue, mauve violet, pearl grey.

Narrow flounces are decidedly most generally in use, and the bodies high even in thin materials, and on low bodies, fichius de fantaisie are worn, and in some materials as barege, printed muslin and silk grenadine, they may be of the same material as the dress; a dress of pearl grey barege had small bouillons up to the hips, and on the low body a pelerine pointed before and behind, encircled with two bouillonnes, the sleeves were of five bouffants. Sleeves continue to be made extremely wide, they are plissé at the top, and a jockey may be added; the trimming of the corsage must accord with that on the skirt. Flounces festounés in colours, are spoken of for dress of percale taffetas or fancy muslins, one of blue was festouné with thick white scollops, the flounces did not rise above the knee; narrow flounces are as fashionable for dresses of light texture as for plain taffetas.

Some dresses have the sleeves with revers mousquetaire not very wide, the bodies are high and mostly round with wide ceinture and ends of the material of the dress; these ceintures are with drooping nœuds and trimmed with a very narrow frill. Narrow flounces will be equally fashionable for dresses of slight materials, as for plain taffetas. Foulards are again used in demi-toilette or for country wear, and are very serviceable, plain silks are become much in favour, numerous, etc.

Rich guimps continue to be frequently used on corsages, and often ornament the skirts. Straw is intermixed in the guimps this season; the ribbons used on bonnets are also embroidered with straw, and forms a pretty ornament for spring wear; but trimmings composed of the same material as the dress are no doubt more generally used, and though the basques are not new they are sometimes used; but the corsages with waistcoat is more fashionable.

Children's toilettes, as usual, partake of the same style as their elders, little pardessus of taffetas richly trimmed, or more simple ones of grey, which may be trimmed with plisses of contrasting colour, mantelets in black or white crossing behind, their frocks trimmed with flounces, braid, guimpe, bands of velvet, fringe, ruches or plissés, and the most fashionable hat is the Bolero shape, feathers, flowers, or birds of paradise are placed on the hats for very young children, capotes with soft crowns are preferred.

Small manteaux are made of plain grey or griseille, in stripes or checks of woollen texture suitable for the country or negligé morning wear, but those of silk are more elegant, and amongst the newest is the pardessus of black taffetas, lined with colour and trimmed round with a simple plissé of the same colour as the lining, with heading; this style is very pretty. Many shawls are worn of plain cachmere black, deep blue marron embroidered and trimmed with black lace; another variety of dresses is with revers embroidered from top to bottom. Paletots of black silk appear decidedly to be the most fashionable out of door toilette; they are very long, the sleeves of moderate size with revers Jockey Club, they are bias behind and flowing, and will also be made of embroidered muslin or plain with a small plissé; muslin shawls will also be worn, trimmed with guipure or narrow black velvet, or festons of red or blue; for young persons scarfs of muslin will be preferred, either to mantelet or shawl; the black silk paletot is generally with pelerine of the same in a point and small, frequently it is in guipure. Shawls and mantelets of lace will be more fashionable than ever this season, the newest mantelets have two deep frills of lace. For young ladies the fashion of last year continues, of making the shawl the same as the dress. Pardessus of black taffetas, lined with coloured, are much approved; a mantelet of black taffetas was with *revers châle*, a deep flounce headed by a band of violet taffetas covered with a resille of black and a similar band ornamented the revers.

Leghorns and pailles de riz will be much worn; the Belgian straws are reserved for simple bonnets. Aigrettes are used in every shade of colour, and no longer short clustered in pouffs, but long and playing as a Bird of Paradise, the inside of the bonnets is fully trimmed, particularly over the forehead, some are with flowers mixed with black and white blond sometimes; the ornament is placed rather high in a touffe on one side, and half-wreath over the forehead. Fancy straws will still be fashionable, such as plain greys or browns, but they are quite reserved for morning wear or for travelling, they are mostly ornamented by plissés of ribbon of a contrasting colour, though sometimes preferred of the shade of the bonnet. Many bonnets are made with the soft crowns, termed grand mere. Many bonnets are of Mohair, either black or grey, some are ornamented with steel; brilliancy is admired just now, and torsades of gold, tassels, spangles, crescents, flowers with gold centre are used, diadems of flowers, bandeaux of velvet flat, or plisses, ruches of crape or ribbon, and placed inside, the bavolets (curtains) are rather deep and plissés, the brides continue wide; black lace, blond, flowers and feathers are the usual ornaments of elegant bonnets. Great simplicity is observed in many bonnets of paille de riz; the Empress wears them trimmed with a black ribbon and a rose, or an aigrette either white or blue, or merely a ruche of black lace, confining a bunch of poppies or corn flowers. A Belgian straw in this style had a row of poppies in a narrow long spray descending the side, a ruche of black lace rising to the centre of the form, red strings and white bavolet, with two rows of narrow black lace, others of paille de riz or leghorns are with bunches of ivy, others with black ribbon twisted with straw, which forms agrafe bunches of roses at the side, a large rose and ruche of black lace inside, and black strings. Carriage and dress bonnets are of paille de riz, or leghorns; taffetas mixed with tulle or straw and crape, a veil of white blond is frequently added. Choux of crape velvet or ribbon frequently ornament morning bonnets, and a pretty fancy ornament is of birds, made in silk or straw, the latter are pretty on young ladies' hats.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Young Lady's Walking Dress.*—Robe of taffetas mille roies with pardessus of the same. Corsage with revers and large sleeves; the whole edged and braided with rose-coloured galon. Hat and feather tinted with rose colour.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of lilac taffetas with two flounces, the upper one headed by a ruche, body and skirt in one. Shawl of white lace. Bonnet of paille de riz with violets.

Promenade Dress.—Robe of mais taffetas, with full plain skirt, high body, and sleeves with revers mousquetaire. Shawl of black taffetas, trimmed with a wide plissé of ribbon with double heading. Bonnet of white crape and ribbon.

PLATE II.—*Child's Dress.*—Frock of blue barege, with double skirt, the under with narrow flounces, the upper one open and edged by a frill; the body low, with frills, forming berth and stomacher; short sleeves; chemisette and sleeves of muslin. Hat and feathers.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of taffetas, with revers of velvet continued from the shoulders down the entire length of body and skirt en tablier, the centre being ornamented with puffings and velvet flowers; the revers are edged with black lace. Plain sleeves, with mousquetare cuffs of velvet edged with lace. Bonnet of paille de riz, with feather.

Evening Dress.—Robe of white brocaded silk, with plain full skirt hanging in flutes from the waist; plain body, with pointed berthe formed of bouillons and narrow black velvet with fall of lace and

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nœuds of mauve ribbon. Coiffure à l'Eugenie, with nœuds of mauve ribbon.

PLATE III. — *Young Lady's Walking Dress.*—Robe of taffetas percale, with single flounce on the skirt, and pardessus of the same trimmed round with a frill; very wide sleeves terminating with frill. Bonnet of Belgian straw trimmed with lace and ribbon.

Public Promenade Dress.—Robe of mauve taffetas, with deep design on the skirt—the body and skirt are without division—large buttons down the centre; a plissé of ribbon en bretteles terminates with fringed drooping on the skirt; sleeves with revers mousquetaire ornamented with a narrow plissé. Bonnet of paille de riz, with aigrette and mauve ribbon across the forehead, with nœud at the side.

Walking Dress.—Robe of taffetas, double chaine, with plain skirt and high body closing with buttons. Bonnet of rose-coloured silk, with fauchon of black lace. Mantelet of black taffetas, trimmed all round with plissé à la Vieille.

PLATE IV. — *Morning Dress.* — Robe of silver grey popeline, trimmed with cross-barred ribbon, edged with guimpe round the sleeves, which are round and open. The skirt is also trimmed in the same manner, and open, over a petticoat of embroidered muslin. Coiffure of curls, with blue velvet head-dress.

Evening Dress.—Robe of white tarlatan, made with a small flower at the bottom of the skirt, above which are puffings, trimmed with narrow mauve satin ribbon running in a slanting direction round the skirt and terminating in a small ruche. The bodice is made in plaits edged with wide Maltese lace. The stomacher is trimmed with a bow of mauve satin, a sash to correspond falling over the left side of the skirt. Coiffure à l'Eugenie, with a wreath of white flowers at the back.

Walking Dress.—Robe of blue silk, and manteau paletot of striped taffetas. Bonnet of white chip, trimmed with white lace and blue flowers. Parasol of moire, covered with black lace.

PLATE V. — Carriage bonnet of white chip and mauve satin, trimmed with black blond and white flowers.

Second ditto of white silk, trimmed with small pink flowers and white blond.

Promenade bonnet of straw, ornamented with beads, trimmed with narrow black velvet and a bunch of blue flowers with pendant leaves.

Bonnet of emerald green quilled ribbon, trimmed with gold cord and black lace.

Evening cap of white blond, trimmed with pink roses and ribbon.

Second ditto of white tulle and orange-coloured ribbon, with a bunch of golden flowers.

Morning cap of white net, trimmed with broad ribbon and narrow guimpe.

Breakfast cap of white lace and lavender bows.

Second ditto of lace, trimmed with primrose ribbon.

Collar of lace, trimmed with a ruche of black blond fastened with a bow of violet ribbon.

Bodice of white muslin made with sleeves to wear under a Zouave jacket.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

The model given this month is of the Zouave trousers, so fashionable now for little boys. The wider piece is the back; they are put into a ceinture at the waist, and bands at the knees, and are made of the same material as their tunics.

ASTONISHING THE ARABS.—Descending the hill diagonally by an easy path, in a direction a little east of north, we reached the plain, and soon after rode into the large village of Kuteifeh, where we dismounted for our lunch. * * It was a strange and picturesque assemblage that gathered round us in that old chamber; and a wilder-looking scene could not be well imagined than that which met our view when the creaking branches on the hearth threw out a flame sufficient to light up their features and reveal the bright colours of their gay costumes. The white turbans, embroidered coats, dark faces, long beards, and flashing eyes appeared to advantage in the dim and fitful light. But the lively and strange conversation had still more interest for me than countenance or costume. Almost the whole topic of discussion was the Frank visitors and their country. Some of those present, who assumed a kind of authority because they had seen half-a-dozen *Ingleze* in their lives, astonished the others by wondrous stories of their prowess and knowledge. The expulsion of the great Ibrahim Pasha by their fleets was well remembered, and the taking of Sidon and bombardment of Acre were spoken of as manifesting a greater than human power. As a crowning proof of unparalleled wisdom, one man made the following remark:—"As God is great," said he, "these English can go where they please by day or night, by land or sea; for they have an instrument that shows them the way to any place." *Wallah!* and is it so?" said the son of the sheikh, turning to us with a look of intense curiosity. An appeal was at once made to us in verification of the statement. I produced a small pocket compass, and, placing it near the light, let them see how it always pointed the same way. It was turned, and turned again, but still it pointed to the *Kibleh*. After all had tried in vain to direct it to any other point, I took my knife, and placed the point of the steel near the compass, when the needle at once turned towards my hand. I moved it round, but still the needle followed. "There is no God but God!" cried our young host. "The Franks have the power of *Janus!*" exclaimed an old man by his side.—*Porter's Five Years in Damascus.*

HOW STAR-FISH EAT OYSTERS.—There are more ways than one even of eating an oyster, and the method adopted by the asteria is peculiar. It is quite evident, from the small size and undulated structure of the star-fish, that it can never introduce an oyster, shell and all, into its stomach, more especially as the edible mollusk is always firmly fixed upon its bed; but that is no reason why it should not put its stomach into the oyster, and thus effect its purpose in a different manner. Its mode of proceeding is as follows:—Grasping its shell-clad prey between its rays, and firmly fixing it by means of its reprehensible suckers, it proceeds deliberately to turn its stomach inside out, embracing in its ample folds the helpless bivalve, and perhaps at the same time instilling some torpifying fluid; for the shells of the poor victim seized soon open, and it then becomes an easy prey.—*The Aquarian Naturalist. By Thomas Rymer Jones, F.R.S.*

COOLNESS SUPERIOR TO BRAVADO.

"I HAVE myself," said Kreutzner, "witnessed many duels; but we are not so blood-thirsty, generally speaking, as you moral Americans. We usually settled these matters with a sword; a better method, by-the-way, and more worthy of a soldier than your cold, murderous pistol-firing. Any poltroon may pull a trigger, but it requires the firm hand and steady eye of a *man* to manage the steel. However, as I was saying, when I was at Jena, they called each other out as merrily as beaux and belles to a dance. It was but the treading on a toe—the brushing of an elbow; nay, an accidental look that fell on them when they wished not observation, and the next day, or, by St. Andrew! the next hour, there was the clash of steel, and the stamping of feet on the greensward; and the kindling and flashing of fiery eyes—and plunge and parry, and cut and thrust, till one or both lay stretched at length; a pass through the body--a gash open in the cheek—the skull cleft down, or a hand off, and the blood bubbling and gushing forth like a rill of mountain-water. There were more than one of those fellows—devils, I must say—who, when they found among them some strange student, timid or retired, with whose character they were unacquainted, or whose courage they doubted, would pass the hint out of mere sport; brush his skirt, charge the offence upon him, demand an apology too humble for a hare, and dismiss him from the adventure only with an opened shoulder, or daylight through his body.

"There was among us one fellow, named Mentz, who assumed, and wore with impunity, the character of head bully. He was foremost in all the devilry. His pistol was death, and his broadsword cut like the scissors of fate. It was curious to see the fellow fire—one, two, three, and good by to his antagonist. His friendship was courted by all; for to be his enemy was to lie in a bloody grave. At length, grown fearless of being called to account, he took pride in insulting strangers, and even women. His appearance was formidable: a great burly giant, with shaggy black hair, huge whiskers, and grim moustaches, three inches long, twirled under his nose. A sort of beauty he had too: and among the women—heaven help us!—wherever those moustaches shewed themselves every opponent abandoned the ground. It was, at last, really dangerous to have a sweetheart; for out of pure bravado Mentz would push forward, make love to the lady, frighten her swain, and either terrify or fascinate herself. Should the doomed lover offer resistance, he had no more to do but call a surgeon; and happy enough he considered himself if he escaped with the loss of his teeth or an eye. He had killed four men who never injured him—wounded seventeen, and fought twenty duels. He once challenged a whole club, who had blackballed him anonymously; and was pacified only by being re-admitted, though all the members immediately resigned, and the club was broken up.

"At last there came a youth into the university—slender, quiet, and boyish-looking, with a handsome face, though somewhat pale. His demeanour, though generally shy, was noble and self-possessed. He had

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been but a short time among us, however before he was set down as a cowardly creature, and prime game for the 'devils broke loose,' as the gang of Mentz termed themselves. The coy youth shunned all the riots and revels of the university—insulted no one; and if his mantle brushed against that of another, apologized so immediately, so gracefully, and so gently, that the devil himself could not have fixed a quarrel upon him. It soon appeared, too, that Gertrude, the lovely daughter of the *Baron de Saale*—the toast of all the country—upon whom the most of us had gazed, as on something quite above us—it soon appeared that the girl loved this youthful stranger. Now Mentz had singled Gertrude out for himself, and avowed his preference publicly. Arnold, for thus was the new student called, was rarely, if ever, tempted to our feasts; but once he came unexpectedly on a casual invitation. To the great surprise and interest of the company, Mentz himself was there, and seated himself unabashed though an unbidden guest. The strongest curiosity at once arose to witness the result; for Mentz had sworn that he would compel Arnold, on their first meeting, to beg pardon on his knees for the audacity of having addressed his mistress. It had not appeared that Arnold knew anything of Mentz's character, for he sat cheerfully and gayly at the board, with so much the manners of a high-born gentleman, that every one admitted at once his goodness, his grace, and his beauty; and regretted the abyss on the brink of which he unconsciously stood.

"'What, ho!' at length shouted Mentz, as the evening had a little advanced, and the wine began to mount: a 'toast! Come—drink it all; and he who refuses is a poltroon and a coward. I quaff this goblet—fill to the brim—to Gertrude de Saale—the fairest of the fair! Who says he knows a fairer is a black liar, and I will write the word on his forehead with a red-hot brand.'

"Every goblet was emptied but one, which stood untasted—untouched. On perceiving this, the ruffian, leaning forward, fixed his eyes on the cup, struck his brawny hand down fiercely on the table, which returned a thundering clash and rattle, and then repeated, in a voice husky with rage—

"'There is a cup full: by St. Anthony! I will make the owner swallow its measure of molten lead, if it remain thus one instant longer.'

"'Drink it, Arnold—drink it, boy; keep the hand out of useless broils,' whispered a student near him, rather advanced in age.

"'Drink, friend!' muttered another, dryly, 'or he will not be slow in doing his threat, I promise thee.'

"'Empty the cup, man,' cried a third; 'never frown and turn pale or thy young head will lie lower than thy feet, ere to morrow's sunset.

"'It is Mentz the duellist,' said a fourth. 'Dost thou not know his wondrous skill? He will kill thee as if thou wert a deer, if thou oppose him in his wine. He is more merciless than a wild boar. Drink, man, drink!'

"During this interesting scene the youth had remained motionless, cool, and silent. A slight pallor, but evidently more of indignation than fear, came over his handsome features; and his eyes dilated with emotion, resting full and firm upon Mentz.

"'By the mass, gentlemen!' he said at length, 'I am a stranger here, and ignorant of the manners prevalent in universities; but if yonder person be *sane*, and this no joke—'

"'Joke!' thundered Mentz, foaming at the lip.

"'I must tell you that I come from a part of the country where we neither give nor take such jokes, nor such insults.'

"'Hast thou taken leave of thy friends?' said Mentz, partly hushed by astonishment; 'and art thou tired of life, that thou hurriest on so blindly to a bloody pillow! Boy! drink, as I have told thee, to Gertrude, fairest of the fair!' And his huge round eyes opened, like those of a bull, upon a daring victim.

"'That Gertrude de Saale is fair and lovely,' cried the youth, rising, 'may not be denied by me. But—I demand by what mischance I find her name this night common at a board of rioters, and polluted by the lips of a drunkard and a ruffian?'

"'By the bones of my father,' said Mentz, in a tone of deep and dire anger, which had ere then appalled many a stout heart—'by the bones of my father, your doom is sealed! Be your blood on your own head. But,' said he, observing that the youth, instead of cowering, bore himself more loftily, 'what folly is this? Drink, lad, drink! and I hurt thee not! I love thy gallant bearing, and my game is not such as thou.'

"He added this with a wavering of manner which had never before been witnessed in him, for never before had he been opposed so calmly and so fiercely; and, for a moment, he quailed beneath the fiery glances darted at him from one whom he supposed meeker than the dove. But, ashamed of his transient fear, he added:

"'Come to me, poor child! Bring with thee thy goblet—bend at my foot—quaff it as I have said, and—out of pity—I spare thy young head.'

"What was the astonishment of the company on beholding Arnold, as if effectually awed by a moment's reflection, and the ferocious enmity of so celebrated and deadly a foe, actually do as he was commanded. He rose, took the cup, slowly approached the seat of his insulter—knelt and raised the rim to his lips. Murmurs of 'shame, shame, poltroon, coward!' came hot and thick from the group of spectators, who had arisen in the excitement of their curiosity, and stood eagerly bending forward, with every eye fixed upon the object of their contempt. A grim smile of savage triumph distorted the features of Mentz, who shouted, with a hoarse and drunken laugh—

"'Drink deep!—down with it—to the dregs!'

"Arnold, however, only raised the rim to his lips, and waited a moment's silence, with an expression so scornful and composed that the hisses and exclamations were again quelled; when every sound had ceased to a dead silence:

"'Never,' he said, 'shall I refuse to drink to the glory of a name I once loved and honoured—Gertrude, fairest of the fair! But,' he added, suddenly rising and drawing up his figure, with a dignity that silenced every breath, 'for *thee*, thou drunken, bragging foolish beast! I scorn—I spit upon—I defy thee! and—thus be punished thy base, brutal insolence, and thy stupid presumption.'

"As he spoke, he dashed the contents of the ample goblet full into the face of Mentz; and then, with all his strength, hurled the massy goblet itself at the same mark. The giant reeled and staggered a few paces back; and, amid the shining liquor on his drenched clothes and dripping features, a stream of blood was observed to trickle down his forehead.

"Never before was popular feeling more suddenly and violently reversed. The object of their vilest execrations flashed upon them with the immediate brightness of a superior being. A loud and irrepressible burst of applause broke from every lip, till the broad and heavy rafters above their heads, and the very foundations of the floor, shook and trembled. But the peal of joy and approbation soon ceased; for although this inspiring drama had so nobly commenced, it was uncertain how it might terminate. Before the tyrant recovered from the stunned and bewildered trance into which the blow, combined with shame, grief, astonishment, and drunkenness, had thrown him, several voices, after the obstreperous calls for silence usual on such occasions, addressed the youth, who stood cool and erect, with folded arms waiting the course of events.

"'Brave Arnold! Noble Arnold! A gallant deed! The blood of a true gentleman in his veins!'

"'But canst thou fight?' cried one.

"'I am only a simple student, and an artist by profession. I have devoted myself to the pencil—not the sword.'

"'But thou canst use it a little—canst not?' asked another.

"'But indifferently,' answered the youth.

"'And how art thou with a pistol?' demanded a third.

"'My hand is unpractised,' replied Arnold. 'I have no skill in shedding human blood.'

"''Fore heaven! then, rash boy, what has tempted thee to this fatal extremity?'

"'Hatred of oppression,' replied the youth, 'in all its forms; and a willingness to die rather than submit to insult.'

"'Die then thou shalt! and that ere to morrow's sun shall set!' thundered Mentz, starting up in a frenzy, and with a hoarse and broken voice that made the hearts of the hearers shudder as if at the howl of a dog or a demon. 'I challenge thee to mortal combat.'

"'And I accept the challenge.'

"'It is for thee to name time, place, and weapon; but, as thou lovest me, let it not be longer than to-morrow night, or I shall burst with rage and impatience.'

"'I love thee not, base dog!' replied Arnold; 'but thou shalt not die so inglorious a death. I will fight with thee, therefore, to-night.'

"'By heaven, boy!' cried Mentz, more and more surprised, 'thou art in haste to sup in hell!' and the ruffian lowered his voice. 'Art thou mad?'

"'Be that *my* chance,' answered Arnold; 'I shall not be likely to meet, even in hell, a companion so brutal as thou—unless, which I mean shall be the case, thou bear me company.'

"'To-night then be it,' said Mentz; 'though to-night my hand is not steady; for wine and anger are no friends to the nerves.'

"'Dost thou refuse me, then?' demanded the youth with a sneer.

"'By the mass, no! but to-night is dark; the moon is down; the

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stars are clouded, and the winds go by in heavy puffs and gusts. Hear it even now.'

"'Therefore,' said the youth, apparently more coldly composed as his fierce rival grew more perceptibly agitated—'therefore will we lay down our lives here—in this hall—on this spot—on this instant—even as thou standest now.'

"'There is no one here who will be my friend,' said Mentz; so evidently sobered and subdued by the singular composure and self-possession of his antagonist, that all present held him in contempt, and no one stirred.

"'No matter,' cried Arnold; 'I will myself forego the same privilege.'

"'And your weapons?' said Mentz.

"'Are here,' cried Arnold, drawing them from his bosom; 'a surer pair never drew blood. The choice is yours.'

The company began now to fancy that Arnold had equivocated in disclaiming skill as a duellist; and, from his invincible composure, thought him a more fatal master of the weapon than the bully himself. The latter also partook of this opinion.

"'Young man,' he cried, in a voice clouded and low; but stopped, and said no farther.

"'Your choice!' said Arnold, presenting the pistols.

"Mentz seized one desperately, and said—

"'Now name your distance.'

"'Blood-thirsty wolf!' said Arnold, 'there shall be no distance!' He then turned and addressed the company.

"'Gentlemen,' said he, 'deem me not either savage or insane, that I sacrifice myself and this brutal wretch thus before your eyes, and to certain and instant destruction. For me, I confess I have no value in life. Her whom I loved I have sworn to forget; and if I existed a thousand years, should probably never see again. This ruffian is a coward, and fears to die; though he does not fear daily to merit death. I have long heard of his baseness, and regard him as an assassin—the enemy of the human race and of God—a dangerous beast—whom it will be a mercy and a virtue to destroy. My own life I would well be rid of, but would not fling it away idly when its loss may be made subservient to the destruction of vice and the relief of humanity. Here, then, I yield my breath; and here, too, this trembling and shrinking craven shall close his course of debauchery and murder. My companions, farewell; should any one of you hereafter chance to meet Gertrude de Saale, tell her I nobly flung away a life which her falsehood had made me despise. And now, recreant,' he said, in a fierce tone, turning suddenly toward Mentz, 'plant thy pistol to my bosom, as I will plant mine to thine. Let one of the company cry three, and the third number be the signal to fire.'

"With an increased paleness in his countenance, but with even more ferocity and firmness, Arnold threw off his cap, displaying his high brow and glossy ringlets. His lips were closed and firm; and his eyes, which glistened with a deadly glare, were fixed on Mentz. He then placed himself in an attitude of firing; broadened his exposed chest full before his foe; and with a stamp of fury and impatience raised the weapon. The brow-beaten bully attempted to do the same; but the pistol, held loosely in his grasp, whether by accident or intention, went off before the signal. Its contents passed through the garments of Arnold, who, levelling the muzzle of his own, cried calmly—'On your knees, base slave! vile dog! Down! or you die!'

"Unable any longer to support his frame, the unmasked coward sunk on both knees, and prayed for life with right earnest vehemence. Again wild shouts of applause and delight and peals of riotous laughter stunned his ears. As he rose from his humiliating posture, Arnold touched him contemptuously with his foot. Groans and hisses now began to be mingled with several missiles. Mentz covered his face with his hands and rushed from the room. He was never subsequently seen among us."

Use of Snuffers.—A gentleman travelling in the interior of Brazil put up for a night at a farm-house, furnished in the primitive style of the country; but on the table, in company with a long tallow candle, were placed a handsome pair of plated snuffers and their stand, which he had received as a present from Rio de Janeiro. "What conveniences you invent in Europe!" said the Brazilian to his guest; "before I received this pretty present, I used, after taking off the candle-snuff, to throw it about the floor, or, perchance, on the bench where I was sitting, or over my clothes—but now, mark the difference!" So saying, he pinched off the long snuff between his thumb and finger, put it carefully into the snuffers, and closed them up with a look of triumph at his highly-amused spectator!

SUMMER MORNING.

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
Or list the giggling of the brook;
Or, stretch'd beneath the shade of trees,
Peruse and pause on nature's book.

When nature every sweet prepares
To entertain our wished delay--
The images which morning wears,
The wakening charms of early day!

Now let me tread the meadow paths,
Where glittering dew the ground illumes,
As sprinkled o'er the withering swaths
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes.

And hear the beetle sound his horn,
And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
A hailing minstrel in the sky.

First sunbeam, calling night away
To see how sweet thy summons seems;
Split by the willow's wavy gray,
And sweetly dancing on the streams.

How fine the spider's web is spun,
Unnoticed to vulgar eyes;
Its silk thread glittering in the sun,
Art's bungling vanity defies.

Roaming while the dewy fields
'Neath their morning burthen lean,
While its crop my searches shields,
Sweet I scent the blossomed bean.

Making oft remarking stops;
Watching tiny nameless things
Climb the grass's spiry tops
Ere they try their gauzy wings.

So emerging into light
From the ignorant and vain
Fearful genius takes her flight
Skimming o'er the lowly plain.

John Clare.

RECREATION NECESSARY TO HEALTH.

It is very generally recognised and admitted that deprivation of air and exercise is a great evil; but it is not so well known that abstinence from occasional recreation or amusement is also an evil of no slight magnitude. It is, however, a primary law of the economy that no organ can maintain its integrity without regular recurrent periods of activity and rest. In the case of the muscular system, if any muscle or set of muscles cease to be used, it wastes and disappears; but if it be used too much it becomes strained, and loses its power. It is the same with the nervous system; if the brain be never exercised, its energy is impaired; but if it be over-exercised, its energy is exhausted. If, when a person takes a very long walk, he return home fatigued, and find that his muscles are temporarily thrown into a wrong or disordered condition; and if he continues this process of fatiguing himself every day, after a certain time he becomes thoroughly knocked up, ill, and incapable of undergoing even a common amount of exertion. So it is with the brain. If an individual keep his attention upon the stretch for an undue number of hours, he experiences, at the expiration of his task loss of mental power, and a sensible necessity for rest; and if this individual persevere, day after day, month after month, year after year, in subjecting his brain without intermission or repose, to extreme fatigue, he will be setting up a peculiar state, which is, unhappily, excessively common in these times, and is known by the name of congestion of the brain. The activity of any organ causes a flow of blood towards itself. If a man raise his arm by the action of the deltoid muscle, that action or contraction of the muscle produces a determination of blood to its interior; and if a person think, the act of thought causes a flow of blood to the brain; but if a person think intently, this flow of blood is often very perceptible, for the head becomes hot, and a sensation of throbbing about the temples, or in the head itself, is experienced. Now, when a man undergoes too much brain-work, a constant and considerable flow

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of blood to the head occurs, which may become chronic or permanent, and produce that condition which is called determination of blood to the head—a condition which not unfrequently ends in apoplexy or paralysis. Congestion of the brain is one of the most prevailing diseases that torture humanity.

REVIEWS.

The Lady's Own Book. An Intellectual, Moral, and Physical Monitor. Glasgow, and London. W. R. M'Phun.

The authoress of this volume (for we consider it to be evidently the production of a Christian lady of mature experience) is a serious and sensible monitress of her sex. Her admonitions relate to the most important phases of life. Education, the formation of manners, marriage, practical religion, and the consideration of the several principal duties are severally treated of under appropriate heads in distinct chapters; offering a useful and salutary series of addresses and admonitions "derived from the lessons of actual experience, the results of a long life not spent in the idle lap of luxury, but always in constant activity and under many changing vicissitudes of fortune, taking notes of all that was passing around, and trying how difficulties might be met and inconveniences overcome." These counsels relate to early friendship; education; domestic economy; general reading; independence of mind; formation of manners; conversation; amusements; intercourse with the world; marriage; forming religious sentiments; treating religious error; practical religion—self-knowledge—self-government; humility; improvement of time; preparation for death. We think that a perusal of the book will result in gaining the assent of those to whose edification it is directed, to the assertion of the writer, that young ladies entering on the busy, active scene of life that lies before them,—those who have formed, or about to form matrimonial connections,—and those who have got married, and may be at the head of establishments of their own, requiring arrangement, method, management, and the application of their good sense from day to day, will find in it much that will help them, and nothing that will in any way mislead or misguide them. The value of self-control, humility, diligence, and the avoidance of the frivolous resources for "killing time" to which too many are prone, are dwelt upon in a pious and sagacious tone of kindly advice, a tone serious and solemn, yet not harsh or gloomy. It is, altogether, an excellent family book.

We give the concluding passage :—

"Beware of the world. Beware of its seductive flatteries, its pestilential maxims, its unhallowed practices. Remember that the spirit of the world is directly opposed to the spirit of the Gospel; and that both cannot find a permanent lodgment in the same bosom. If the world attempt to seduce you by its smiles, dally not with the tempter for a moment. If it attempt by its frowns to wither your good purposes and bring you into subjection, in the strength of Almighty grace march forward to the conflict, and the world will retire and leave you the victory. Have as little to do with grovelling and polluted scenes of earth as you can, in consistency with your duty. Rise above the world, and try to breathe the atmosphere of heaven. Thus you will use it as not abusing it; and all you have to do with it, instead of retarding, will actually advance your preparation for the grave."

Haste to the Rescue; or, Work while it is Day. By Mrs. Charles Wightman. Nesbit and Co., 21, Berners Street, London.

This is a little book, but written on a most important subject, and well calculated to do extensive good both by the Christian principles which it inculcates, and the admirable and unostentatious example which its writer exhibits, with a marked unconsciousness that she is doing anything more than the ordinary duty to be expected from every Christian woman. The work of which this volume is practically a short and touching narrative was avowedly begun in consequence of the remarkable success of the gifted author of "English Hands and English Hearts" at Beckenham. It furnishes another proof of the truth which Miss Marsh's book teaches, and which Brainer's more than a hundred years ago expressed that in doing God's works all difficulties can be overcome by prayer and pains.

Mrs. Wightman on commencing her Christian labours soon found that the drunken habits of too many of the poor stood in the way of all real progress in spiritual things as well as in what concerned their temporal welfare. This painful fact induced her to adopt Teetotal principles, though at one time, to use her own expression, she "positively hated the very name of Teetotalism." There is a very common, and as we believe totally unfounded charge brought against the members of the Temperance Body, viz., that Teetotalism is substituted for the Gospel. There is certainly no warrant for this opinion in any of the facts or sentiments of this unpretending volume. Though Teetotalism is very strongly recommended it is always made second and subsidiary to the Gospel of Christ. If indeed it be true, as we fear it is, that the too general drunkenness of the lower orders of Society be *the* great obstacle to their advancement in education, morality and religion, it must soon become a question with every thinking man how long the present state of things is to continue. As citizens and Christians we are too deeply interested in this matter to feel otherwise than grateful to this benevolent lady who, while a *nominally* Christian legislature is idle in what concerns the best interests of the State, works while it is day. Many a happy household, many a reclaimed drunkard testify to the truth that she is doing her Master's work. We wish all success to her little volume and augur for it a large sale. A preface to it has been written by Miss Marsh of Beckenham.

Early Printing.—When first the art of printing was discovered, they only made use of one side of a page; they had not yet found out the expediency of impressing the other. When their editions were intended to be curious, they omitted to print the first letter of a chapter, for which they left a blank space, that it might be painted or illuminated, at the option of the purchaser. Several ancient volumes of these early times have been found, where these letters are wanting, as they neglected to have them painted. When the art of printing was first established, it was the glory of the learned to be correctors of the press to the eminent printers. Physicians, lawyers, and bishops themselves, occupied this department. The printers then added frequently to their names those of the correctors of the press, and editions were then valued according to the abilities of the corrector.

"To let their fame
Live registered in our printed books."
Shakspeare.

The first book printed in the English tongue was "The Recuyel of the History of Troy," and is dated Sept. 19, 1471, at Cologne. "The Game of Chess," dated 1474, is allowed to have been the first specimen of the art among us.

Mendacity of the Moors.—Lying seems a matter quite understood and agreed upon amongst the inhabitants of Barbary: when a European ambassador once remonstrated with the Emperor of Morocco for violating a treaty which he had lately made, "Dost thou think I am a Christian," replied the Emperor, "that I should be a slave to my word?"

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EXHIBITIONS, &c.

"MADAME TUSSAUD'S."—The additions which have been recently made to the historical gallery in Baker Street are of a very attractive description. They consist of the effigies of the earlier monarchs of England, and will be followed by a series of figures, many of which are almost completed, and are intended to fill up the *hiatus* between Henry the First and Richard the Third. There are the Conqueror and his queen, William Rufus, Stephen, and Henry the First. These effigies are not mere imaginary representations of those personages, but authentic copies from genuine original miniatures. The artists have also made good use of the Bayeux tapestry—an invaluable remnant of the middle ages. The figures, altogether, form an artistic, historical, and antiquarian study. The figure of Garibaldi is at this moment of peculiar interest, and should be seen by every one.

BURFORD'S EXHIBITION.—That veteran artist, Mr. Burford, has produced one of his finest Panoramas, being a view of Modern Rome, a subject in every way interesting, and full of the deepest suggestions. It is taken from the tower of the Capitol, and embraces a view of all the most interesting points, both ancient and modern. It is charmingly painted, with great force, but with the nicest gradations of colour and perspective, and in every way it rivets and fascinates the beholder. The distance is exquisitely rendered, and we know not anything in the way of public exhibitions more worth seeing than this panorama of Rome. The upper circle has a fine view of Venice, and the smaller room a charming panorama of Switzerland from the Rhigi.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—According to announcement the great performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" took place at the Crystal Palace on Friday the 4th of May. The occasion was the inauguration of the statue of the great master. The weather was excedingly fine, and the country green and beautiful; and under these favourable auspices, crowds of company, numbering nearly twenty thousand, poured into the Palace by three o'clock, which demonstrated that the occasion had irresistible attractions for them. Apart, however, from the particular programme of the day, which included the Mendelssohn commemoration and the torch-light procession—the playing of the great fountains, the beauty of the gardens, and the splendours of art inside of the Palace, have themselves charms enough, at any time, to draw and detain every person of taste. But the fact that Mendelssohn's greatest work, "Elijah," would be performed by a chorus and instrumental orchestra numbering three thousand performers, had the effect of drawing nearly the whole musical world of the metropolis. At least, we imagine that the vast number present on that day constituted a fair representation of the said world, all things combining to raise the affair to the maximum pitch of interest and value. At the termination of the oratorio the company adjourned to the corner terrace, when Bacon's statue of Mendelssohn was formally unveiled, whilst a military band played appropriate selections from his music. So great was the crowd of German gentlemen on this interesting occasion, that it was impossible for any one else to get near enough to see more than the actual unveiling of the statue. Shortly afterwards the great fountains began to play, and when they had done, the company had nothing left for it but to sit down patiently everywhere, and watch the evening falling and the moon rising, as it had been decided that until both operations had been completed, the great torchlight procession, after the German fashion, was not to commence. When, however, it did commence, at last, they were well rewarded for their patience, for owing to the course it took, the inequality of the ground, the reflection of the water, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery in the mild moonlight, the effect was exceedingly novel and beautiful. We could see a fire far off at the boundary of the garden. Sprites, as it appeared to us, flitted about, and lit their torches as if preparatory to an incantation. Then, blue and red lights burst out and gave a strange unearthly glare to the landscape, and, at its greatest intensity, the sprites and the torches began slowly to stream away right and left, winding like two great glittering serpents in and out through the dim and shadowy foliage. Gradually they came brighter and nearer, and more distinct. They danced in the fountains and the latter—in obedience, as it were, to the impulse—sprang again into life, foamed, and sparkled, and shot upwards, and by the reflection seemed to liquefy the brilliant colours of the illumination. When the two serpents at last met on the terrace, they were happily destroyed in a large bonfire, and every one went away delighted with the long and charming day's pleasure.

At the CREMORNE GARDENS, on Tuesday afternoon May 8, the private rehearsal of the Aerephon, a newly-invented musical instrument, took place. The Aerephon—an improved form of the steam Calliope—is a curiously and ingeniously constructed instrument which upon inspection, resembles the organ and the steam-engine, both of which, it appeared to us, being combined, in order to produce the present novelty in the instrumental art. The body of the instrument would at first strike the observer as being intended for a more mechanical purpose than that of producing strains of music, either grave or gay. It has in front twenty-two pipes, which are trumpet-shaped, and altogether resemble an open fan or a large sea shell. Of course it must be supplied with steam before it can be played, which, as soon as the player—who sits at the end of it—touches the key-board, rushes up into the pipes and creates the same variety of tones as the organ. The chief peculiarities of the instrument, however, is the rapidity of and strength of its tones—a characteristic, of course, peculiar to steam in whatever way applied. It may be heard distinctly at almost any distance, and there is no grot or grove in the charming gardens but will be visited by its strains; and we fancy, during the time it is playing, there will be no room in the same atmosphere for any other instrument, for all other sounds will be silenced by its domineering tones.

LADIES' SCISSORS-SHARPENER.—In a recent number we gave a slight sketch of Sheffield manufacture, and especially of Messrs. Mappin's scissors; we now suggest that our fair subscribers need no longer trust their scissors to the cutler to be ground—a scissors-sharpener has been invented whereby every lady may sharpen her own scissors. It may be had free for seven stamps, of Mr. Morley, 528, New Oxford Street.

THE MOST PERFECT BEAUTY.—That is not the most perfect beauty which in public would attract the greatest observation; nor even that which the statuary would admit to be a faultless piece of clay, kneaded up with blood. But that is true beauty, which has not only a substance, but a spirit; a beauty that we must intimately know, justly to appreciate; a beauty lighted up in conversation, where the mind shines as it were through its casket, where, in the language of the poet, "the eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought, that we might almost say her body thought." An order and a mode of beauty which, the more we know, the more we accuse ourselves for not having before discovered those thousand graces which bespeak that their owner has a soul. This is that beauty which never cloys, possessing charms as resistless as the fascinating Egyptian, for which Antony wisely paid the bauble of the world—a beauty like the rising of his own Italian suns, always enchanting never the same.

BE CAREFUL.—The tradesman who keeps his heart in his cash-box will not be long, whatever may be his intentions, ere he will find it to be corroded by unjust gains. If our heart does not sanctify our wealth, we may rest assured that the wealth we obtain will soon corrupt our affections.

AMERICAN DISCOVERERS.—Great have been the reverses of the pioneers in the early discovery and settlement of the American continent:—"It is remarkable how few of the eminent men among the discoverers and conquerors of the New World died in peace. Columbus died broken-hearted, Roldan and Bobadilla were drowned, Ovando was harshly superseded, Las Casas sought refuge in a cowl, Ojeda died in extreme poverty, Enciso was deposed by his own men, Nicuesa perished miserably by the cruelty of his party, Vasco Nunez was disgracefully beheaded, Narvaez was imprisoned in a tropical dungeon, and afterwards died of hardship; Cortez was dishonoured, Alvarado was destroyed in an ambush, Almagro was garotted, Pizarro was murdered, and his four brothers cut off; and there was no end of the assassinations and executions of the secondary chiefs among the energetic and enduring adventurers."

PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS.—Whoever judges of things by appearance finds that Providence has distributed his gifts in a very unequal manner. I could show that we often attribute to heaven what is alone due to our own ignorance; but I confine myself to the affirmation, that Providence has conferred on all men the conditions necessary to happiness. Seeing that we are able to perfect and develope our faculties, we have within ourselves a prompt and facile means of obtaining interior peace, and at the same time contentment and repose in ordinary life. If, therefore, education accustomed us better than it does to live with and in ourselves, to seek in faith and confidence the pleasures of conscience by preferring them to the deceitful and fugitive pleasures of the passions, we should find, at all times and in every condition of life, the means of satisfying our innate desire for happiness.

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PL I

LONDON AND PARIS

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Pl. II.

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Pl. III

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PLATE V.



LONDON AND PARIS

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Honoured with the Special Patronage of Her Majesty the Queen.

THE V. R. THE

ROYAL FAMILY, SEVERAL SOVEREIGI

AND AND

NOBILITY OF GREAT BRITAIN COURTS OF EUROPE,

AND UNIVERSALLY PREFERRED AND ESTEEMED.

THE LONDON SEASON.

The exuberance of the feelings amid scenes of gaiety induces the fair and youthful to shine to advantage under the gaze of many friends, and therefor devote increased attention to the duties of the Toilet. It is at this gay season that

ROWLANDS' AUXILIARIES OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY

are more than usually essential for preserving the Hair in all its decorative charm, the Skin and Complexion transparent and blooming, and the Teeth in t pearl-like lustre.

The Patronage conceded by ROYALTY and the NOBILITY throughout Europe, and the Beauties who adorn the Circles of Regal Magnificence, confirms experience the infallible efficacy of these *renovating Specifics*, and gives them a celebrity unparalleled. They have proved the theme of the poet; they celebrated in the periodical literature of the whole civilized world; the lays of Byron, and the voice of the press, have proclaimed the incomparable virtues the "OIL MACASSAR," and of its accompanying preparations.

A few words on the merits of these admired Specifics will doubtless be appreciated in the present instance.

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Is a DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT and TRANSPARENT PREPARATION for the HAI

And, as an Invigorator and Beautifier, beyond all precedent.

It bestows a permanent gloss, with a silky softness, and a strong tendency to curl, and is t ONLY KNOWN SPECIFIC capable of effectually sustaining the Hair in decorative attractiveness dur the exercise of dancing, or the relaxing effects of crowded rooms.

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The radiant bloom it imparts to the Cheek, the softness and delicacy which it induces of the Hands and Arms, its capability soothing irritation and removing cutaneous defects, discolorations, and all unsightly appearances, render it

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, etc.

No. 355. JULY, 1860. Vol. 33.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevard des Italiens, *25th June*, 1860.

Chère Amie,—The variable state of the weather has considerable influence on our toilettes. The light and elegant fabrices of summer wear have been as yet but little used. Plain taffetas and fancy materials of various kinds have been mostly in use, soon, we hope, to be replaced by bareges and organdis.

The richest silk materials are all made without flounces, or even without any trimming, if so preferred. Some are made à la Gabrielle, and often as the Marechale or Princess Clotilde. Silks of slighter fabric are with flounces arranged three and three or alternating with black bouillonnes, if the material is dark, or of the same if of light colour. There is a new style of barege now made, possessing more firmness than the old ones, so much so, as to admit of being made without flounces; it is very pretty, and forms elegant summer toilettes. Bareges are, however, covered with narrow flounces, edged by ribbon, either of the same colour, as a contrasting one, or even of black velvet, which has a particularly good effect on barege of pearl grey. Flounces festonne in colour are also pretty for dresses of muslin or organdy. The number of flounces is various; five is the least number—nine, fourteen, even seventeen, are used. Plissés, ruches, lace, guimps, are all used, the nature of the material determining the style of trimming suitable. Ribbons are also very fashionable, either as plissés, ruches, or nœuds, and also to form the ceinture Duchesse.

Corsages are much varied—high ones, plissé à la Verge, with ceinture; low bodies, with round pelerine of the same, trimmed with a plissé or narrow frill, or round pelerine of tarlatane with guimp or plissé à la Vieille. When worn with high bodies these pelerines should not be lower than where a low body would terminate. Several negligés dresses have the top of the high body trimmed with a ruche of tarlatane, very narrow, and simply trimmed. We mention these as being considered in very good taste; they may close with a large button in gold, enamel, or precious stones. Casaques made of red flannel are very fashionable in Paris in negligé, uniting comfort with elegance; the skirt worn with them should be black, or any dark colour; they are very convenient for country wear, or for chilly weather, but require to be very well made—the seams are stitched with white silk. An elegant morning negligé, called la Robe Fourreau, is of jean, of two colours; that is, it is bordered by bands either blue or yellow, under skirt trimmed with flounces Pompadour of plain muslin. With the barege dresses with high bodies fichus of the same are worn, crossing in front similar to those worn with low dresses. Many of the bodies are made with waistband, though the pointed ones are not less in favour.

The fichus Louis XIII. are much worn, as well as others of various styles, on the summer dresses; the former are with long ends, ornamented with plissés of the same, and when of muslin or organdy are enlivened by nœuds of ribbon; the under sleeves have attained a very exaggerated size, some are with two bouffantes, others have three, and even five smaller ones; these are worn with the sleeve of the dress open from top to bottom. But there is great latitude given in sleeves; some terminate in a loose wristband ornamented with lace or ruches, or with small revers pointed, tight to the elbow.

Black lace is more fashionable than ever for shawls or the trimmings of manteaus, etc. Cardinal pelerines are made of it for paletots and pelissés; this pelerine is also worn over low dresses, and are less negligé than the Marie Antoinette. Guipure is put on the edge of embroidered black Cachemire shawls, or on those of taffetas; these shawls are square, and trimmed on all the sides; the depth of the lace depends on the shawl being required more or less simple. The pelissés seem to have quite replaced the paletots of silk; they are still worn, but the pelissé Abbé, with pelerine of guipure, is preferred by the fashionable world. The sea-side and travelling will, no doubt, restore the paletot, as nothing is more convenient, but just now the shawl and the pelissé are in high favour. Very pretty mantelets are made of white organdy, with frill of the same, headed by a bouillonné; these are very suitable for young persons. Basquines of black silk, and those of the same material as the dress, are always in favour. Pardessus are all of black taffetas, many being lined with colour; some are trimmed with a narrow plissé with only one heading, others merely have a piping, some are similar to the paletots, and frequently have a double pelerine.

The bonnets this season are very pretty. Black ribbon and black lace are still much used on them; but the black lace is more used in ruches than in deep full falls, particularly on straws and crinoline. White crape bonnets are always fashionable on which feathers and aigrettes are used; generally speaking the crape is plain, three or four times double; a flower or small nœud suffices for ornament; paille de riz also requires but little trimming. A pretty one had two aigrettes, black and white, black ribbon, black strings, and inside a black ruche with tea roses. We must observe that the wreaths on the forehead are no longer worn; they are separated in small bunches, and lace nœuds, and bouillons of tulle, flowers and ribbon, etc. Thus, a Leghorn bonnet with black ribbon and moss roses, the roses were separated by small pompons of black lace and nœud in the centre, inside rose-buds encircled with lace and black ribbon alternately. Another of white crape had a white voilette falling behind, a bunch of lilac and black feathers, one of which rose a little on the middle of the front; inside white blond was mixed with black and lilac ribbon; sometimes very small nœuds are placed with taste between the blond coquillée. The manner of trimming the bonnets this season is rather whimsical; on some it is all at the back of the crown, on others at the sides, and some have the wreaths placed quite at the outside edge of the front. Lilac, violets, lillies of the valley, and field flowers are much used, and ornaments in straw are very numerous. Mauve, green, and Chinese pink are the shades of colour in favour. Bonnets of white crape are again covered by tulle spotted with black, or white blond tulle spotted or sprigged; the bavolets continue deep and the strings wide; the colours continue to be mixed. Bonnets are often seen with the crown of white crape, and the front and bavolet of any other colour; the bavolets curtains are deep, and plaited in large hollow plaits; the fronts advance on the forehead without being pointed.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Public Promenade Dress.*—Robe of green taffetas, the body is open in front, with pelerine and ceinture, with ends; the skirt has four flounces, surmounted by bands of velvet. Bonnet of green crape and black lace. Shawl of white lace.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of pink barege with high body, closing with buttons. Pagoda sleeves, with jockeys, trimmed with a plissé of ribbon, open tunic skirt, similarly trimmed. Bonnet of white lace, with flowers.

Promenade Dress.—Robe of pearl taffetas, the corsage is high, closing with buttons, with plissé of ribbon and black lace, forming pelerine to the waist ceinture, à la Duchesse, tight sleeves, with jockeys and cuffs formed of plissés and black lace, and similar trimming ornaments the bottom of the skirt. Bonnet of crape and taffetas.

PLATE II.—*Morning Dress.*—Robe of striped mohair, the body high, with ceinture of mauve ribbon, sleeves in bouillons, and jockey of mauve silk, the skirt is ornamented by mauve taffetas in a dice pattern.

Walking Dress.—Robe of taffetas, with full plain skirt, the body high, closing with band and fancy buttons. Mantelet shawl of black taffetas, edged all round with a small ruche, and guimpe ornaments on each plissé. Bonnet of paille de riz, with voilette Clotilde.

Child's Dress.—Frock of green taffetas, the body is low, with stomacher formed by bands of black velvet, which also edges the frill of the sleeves and bottom of the skirt, guimpe of muslin, and bouillon sleeves. Leghorn hat, with wreath of roses.

PLATE III.—*Young Lady's Walking Dress.*—Robe of mauve taffetas, with tunic open skirt trimmed with a bouillon, the body is high, closing with buttons and ceinture Duchesse of the taffetas, edged with small bouillon, tight sleeves, with jockeys in bouillons. Hat of leghorn, with nœud of velvet and feather.

Dinner Dress.—Robe of blue taffetas, with high body, ornamented

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by bands of guimpe, the skirt is trimmed with alternate flounces of black and blue silk, and bouillons heading them. Shawl of black lace, and black lace cappets in the hair.

Walking Dress.—Robe of grenadine, with trimming of the same material in wide plisses, and scroll of velvet in the centre, placed at the bottom of the skirt; pardessus of the same, and similarly trimmed. Bonnett of paille de riz, trimmed with pink ribbon and black lace.

PLATE IV.—*Morning Dress.*—Jacket and skirt of taffetas, trimmed with ruches of the same, both being open in the front, with under-skirt of muslin, trimmed with bouillons; the sleeves are open to the top, with under ones of muslin in bouillons. Cap of lace and flowers.

Evening Dress.—Robe of tulle, with triple skirt edged by plissés; pointed body, with berthe, and very large hanging sleeves, with ruche at the edge. Coiffure of hair and flowers.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of taffetas, closing up the front of body and skirt by rich guimpe buttons, the bottom of the skirt being also ornamented by narrow velvet in lozenge pattern. Embroidered shawl, trimmed with fringe. Bonnet of paille de riz, ornamented with ribbon and feathers.

PLATE V.—Carriage bonnet of white crape, trimmed with lace. Two large pink roses in the cap.

Second ditto, of emerald green blond, trimmed with lace, and white flowers.

Promenade bonnet of straw, trimmed with black lace.

Second ditto, of pink silk, trimmed with blond and feathers.

Dress cap, of mauve satin and black blond, trimmed with rosettes of narrow ribbon.

Morning cap, of spotted net, trimmed with pink ribbon.

Second ditto, of red, trimmed with blue.

White sleeve, of muslin, trimmed with ruches of mauve ribbon.

Second ditto, of cambric, trimmed with cerise ribbon, striped with black.

Habit shirt finished to match the white sleeve.

Necktie of lace, trimmed with orange coloured ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

The model we give this month is of a large open sleeve, similar to the one of the 1st figure in Plate IV.

THE DISSAPPOINTED POLITICIAN.

"Should you like to be a queen, Christina?" said Count Piper, in a tone of affected carelessness, to his beautiful young daughter, who was reclining upon a couch, nursing a lap-dog.

"Queen of hearts?" said the petite Venus, without raising her head.

"That empire is your own already," returned the politician.

"Then I have no ambition to extend my dominions. I have more subjects, at present, than I well know how to manage."

"How! I was not aware, madam, that you had lovers. Surely you are too prudent to encourage their addresses."

"Indeed! I am not so obligingly grateful for homage which I consider as my due. There is only one man in the world for whom I feel the least tender regard."

The brow of the Prime Minister of Sweden darkened.

"And pray, who is the favoured Adonis?"

Christina blushed, looked enchantingly simple, and redoubled the caresses she was bestowing upon her dog. The Count repeated the question.

"My cousin, Adolphus Von Hesse."

"You have not been so foolish as to fall in love with that boy."

"Boy, indeed! No I walked into love with him; for I cannot remember the day when he first appeared lovely in my eyes."

"Nonsense! You have been brought up together. 'T is a mere sisterly regard."

"I should be very sorry if Adolphus were my brother."

"But the youth is portionless; has no other maintenance than his commission and my bounty."

"He is handsome and brave; and, when I discovered that he had fine eyes, and that they spoke the most eloquent language in the world, I never examined the depth of his purse."

"My dear girl, you must forget him," said the Count, passing his arm tenderly round her waist.

"My good sire, I don't mean to try. You are not indifferent to his amiable qualities, and love him yourself."

"Not well enough to make him my heir."

"And you will not render us the happiest couple in the world?" said Christina, her fine eyes sparkling like sapphires through her tears.

"Christina, you have been a spoiled child. I have given you too much your own way; and now you demand impossibilities. You are not old enough to choose a husband for yourself. Be a good girl, and your aunt shall introduce you at court; and then you will see our brave young king."

"The rude monster! I have no wish to see him. Besides, he hates women."

"'T is a libel. He is in love with you."

"With me! I never saw him in my life."

"But he has seen you, and he says"—

"Ah, my dear father, what does he say?"

"You do not care for the opinion of a rude monster, and a woman-hater."

"Ah, but he is a king. What did he say,"

But the Count was determined to keep the secret; and no coaxing, in which feminine art the little flirt was a perfect adept, could wheedle it out of him.

"Christina, I shall bring an officer home to sup with me; you must treat him with respect, as I intend him for your husband."

"But I will never have him," said Christina, laughing, as the Count left the room. "If I do not marry my soldier, I will die a maid."

"Bravely resolved, sweetheart!" cried Von Hesse, stepping from behind the arras. It is worth playing at hide-and-seek, to hear you advocate a cause so hopeless as mine."

"Hopeless! why the battle is half won. My father's anger is like the dew upon the grass, which the first sunny smile evaporates. Prithee, do not sigh, and look so sentimentally solemn. Love will pay the piper, and we shall yet dance to a merry tune."

"You suffer hope to deceive you, Christina. I know your father better. Ah, Christina! you will not be able to refuse the magnificent bribe he will offer in exchange for the warm heart and devoted attachment of your cousin."

"I perceive that you are determined that I shall increase the list of faithless lovers," said Christina, pouting, "in spite of the late convincing proof you so treacherously obtained of my constancy."

"Dearest love, you mistake my meaning. Dry these tears, Christina; I am not stoic enough to withstand such eloquence."

"Why did you cause them to flow?" said Christina, still sobbing. "Was it merely to indulge in the levity of kissing them away; or were you jealous of some imaginary rival? What think you of that antidote to the tender emotions of the heart, Count Ericson?"

"Ah, Christina!"

"Why that sigh, Adolphus?"

"Your father will introduce to you, to-night, a new lover, and I—I shall be forgotten."

"You deserve the fate you anticipate, for entertaining these unjust suspicions. But you are a man, and I forgive you."

"Then you really love me, Christina?"

"Am I to tell you so a thousand times? You must be tired of the repetition of that word."

"On the contrary, 't is ever new to me."

"We love each other," said Christina; "but my father will not, at present, give his consent to our union; and we must wait patiently till he does."

"And if that period should not arrive?"

"Never fear."

"But, Christina, I do fear."

"Our happiness would not be increased by an act of disobedience."

"I thought as much, Christina; you have grown very prudent!"

"I cannot break my father's heart."

"But mine?"

"Adolphus, if I am not yours with my father's consent, I will never wed another. But he is so kind—so good—I am his only child. No, no—I cannot disobey him."

The young soldier frowned, and walked several times hastily across the room, at every turn stopping to contemplate the fair tyrant who held his heart in her chains. Christina was trying to look grave; but the roguish dimples, which gave such a charm to her rosy mouth, were ready to expand, upon the first provocation, into a hearty laugh. It was impossible for the little beauty to look sad for two minutes together. Von Hesse was in no laughing mood. He was in the very heroics of love; and his distorted fancy magnified the reasonable impediments to his union with Christina into mountains, guarded by those hope-extinguishing monsters, ambition and avarice. Ignorant of her father's designs, and firmly confiding in his parental love, Christina saw no difficulty in the matter; and she was greatly diverted by the

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perplexed and jealous askances of her lover. Von Hesse was out of humour. He dared not complain of Christina's coldness; and he therefore endeavoured to draw upon her compassion, by railing at himself.

"Christina, I have suffered a fatal passion to mislead me. I will not repay the debt of gratitude I owe your father by robbing him of his child. Farewell, Christina. I go to join my regiment. Should I fall in battle, sometimes think of Von Hesse."

His voice faltered—the tears rushed into Christina's eyes—Von Hesse was at her feet. All his magnanimous resolutions vanished; and the lovers parted more enamoured of each other than ever.

If Adolphus was inclined to despair of the success of his suit, Christina, on the other hand, was too sanguine in believing that small opposition would be made to her wishes. The influence she maintained over her father was great; but it was not without limitation. She reigned an absolute queen over his household. Her comfort, her taste, and her inclinations, were consulted in every thing; but her power extended no further. To Christina politics were a forbidden subject; the Count suffered no female interference in state affairs. But latterly he had retailed much of the court news to his daughter, and was always eulogizing the young monarch, whose favourite he had the good fortune to be, and who was daily heaping upon him some fresh marks of his affection and esteem. This brave prince, whose eccentricities had filled all Europe with astonishment, had been introduced, incognito, to Christina, and in spite of his professed antipathy to the sex, was secretly among the train of her admirers; a circumstance which gratified the pride, and called forth all the ambitious hopes, of her father. Nor was it unreasonable for the politician to suppose, that the youth who had commenced his reign by crowning himself, and beating the united forces of Denmark, Saxony, and Russia, would scrupulously consult the etiquette of courts in the choice of a wife. In his charming daughter, Count Piper thought he beheld the future queen of Sweden.

The hint which he had dropped about the young king's admiration of her personal charms, did not fail to make an impression upon the lively Christina. She knew she was beautiful; and the agreeable consciousness of the fact was displayed with such natural ease and gaiety, that what would have appeared absurd in another female, increased the attractions of Christina. Fond of admiration, she was pleased with those gallant attentions from the other sex, which all other women secretly love to receive. Her attachment to Von Hesse was steady and sincere; but she thought it no treason against the sovereignty of love to appear as agreeable as she could in the eyes of all men. She received their homage as a matter of course; but it was only when Adolphus approached that her voice became tremulous; the brilliancy of her eyes softened, and her heart beat with reciprocal tenderness. Christina would not have died for love; but she would have retained through life a painful impression of the lost object of her early affections.

In spite of her lover's jealous fears, the spirit of coquetry induced her to bestow an extra ten minutes on the business of her toilette; and when she entered the hall, where supper was prepared for her father and his solitary guest with unusual magnificence, she looked perfectly captivating. The stranger advanced to meet her, and in an awkward and constrained manner led her to her seat at the head of the table. Great was Christina's disappointment in recognizing in her new lover an old familiar face. "Count Ericson!" she muttered to herself; "what does my father mean by introducing such a dull wooer to me?"

And who was Count Ericson? Patience, gentle reader: a tall, raw-boned youth, in a captain's uniform, with large blue eyes, a high aquiline nose, ruddy cheeks, and yellow curling hair; slovenly in his dress, ungraceful in all his movements, and so blunt and uncourteous in his conversation, that he had long been Christina's butt and aversion. For some weeks past, this half-grown man had been a constant visitor at her father's table, with whom he was often closeted for hours. Christina, out of very mischief, had played off, upon this luckless wight, all her artillery of bright glances and wreathed smiles, without being able to extort from him a single compliment. He would sit and stare at her for hours, without speaking a word; and sometimes, but this was seldom the case, he had condescended to laugh at her bright sallies. Christina had given him up in despair, and great was her indignation at her father's providing her with such a spouse; and she determined to affront him the first time they were left alone together. As if aware of her hostile intention, the silent youth endeavoured to exert his powers of pleasing, and, for the first time, commenced a conversation with his fair enslaver, by abruptly asking her what she thought of Alexander the Great? Christina burst out a laughing, and replied, with great simplicity, "that she had never thought much about him; but she remembered, whilst reading his history, considering him a madman."

Ericson eagerly demanded her reason for pronouncing *non compos mentis* the greatest conqueror the world ever saw.

"Had Alexander been as wise a man as he was a great conqueror," said Christina, "he would have learned to govern himself before he undertook the subjugation of the world."

Ericson reddened, and his proud eye flashed, as he replied with some warmth,

"Cannot you, madam, enter into the noble zeal which hurries a brave man into the focus of danger, and induces him to relinquish life and all its petty enjoyments, to gain the wreath of immortal fame?"

"No, indeed," returned Christina, "I have no feelings in common with the destroyer. I would rather be celebrated for conferring blessings upon my fellow creatures, than be immortalized by their curses. I have ever looked upon great conquerors as fools or madmen—a scourge to their own people, and an intolerable pest to society."

"My lord," said the minister, striving to mollify the rising choler of his guest, "you must pay no heed to my daughter's impertinencies. Her knowledge of battles and conquerors is confined to the chess-board. On that limited sphere, she enacts the general so well, that even an old soldier like me finds some difficulty in taming her audacity."

Ericson regained his composure, and, turning to the laughter-loving Christina, with more gallantry than she had imagined him capable of displaying, challenged her to play a game with him.

"With all my heart," said Christina; "but if I should beat you?"

"It would not be the first time that I have been vanquished by you, Lady Christina," said Ericson, looking her full in the face."

Christina coloured, and cast her eyes to the ground, only to flash them again upon the Count with a proud glance of mingled coquetry and disdain. But the ice was broken—the bashful youth had gained more confidence; and he met her indignant look with an expression of admiration and defiance.

"There is more mettle in this proud boy than I imagined," thought Christina, as she took her seat at the chess-board; "my father has set me to play a dangerous game."

She shaded her glowing cheek with her hand, and fixed her eyes immovably on the board, determined, out of pure contradiction, to play as stupidly as she possibly could, to mortify her opponent. The game, however, required no particular skill to insure a conquest on her part. Ericson scarcely looked at his pieces. His moves were made without judgment: they were rash, and easily counterplanned.

"My queen gives check to the king," said Christina, with a triumphant air.

"Fair tyrant," said the defeated, "do not you wish that you could make the king your prisoner?"

"No, it is enough that I have him in my power."

"Most completely," said Ericson, rising and pushing the board from him; "you have checkmated me."

"Father, how could you impose upon me by bringing Count Ericson here as my wooer? Do you imagine that a girl of any sensibility or taste could condescend to marry that awkward boy?"

"He is nineteen; just two years your senior; is brave, wealthy, and nobly born. What would you desire more?"

"My cousin," said Christina. "As to this Count Ericson, I detest him, and mean to tell him so the very next time I have the misfortune to spend a whole evening in his company."

But many days past away, and Christina was too much amused in tormenting her unfortunate lover, to put her threat into practice. Besides, Von Hesse purposely absented himself from the house; or, when present, behaved in so cold and distant a manner, that Christina saw no other way of restoring him to his senses than by flirting with the Count.

"I had the misfortune to dream of you last night," she said, one morning, to the enamoured youth; "I wish, for the future, that you would not presume to disturb my slumbers by your unwelcome presence."

"I, too, had a dream," said Ericson: "I dreamt that you smiled upon me, and I was happy."

"You must take dreams by their opposites," said Christina. "I know better, waking, where to bestow my smiles."

"How did I appear to you last night?" said the Count.

"Oh, just as agreeable as you do to-day."

"Scornful girl, teach me how to woo you," cried Ericson, suddenly imprinting a kiss upon her ruby lips.

This freedom, the rudeness of which he was not quite aware of,

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was repaid by so smart a blow, that the offender, as he rubbed his crimsoned cheek, marvelled how it could have been inflicted by a hand so soft and delicate.

"Your father led me to imagine," he said, in a sullen tone, "that you would not receive my addresses with indifference."

"My father knew nothing about the matter," said the indignant Christina, "or he never would have intruduced such an unmannerly youth. But you are not an object of indifference"—

Before she could conclude the ominous sentence, Von Hesse stood before her.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Ericson, fiercely.

"A soldier," said Von Hesse, flinging his sword carelessly upon the table: "one who has bled in the cause of his country, and is ready to die in her service."

"We must be friends," said Ericson, extending his hand.

"We are rivals," said Von Hesse, drawing back.

"Does Christina love you?"

"She has told me so a thousand times. See what it is to trust to the faith of woman. You are no longer an object of indifference, and I resign my claims."

"To whom?" said Christina, the tears slowly gathering in her eyes.

"The king," said Von Hesse, turning away.

"Stay!" said Charles. The young man reluctantly obeyed. "I have seen your face before—what is your name?"

"Adolphus Von Hesse; the son of a brave officer, who died on the field of battle, and left me no other heritage than his good name and my mother's tears."

"And where did you receive that scar upon your left temple?"

"In the battle of Narva, where your Majesty, with a handful of men, defeated the armies of Russia."

"You need no other passport to my favour," said Charles, raising him from the ground, as he attempted to kneel and kiss his hand. "That glorious day made me act the part of a soldier, and feel like a man." Then turning to Christina, who had already dried up her tears, he said, with an air of pleasantry,

"By my sword, maiden, I am a sorry wooer. That blow of thine has frightened away all the cupids that had taken possession of my heart. Do you love this brave youth?"

"Most sincerely."

"What prevents your union?"

"My father refuses to make us happy."

"On what plea?"

"He has higher views for his daughter."

"Umph!" said Charles, I see through them now; but love has outwitted the politician. Christina, if your father refuses to bestow you in marriage upon the man of your heart, why—I will. Charles, though an uncourteous lover, is not an ungenerous friend."

The delighted pair sunk at his feet; and, with blunt good humour, he united their hands. Then bending over the blushing Christina, he pressed upon her snowy brow the last kiss of love he ever proffered to woman.

"Will your Majesty pardon me," whispered Christina, "for inflicting such a severe blow upon your cheek?"

"Silence!" returned Charles; "have I not amply avenged the injury? My bride must be wooed in the field of battle, and won 'mid the shouts of victory!"

The following week he honoured the marriage of Christina and Adolphus with his royal presence; and THE DISSAPPOINTED POLITICIAN alone wore a grave countenance at the feast.

EXHIBITIONS, &c.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The long expected Orphéonistes have at length arrived, and their first concert has been crowned with complete success. Soon after the doors had been opened to the general public the weather improved; visitors flocked into the Palace in large numbers, and before the concert began, the sun shone brightly on the splendid and unparalleled *coup d'œil* which the central transept always presents on such gala days as these. Shall we not hope that the clouds which of late have obscured the political firmament may be dissipated as quickly, and that as cordial an *entente* may be established between the two nations as was apparent yesterday afternoon, when the 3000 French choristers rose to sing, in English, our "National Anthem," in the presence of 11,000 enthusiastic auditors? At this moment the great orchestra presented a really striking spectacle. The "Handel orchestra" we can no longer call it, for all the commemorative tokens of the illustrious composer have given place for the nonce to emblems of our allies and of their Imperial master. The seventy-eight compartments which contained the titles of Handel's masterpieces are now appropriated to the names of the departments of France which have sent us musical delegates, some being inscribed on red shields, surrounded by festoons of evergreens and flowers. Busts of Frenchmen of all times, celebrated in civil—not military—pursuits, selected from the extensive collection of statue-portraits belonging to the Palace, are stationed at the back of the orchestra, and between them are placed conspicuous gilded copies of the present type of French glory—the Imperial eagle—flanked by a more lasting symbol—the tricolour flag. A gigantic gilded effigy of the same bird of prey hides the organist's desk, while, immediately above his head, two enormous hands, labelled "England" and "France," clasp each other in firm and friendly grasp. Wreaths are gracefully combined to frame the Royal and Imperial busts and initials, and groups of palm trees and exotic shrubs are arranged with the profusion and the taste which can only be found in union at the Sydenham Palace. The decorative arrangements have been inspired, we understand, by Mr. Digby Wyatt, and produce an admirable effect; but, after all, the chief interest of the orchestra consisted in its 3000 foreign occupants, all gazing as earnestly on the crowd before them as if the audience were exhibiting for the amusement of the performers. It took all present by surprise to hear the enormous chorus, many of the members of which have come from the extremest ends of France, sing a strangely original arrangement, by Camille de Vos, one of the prominent members of the association—"God save the Queen," in intelligible English; and the implied compliment, doubtless, increased the fervour of the applause with which it was greeted. The next piece performed, a hymn, "Veni Creator," was also by an Orphéoniste, M. Besozzi, and the well-harmonised phrases with which it opens displayed at once the singular smoothness and evenness of tone which distinguishes the singing of this body of vocalists, and which in every chorus was equally remarkable. Another distinctive peculiarity of these singers is the extraordinary distinctness of their articulation—the more remarkable because they are collected from the most widely-removed districts of France, and they cannot possibly have been in the habit of performing together. The organisation of an undertaking of such magnitude and of so novel and peculiar a character must have entailed enormous labour on all concerned in the scheme, and great credit is due to Mr. Bowley, the general manager, for the admirable arrangements which he has made for the accommodation of his French visitors, and for the comfort of the general public.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.—On Thursday, June 14, the prizes, consisting of books and two medals, were distributed at the Museum at Kensington. Mr. Redgrave, in the unavoidable absence of Lord Granville, presided, and opened the proceedings with a brief account of the object of the institution, and reported the unpleasant fact that the Government had withdrawn the five hundred a year, which it had allowed for house room for the institution. Mr. Redgrave then proceeded to call up the young ladies, thirty-five of whom received prizes of books, and two—Miss Anne Bartlett and Miss Isabella Pigott—received each the large medal. The Rev. Anthony Thorold, chairman of the committee of management, enlarged on art and its moral duties and religious aspects; and Mr. Westmacott made a very agreeable and light speech, full of a thorough appreciation of art and its objects. The theatre was crowded with ladies, and the whole affair passed off with much éclat, and not without a due tribute to Miss Gann's zealous and efficient services to the institution. A soirée on an extensive scale was given on Thursday, the 21st., at the Museum, in aid of a fund to find a home for the institution; when the Koh-i-noor and other magnificent diamonds, besides the usual attractions, were exhibited.

THE daylight exhibition of flowers in the NEW FLORAL HALL fully realized the hopes which had been entertained of its success and popularity. The unrivalled flower-show of the Crystal Palace was here seen on a small scale, and with a degree of elegance and taste not at all unworthy of its famous type at Sydenham. The elegant structure, so admirably adapted as it is for the rich and rare display of flowers of all hues and of every clime, will speedily become one of the most attractive resorts in the metropolis. Among the choice and delicate specimens of floral beauty in the hall must be mentioned the Rhododendrons, Azaleas, and Camellias, which are now in full flower. The new Hall of glass stands well near the ever-famous Covent Garden Market, where for the future the visitor may behold the finest flowers, as well as the choicest fruits, which Nature can produce.

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Pl I

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Pl III

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IIII

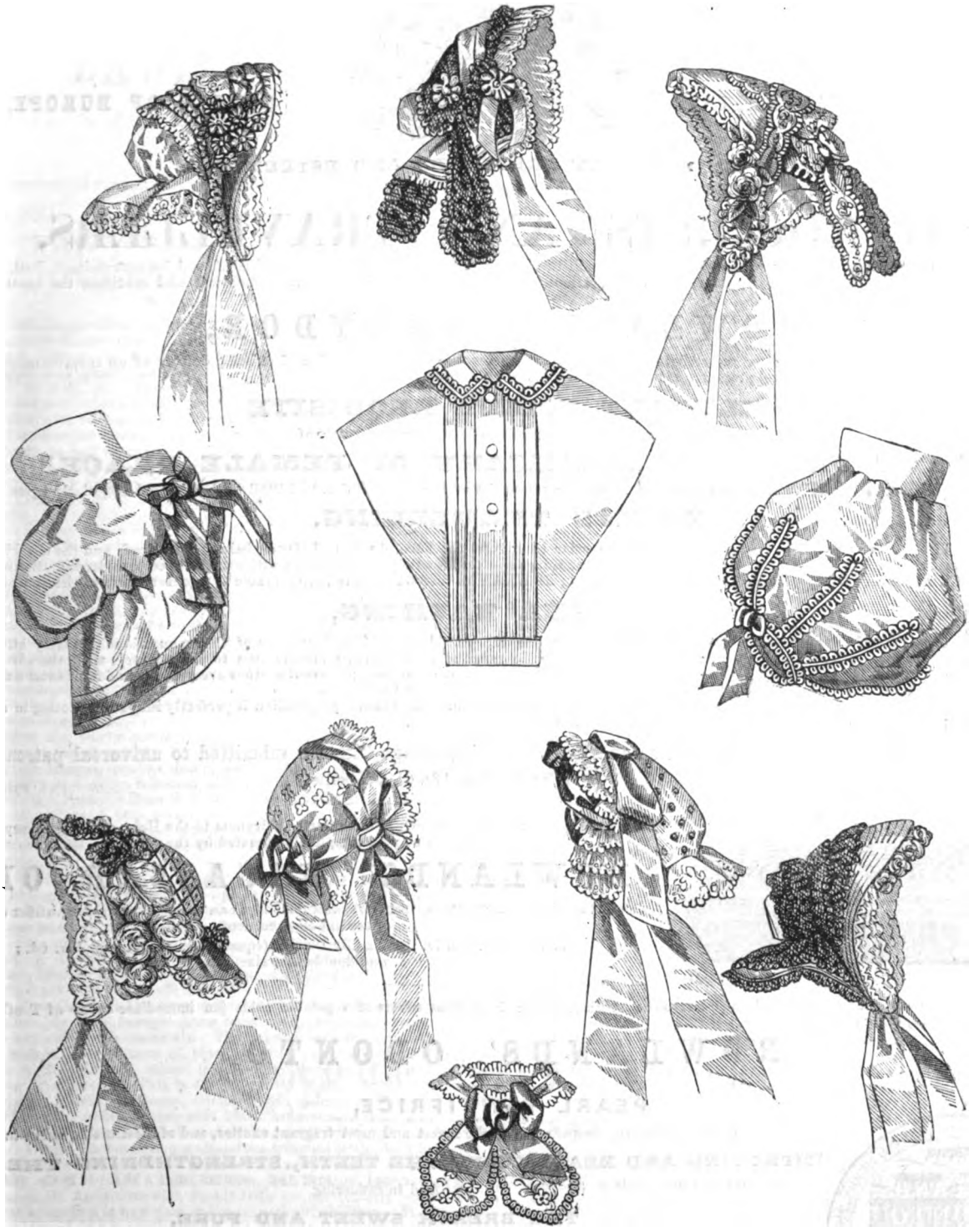
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PLATE V.



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THE **V.** **R.** THE

ROYAL FAMILY, **SEVERAL SOVEREIGNS**

AND AND

NOBILITY OF GREAT BRITAIN **COURTS OF EUROPE,**

AND UNIVERSALLY PREFERRED AND ESTEEMED.

TO TOURISTS AND TRAVELLERS,

VISITORS to the SEA-SIDE, and to those who enjoy the Promenade, the Ride, and Drive. In all cases, Fervid Heat, and its concomitant, Dust, materially injure the Skin, producing Sunburn, Tan, Freckles, and Discolorations, of an almost indelible character. To obviate and eradicate the baneful results recourse may with confidence be had to

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR,

an Oriental Botanical Preparation. Whether resorted to in its specific character as a thorough purifier of existing defects of an eruptive nature, and discolorations of the Skin, or as a preserver and promoter of its already bright and glowing tints, this

ELEGANT TOILET REQUISITE

has, in every instance, maintained its claim to the title of

"THE UNFAILING AUXILIARY OF FEMALE GRACE."

During SUMMER and AUTUMN, the invigorating and refreshing properties of ROWLANDS' KALYDOR will be found singularly agreeable to

LADIES TRAVELLING.



The effects produced by temporary exposure to solar heat upon the Face, Arms, and Hands, being neutralized, and the cloud induced by relaxation and langour dispelled by its power of sustaining a perfect elasticity of the Skin; without which, certain deterioration takes place. Thus, in the usual periodical visits made to the coast, ROWLANDS' KALYDOR is indispensable as a preservative of the Skin after

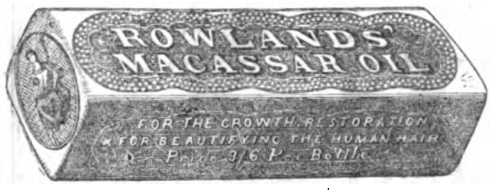
SEA BATHING,

from the irritation caused by the chemical action of saline vapour. As a perfect illustration of the unquestionable safety attending the application of ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, and of the wide range of its utility, its introduction to the nursery, with the advantage that ensures in that interesting department of maternal solicitude, is most convincing;—here it soothes every species of incidental inflammation, and fosters all those infantine graces upon which the parental eye dwells with delight.

From the sultry climes of India to the frozen realms of the North, this exotic preparation is perfectly innoxious, acting in all cases by promoting a healthy tone of the minute vessels, and is

The most elegant as well as effective Toilet Appendage hitherto submitted to universal patronage.

Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.



The heat of Summer also frequently communicates a dryness to the Hair, and a tendency to fall off, which may be completely obviated by the use of

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL,

A delightfully fragrant and transparent preparation, and, as an invigorator and beautifier of the Hair, beyond all precedent.

Price 3s. 6d. and 7s.; or Family Bottles (equal to four small), at 10s. 6d.; and double that size, 21s.

Nor at this Season can we be too careful to preserve the Teeth from the deleterious effects of vegetable acids (an immediate cause of Toothache) by a systematic employment, night and morning, of

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OR

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A White Powder, compounded of the rarest and most fragrant exotics, and of inestimable value in

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And in rendering

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It eradicates Tartar from the Teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel to which it imparts a

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As the most efficient and fragrant aromatic purifier of the Breath, Teeth, and Gums ever known, ROWLANDS' ODONTO has, for a long series of years, occupied a distinguished place at the Toilets of the Sovereigns and the Nobility throughout Europe; while the general demand for it at once announces the favour in which it is universally held.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, etc.

No. 358. OCTOBER, 1860. Vol. 33.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevard des Italiens, 28*th September*, 1860.

Chère Amie,—Owing to the necessity, during so chilly a season, of using warmer clothing than usual, the change in the materials of dresses has not been much marked; but now the lighter fabrics must soon be replaced for still thicker ones. Flounces still continue the favourite accompaniment of most dresses; the corsages are made both high and low: those termed à la Raphael are again seen; they are high behind, and of square low form in front; the little fichus of the same material as the dress, or of tulle or embroidered muslin, are very numerous. Under-sleeves are always very full, and bouffantes, ornamented with lace, ruches of black or white talle ribbon or velvet. The ceintures duchesse are worn with all robes of full dress. Bouillonnes and plisses continue to ornament both bodies and skirts. One style of trimming for dresses of coloured silk is, with bands of black taffetas put on flat, one wide or several narrower are used; its chief merit is novelty; on simple walking dresses frequently one wide plissé is placed above the hem.

Silk dresses, either of black or dark colours, are very much worn, always ornamented with flounces, one or several narrow ones, or, to vary a little, one deep, headed by three or four of four or five inches deep. Guimps continue also much in use either for dresses or *confections*, under which term are indicated out-door costume, cloaks, mantelets, etc.

A dress of dark green taffetas had twelve narrow flounces edged with black velvet, high body to button round at the waist, with ceinture Duchesse of black velvet, wide sleeves covered by four frills, a small bouillon forming jockey on the top. A dress of poile de chevre, striped grey and white, had a row of large macarons of grey silk encircled with black guipure, the skirt plaited in large hollow folds at the waist, which is round; the sleeves plaited at the top, in gathers at the bottom, with loose wrist-bands. Double barege is suitable for autumn dresses, without flounces or any trimming; they have been made with plain skirts raised by *agrafes*, for country wear. Popelines, dark silks, and even white jean, trimmed with velvet, are worn raised, and the under skirt of grey and black or white and black of woollen fabric.

In France the toilettes for country wear are of great simplicity, both as regards material and make. Dresses of jean are of the form Gabrielle, without division at the waist, and with small sharp paletots trimmed with white galons. Shawls are quite excluded: for country wear, a paletot or burnous of soft woollen texture is preferred. For dinner or evening toilette the same simplicity is observed, the robe of tarlatane muslin, or embroidered cambric muslin, without ribbon or flower in the hair; the dress is either with embroidered flounces or thick ruche of tulle Valenciennes or organdy pinked. This toilette admits of no colour, and the body, if high, is with ruche at the throat, and ceinture of the same material as the dress.

Chambéry gauze and tarlatane are the materials mostly in use for evening dresses; the bodies are mostly full or of square form, or low with fichu of lace. A pretty style of pelerine is also made either in lace guipure, or of the same material as the dress; it is round, but does not extend more than half way on the body, that is, to the top of the low body; it is very pretty in tarlatane trimmed with a band of tarlatane hemmed, or a plissé also hemmed, or a ruche of black lace on a narrow frill of tarlatane; these ruches at the edge of a trimming are very pretty, and are often used on fichus trimmed with lace, or a band of muslin. A dress of tarlatane was with seven flounces trimmed with a small black lace ruche and a fine guipure at the edge; the low body had several rows of the trimming, three large nœuds of pink taffetas were placed on the centre, and a much larger one in pouff at the side of the skirt.

The continued bad weather has rather hastened the autumnal out-door toilettes. Among some of the novelties we may name a long casaque of graceful form, particularly behind; it has two folds at the side of the arm, and it does not set close to the figure. Another mantelet and a pelisse of very thick silk, black and violet, were trimmed with plissés à la Vieille; for country use they are both warm and light at the same time. A burnous of white woollen material, spotted with black, may be trimmed with amaranth velvet, or black; but the pardessus of black taffetas, with deep flounce and heading, and pelerine of guipure, is the most fashionable yet. Shawls of black cachemire bordered with guipure, are always in favour; they are at once simple and elegant, and, from their price, can never become common. The paletot Lubin is, with pelerine, ornamented by a rich cordeliere and buttons, no sleeves; they are formed in the paletot itself. Another of iron grey popeline had pipings of blue at every seam, sleeves with cuffs and small revers in front, with buttons from top to bottom. The paletot Vermandois, of the Louis XV. style, is of American velvet wadded, with sleeves; it has three deep folds behind, but hangs loose.

The Frondeur hat is only suitable for quite young persons, but most ladies may wear the common straw hat of brown tint of simple form, with a plume of blue or amaranth coloured feathers, or those of the pheasant; only black ribbon is used with these feathers. In dress bonnets paille de riz, peacock's feathers, and a fauchon of blond, with ruches of narrow black lace, are placed on the bonnet; the fauchon ties under the chin, mixing with strings of pink ribbon. A straw bonnet was trimmed with amaranth and black ribbon, the black forming ruche at the edge of the amaranth, and the manner of arranging it forms the ornament of the bonnet, a bunch of stocks is mixed with the ribbon, and small spray of the same inside. A pretty bonnet of white crin was lined with mauve silk, and trimmed with a drapery of mauve crape, fastening a bunch of Azaleas. Negligé hats of straw of the mousquetaire form are trimmed with narrow velvet and feather. A pretty one of Panama straw was ornamented by a long black feather and pouff of velvet of the periwinkle colour. Some kinds in velours delaine are remarkable for their graceful simplicity; they come under the denomination of paletots, which appears to be the style determined on, being at once comfortable and convenient.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of green moire, the corsage is of the square form, with ornaments of guimp en brandenbourg, which are continued down the centre of the skirt; bell sleeves also ornamented with guimp. Bonnet of crin, with fauchon of black lace and bunch of poppies. Chemisette, with collar of cambric.

Morning Dress.—Robe of black taffetas, with plisses of red ribbon down each seam, and graduated bands up the centre of the skirt, which closes with buttons. Zouave Jacket of red cachemire, with large open sleeves and white ones under, closing at the wrist with embroidered band.

Public Déjeûner Dress.—Robe of mauve taffetas, the body is high, with ceinture at the waist, frills of the same festouné form pelerine; two similar flounces at the bottom of the skirt, and numerous ones form a garniture up each side to the waist, with macarons up the centre; wide sleeves with narrow frill and under ones of muslin. Bonnet of crape and taffetas, with aigrette.

PLATE II.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of mohair, the body and skirt closing the whole length, with small buttons to match, and a frill of the same with heading forms pelerine, and is continued en tablier, two flounces at the bottom of the skirt; the sleeves are in bouillons, terminating with frill en revers. Bonnet of straw, with trimmings of blue ribbon.

Evening Dress.—Robe of checked barege, low body, with berthe of frills edged with ribbon and flounces on the skirt to match. Coiffure a l'Eugenie, with velvet nœuds.

Morning Dress.—Robe of taffetas, with flounces edged with ribbon, and separated at intervals of three by a flounce of black lace. Jacket of black velvet, the sleeves closing at the wrist with gold buttons. Coiffure of filet en Capuchon tying in front with ends.

PLATE III.—*Little Boy's Dress.*—Tunic of popeline, ornamented with plaid velvet and buttons crossing from the shoulder to the opposite side of the skirt; tight sleeves with jockeys and cuffs; Zouave trowsers and gaiters. Hat and feathers.

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Young Lady's Evening Dress.—Robe of tarlatane covered with ruches of pink taffetas, full body ornamented by ruches and nœuds of pinked ribbon on the shoulders; flowers and ribbon in the hair.

Promenade Dress.—Robe of brocaded silk, with full plain skirt, body of the square form with ruches and ceinture à la Duchesse of velvet, large sleeves ornamented with ruches and nœuds of ribbon. Bonnet of crape and lace, with small wreath of flowers inside.

PLATE IV.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of striped mohair, with pelisse of the same open in front, and bound with velvet: a guimp trimming rising up each, and also ornamenting the large hanging sleeve. Bonnet of straw and velvet.

Walking Dress.—Paletot of velvet ornamented with cord and buttons, the sleeves with cuffs. Bonnet of Leghorn, trimmed with black lace and ribbon.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of popeline and pelisse of the same; the skirt ornamented by two rows of wide plissé edged by black velvet, the pelisse with frill, edged by velvet and band at the waist; the open sleeves with plissé as the skirt. Bonnet of straw, trimmed with black velvet and flowers.

Child's Dress.—Pelisse with large cape of taffetas, trimmed with santache. Hat and feather.

PLATE V.—Carriage bonnet of white chip, made with a loose crown of Magenta silk; curtain of the same trimmed with black velvet. It has a bunch of white asters on one side.

Second ditto of orange coloured tulle, studded with gold beads on the crown, trimmed with golden grapes on the front, and a wreath of vine leaves across the head.

Promenade bonnet of Leghorn, trimmed with black lace and velvet.

Morning cap of muslin, trimmed with pink ribbon and velvet.

Dress cap of black lace and tulle, trimmed with blue striped ribbon.

Breakfast cap of tulle, trimmed with green ribbon.

Second ditto of lace, trimmed with cerise ribbon.

Pelerine of lace, trimmed with black velvet and dianthine coloured ribbon.

White sleeve of muslin, trimmed with cross-bars and bows of narrow purple velvet.

Second ditto of India muslin.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

The model given with the present month is the body of a blouse for a little boy; the front of the body is ornamented by a plastron or facing, extending nearly to the sleeve, with military buttons at each side; the sleeve has a deep cuff open in the centre, and also ornamented by buttons, the front side of the sleeve requires hollowing out at the top, the skirt is put on in deep plaits, and ceinture with buckle at the waist.

THE ASSASSINS.

The founder of the Ismailie, or order of Assassins, flourished in the twelfth century. This imposter was called Hassam Ibu Labah, whom disappointed ambition had rendered the bitter enemy of the Turkish Sultan, Melek Shah. This association was half military, half religious, on the plan of the Templars, or Teutonic Knights. Like them, they were governed by a Grand Master, known by the name of the "Sheik of the Mountain." Hassan, having visited the grand lodge of the Ismailie, at Cairo, which had been long established, and of which he was a member, was received with great distinction both by the chief missionary and the Sultan of Egypt; but a dispute arising about the succession, Hassan was cast into prison, and afterwards conveyed on board a ship bound for the Barbary coast. A storm coming on, the vessel was driven eastward and wrecked on the shores of Syria. It was there that Hassan projected the plan which would realize both riches and power. To ensure this end, however, it was necessary to fix on a central position, from which he could send forth his missionaries to all parts of the world. By treachery and force of arms, Hassan reduced the hill fort of Alamoot, or the "vulture's nest," so called from its being perched on a lofty rock, among the crags south of the Caspian. From his mountain fortress, which he is said to have left but twice during his lifetime, Hassan sent forth his agents on their errand of revenge and death.

The tenets of these Assassins, led them to undermine Mohammedanism, to inculcate scepticism and indifference to all moral obligation.

About the time of the Crusades, a colony was sent into Syria. Upon the brow of one of the most precipitous heights of Lebanon, where the snow seldom melts, the Assassins fixed their abode. They soon succeeded in possessing themselves of a large tract of land, extending from the neighbourhood of Antioch to the plains of Damascus. By the aid of artifice and superstition, Hassan rendered his subjects both devoted and fanatical. The religion they professed was a strange mixture of the doctrines of the Mohammedan, the Jew, and the Christian, and their disciples were taught to fear nothing and dare all. The divine spirit was supposed to emanate from their chief, and his mandates they professed to believe were a manifestation from heaven.

While Hassan remained shut up in the "vulture's nest." his lieutenant governed the colony which dwelt in the rocks of Lebanon. From this gloomy abode, the chief, by the command of Hassan, sent forth his missionaries. Sultans, emperors, kings, and other wealthy persons, whether Christian, Mussulman, or Jew, dreaded his sanguinary power. At the least whisper of his intentions the guards were doubled, and every precaution taken. to avoid the danger.

Philip Augustus, King of France, having been made aware of a plot to assassinate him, instituted a new body of soldiers, selected for their courage and activity; they were called *sergens des arme.* They carried brass clubs, and bows and arrows. Philip never went abroad without being armed with a heavy stick, strengthened with iron or gold. Many sovereigns paid a regular pension to the "Old Man of the Mountain," as he was commonly called, to be exempt from his vindictive plots.

As Henry, Count of Champagne, was passing over the territory of the Assassins, he encountered their lieutenant. "Are your subjects," said he, addressing the count, "as obedient as mine?" Without waiting for an answer, he made a sign to six young men, who were standing on the top of an adjacent tower. These fanatics immediately dashed themselves down on the rocks below. On another occasion, when Melek Shah sent his ambassadors to Hassan, threatening to seize on the fortresses which he had acquired in Persia, he turned to one of his guards, saying, "Draw your dagger, and plunge it into your breast!" and to another, "Leap from yonder rock!" Both commands were obeyed. "Return to your master," said Hassan to the Persian envoys, "and inform him that I have thousands of such men in my service, ready to do my bidding."

The vizier Nizam ul Mulk was assassinated by the chief of the Assassins, and Sultan Melek died shortly after, probably poisoned.

These men went forth under various disguises. With the Saracens, they were Mohammedans; with the Europeans, Christians; and with the ecclesiastics, priests or monks. As they conformed to the dress and the external marks of the religion of their victims, they had a better opportunity of exercising their sanguinary mission. An instance of this kind occurred in the life of Saladin. During the seige of Mangelie, as the sultan, attended by a few followers, was reconnoitring the walls, a man rushed on him, armed with a dagger, and slightly wounded him in the head. Saladin who possessed prodigious strength, wrested the weapon from him, and stretched his assailant dead at his feet. Before, however, he had recovered from his surprise, the prince was attacked by two others, who shared the fate of their accomplice.

When Saladin retired to his tent, he threw himself on his divan, and assembling his officers, desired them to take a strict survey of his household, and discharge all suspected persons, at the same time exclaiming, "From whom have I deserved such treachery?" It was afterwards discovered that these men, in the disguise of Moslems, had been sent by the "Old Man of the Mountain." Before the disciples were despatched on their secret expedition, they were drugged with delicious and intoxicating beverages, which had the effect of exciting them to the verge of madness, and rendered them capable of committing any act of atrocity. These blind and willing fanatics were called Fedavee, or the "Devoted." Their ordinary dress was a white tunic, with a red sash and cap; they were armed with a short dagger.

Conrad, Marquis of Montserrat, was murdered in the streets of Tyre by one of their agents. After reigning with impunity over a period of a hundred and sixty years, these odious sectaries were totally destroyed by Holagu, grandson of Jengis Khan, in 1258. Not a vestige remains of the "Assassins" except the word, which has been introduced into the European languages to signify a murderer. The Assassins of Syria were destroyed by the Mamelukes.

Gone to Jericho.—In the Patent Rolls of the Manor of Blackmore, near Colchester, occurs (Feb. 18, 1528-9,) an entry of a tenement called Jericho, reported to have been one of the king's pleasure-houses. Hence, when Henry VIII. was missing, the cant phrase among the courtiers was, that he was gone to Jericho.

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THE BRIGAND'S DAUGHTER.

A young British officer, of the —— regiment, quartered at Corfu, was in the habit of hunting frequently in Greece. He was well-mounted on an English hunter, whose wind and speed he had frequently tried among the mountains. One day, the hounds of the regiment to which he belonged, started a roe, which led them a long and weary chase; and the excellence of his horse, and his own skill, enabled him to leave his companions far behind.

They had started early, and, like James Fitz James, the sun was already in the high heaven, ere the capture of his game enabled him to rein his steed. He was now in a remote country, quite alone, having left his companions far behind; and, in the eagerness of pursuit, caring not whither he went—he was also far from the shore. The utmost he could do, from the highest rock in his neighbourhood, was to see the blue Mediterranean at a great distance.

The few hounds which followed, and caught their game, were quite tired; and his horse, bloody, and covered with sweat from excessive riding. He determined, however, not to pass the night among the mountains, and, taking the Mediterranean as his guide, he resolved to make his way, as well as he could, to Butrinto, from whence he had set out.

He had not proceeded far, when, his horse becoming very lame, he was forced to consider what he had best do. He was unwilling to leave him in the mountains, where he, perhaps, might never find him again, as there appeared to be no symptom of a human habitation in the neighbourhood. He, accordingly, ungirthed him, and set to grooming him himself. He then brought him some water in his cap, to which he added brandy from his hunting flask, which the generous animal drank, and seemed to be revived.

He thus, after a while, was enabled to proceed; and, in about an hour's slow travelling, got a better view of the Ionian sea, with its numerous and beautiful islands. The day was now, however, far spent; and it was with much delight, that, from the top of a hill, he espied the white walls of a Greek cottage before him. He determined, at all risks, to seek admission, and an asylum for the night. He approached the door, which he found shut: he knocked loudly with his hunting-whip; and quickly the door was opened by a Greek female, the loveliest his eyes had ever rested on.

The cause of manhood and misfortune seldom finds a deaf ear among the ladies; and this beautiful Greek yielded to its influence, and readily offered him an asylum; telling him, at the same time, that he must depart at daybreak; for, if her male friends, who bore no great love to the English, caught him there, he might repent his intrusion.

Costello, for such was the officer's name, readily assented, and joyfully took possession of the small chamber the beautiful Zoraida showed him for the night. He even, in the ecstacy of his admiration for his beautiful hostess, nearly forgot his poor steed. His recollection, however, quickly returned; and he sallied out to the stable, and made the necessary arrangements for his comfort himself. The peculiarity of his situation not a little surprised him. Alone, amid the desert mountains of Albania, with the most beautiful woman his eyes ever rested on; and conjecture seemed at a stand to account for her solitary situation. 'T is true, she had spoken of male relations; but he had, as yet, seen no human form in that solitude, except herself. There was a neatness about the cottage which scarcely belonged to a Greek peasant; and her language, although a Greek in habit and appearance, was pure Tuscan.

On his return from the stable, he found his beautiful hostess had prepared a suitable collation; which, with a cup of the good wine of Thessaly, made him forget his fatigue. She seemed not unwilling to enter into conversation. Costello was a good linguist. Having been some time in Florence, he spoke the genuine Tuscan with sufficient fluency. He, therefore, willingly seized the opportunity offered of entering into a conversation in that language, to which her soft melodious voice lent an additional harmony.

Her story was short. She belonged to a party of brigands, who occupied this retreat among the mountains; from whence they made excursions on the plains for plunder, on one of which they were now absent. They had lately come from the opposite coast of Calabria; and her father, who was the head of the gang, was originally from Pisa, where she had been brought up, which accounted for the purity of her language.

"She was," she said, "tired of that kind of life, which was now doubly odious to her, as her father was forcing her to marry one of his own gang—a young Albanian, whose habits and disposition she could not fancy."

She owned she was unhappy; and the downcast melancholy of her beautiful eyes, too well attested the truth of her assertion. Costello felt for her; to which, perhaps, the extreme beauty of her appearance not a little tended. He resolved to rescue her; yet, how to effect it he did not know. It was more easily thought of than executed. In the ardour of the moment, he mentioned it to her. He urged her to fly with him. She hesitated—she resisted—at last, yielded.

"But not now," said she; "I must again see my father. Poor, miserable old man! he will now have nobody to watch over him—to pray for him. Perhaps he may now fall a victim to his own blood-thirsty companions. Return," she continued, "to your own quarters; prepare a few servants to attend you; and, in the next dark of the moon, meet me under yonder rock, at midnight, and I shall be prepared to accompany you to some place, where you may be able to procure a safe escort for me back to Pisa."

"Costello promised all she asked. He retired to rest; and the next morning, at daybreak, started off, on his return to Corfu, bearing with him the image of the beautiful Zoraida strongly impressed on his imagination.

Another week passed on, without their meeting: still Zoraida was uppermost in his thoughts. The moon had now arrived at that point in her orbit, at which, even in that delightful climate, she veils her light for a short time; and Costello, thinly attended, and ignorant of the errand of danger he was entering on, prepared to put in execution his intention of rescuing the beautiful Zoraida, and making her his own.

He found no difficulty in retracing his route; and, leaving his servants and horses at the foot of the mountain, joyfully ascended the rock, armed simply with his sword and a case of pistols.

An overhanging mountain, sheltered all from the back, while before them stretched the fair plains and valleys of Epirus, though now shaded by the veil of night. Another moment—and Costello held the beautiful Zoraida in his arms. They had just turned, to descend to the horses, when two brigands rushed from behind the rock, and with the cry of "Faithless Zoraida!" "Villain Inglese!" plunged a dagger into each of their hearts. The following morning saw the corpses of the beautiful Zoraida and the unfortunate Costello in the market-place of Corfu.

THE BIRDS IN THE WOODS.

The true uses of the beautiful are to happify man, hence we shall never fail to find throughout the wide empire of the beneficent Father of us all, that beauty has its uses; or if those uses are not known to us now, a closer observation will discover them. Then spare, oh spare the beautiful birds of the early spring-time, and of the maturer summer; for while they delight us with their sweet, glad twitterings, they perform a toil all day, which sturdy man, with all his wisdom and all his power, would be wholly inadequate to accomplish. Time out of mind have we been told that the birds were the worst enemies of the hard-working tiller of the soil, and with that impression, millions of these loving warblers have been remorselessly—yes, gladly—destroyed. But not long ago a farmer, as observant as he was humane, shot a yellow-bird in his field, in order to convince a neighbour that birds were actually useful rather than destructive. On examining its little stomach, they found it contained two hundred wevils and only four grains of wheat. Birds, like our domestic fowls, thrive on flesh, and are the voracious destroyers of insects.

But as sweetness of character is the steady attendant of benevolence in men, so there is a kindness in the little bosom of the feathery songsters, which well accords with its bound plumage, its beautiful voice, and its sterner utilities.

The correspondent of a country paper relates, that noticing an extraordinary commotion near a bird's nest, he found that a mother bird had been caught by the wing among the twigs of a tree; her cries brought others, and when her efforts for relief were unavailing, the other birds flew away, but after a while returned, each bearing an insect of some kind, or other article of food in its bill. Some gave to the mother, others gave to the half-grown nestlings near by. When the gentleman released the mother, there seemed to be a universal jubilation for a short time, when the others flew away, and the mother bird nestled among her young ones.

Who that reads this beautiful incident will ever hurt a bird again, or allow children, or any person under them, to do it?

And if the little birds thus help one another in trouble, let not man, with his high relationship to angels, ever fail in aiding an unfortunate brother in his sorrow, in his poverty, or in the hour of crushing trial, or wasting illness.

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JUST IMPORTED. The Pale from Newfoundland, and the Light Brown from Norway. The supplies of the present season have never been surpassed, the fish being unusually fine, and the oil nearly tasteless. Professors Taylor and Thompson, of Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, have analysed, and pronounced the Pale Newfoundland Oil the best and most desirable for invalids of very delicate constitution. The Light Brown being more economical in price is brought within the reach of all classes. No higher price need be paid than the following:—Light Brown, 1s. 8d. per pint, or 3s. per quart. Pale, 1s. 6d. half-pints, 2s. 6d. pints, 4s. 6d. quarts, or in five-pint bottles 10s. 6d. imperial measure, at 79, St. Paul's Church Yard, London.

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PLATE V.



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LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, etc.

No. 359. NOVEMBER, 1860. Vol. 38.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevard des Italiens, 28*th October*, 1860.

Chère Amie,—Silks and fancy materials of dark colours are all now succeeding the lighter ones of summer; taffetas, sprigged, striped, checked, plain, chiné, etc., etc, to suit every fancy; velours de laine, in various styles; gros de laine, alpagas, popelines, droguets, etc., in woollen materials.

Many dresses are being made of taffetas of black and mauve, and black and violet being mixed in the numerous flounces or plain bands that ornament the skirt; the shades of colour are alternately placed, or, if preferred, the flounce is merely edged by a contrasting colour. Gold will be introduced this season, on dresses as well as coiffures. Corsages of velvet will be ornamented with gold cord, or plats, or grelots; and these will equally ornament velvet dresses. Sometimes the only ornament is fastening the dress with gold buttons. Gold combs are also worn in the hair; and, for young ladies, a white toilette, with a gold comb in the hair, completes an elegant toilette. The new manner of mounting wreaths is so much admired; it has quite fixed the style for the winter. The flowers are all in raised touffes on the top of the head.

Negligé robes are made with corsage basquine. These form a kind of waistcoat, with revers, and on each side have a little pocket, all the seams marked by a braid of showy colour. A new form of body and sleeves is promised; even the skirt not plissé as usual—a sort of medium between the Gabrielle and the robe, with large plaits separated from the body. Some of the dresses will be plain in front, and the large plaits commencing only at the plaits of the body. Trimmings up the sides of the skirts are again in favour. When flounces are not used, they give a finish to the dress. Many are ornamented up the centre. A dress of violet taffetas had, both at the sides and up the centre, a wide band of black moire, cut in square festons, forming what is termed a Grecque, and trimmed with a very narrow lace, the sleeves and body being similarly trimmed. The Grecque is sometimes of plush, and then does not require lace; a braid at the edge instead. By varying the colour, this trimming affords endless variety; and the same dress admits of several renewals. A rather novel style of trimming is formed of a succession of small nœuds of taffetas on the seams of the skirt; they are of the same colour or not: when the same, they are with pipings of colours, and look best when confined to the three front breadths of the skirt.

Bands of velvet frequently ornament the bottoms of skirts; sometimes a single wide one, sometimes three rising in front, form rounded tunic. Double skirts seem to be quite abandoned in morning dress, and are replaced by the velvets, guimps, etc., placed from top to bottom on the front. Flounces will be used with plain materials. Simple negligé dresses are edged by a velvet à cheval on grey popelines; this has an excellent effect. Macarons of velvet, incased with lace and numerous other ornaments, are now made to place at will on skirts, bodies, or manteaux. Black silks are very generally worn, and all silk materials; for negligé, mixed materials are used. White corsages are worn—a kind of chemisette, with long sleeves of cambric, made very full, and fine plaited or gauffered, edged with embroidery, with skirt of taffetas and casaque Zouave of black or ruby velvet—a costume very suitable for young ladies. The same cannezou in embroidered muslin or nansouk, with long sleeves, is worn with low body of the square form, of black silk as the skirt, and small jockeys on the sleeve. The fichus for demie toilette with low bodies are of tulle bouillonné.

With blonds, and black or coloured velvets, there are many varieties. The fichu Madame is with long ends reaching to the knee, and tied at the sides. Another kind is of the square form, with little ribbon ruche on the top; the fichu is of tulle entirely, checked by blue and cerise velvet. Skirts continue to be worn long, and very full. In sleeves there is not much novelty. The pagoda and with revers are the most in use, but we observe they are not very wide. The under muslin sleeves continue very voluminous, the bouillons with ornaments of velvet or ribbon.

Very pretty caps are made, of a round form, encircled with a ruche as the filets, only the tulle ruche is edged with Valenciennes, very narrow; these caps require but little ribbon—a nœud merely, the very placing of which gives the style to the bonnet: some persons put it at the side, but it is better on the summit of the head, as are almost all ornaments; even those of flowers are very fashionable placed in the centre.

There is at last a decided change in the form of bonnets; the new ones advance much more over the forehead. Some are more raised in front, and all require trimming inside; indeed, it has become as important to ornament the inside as the outside. The blond ruches are less in favour close to the face, particularly at the forehead. Velvet, black lace, or flowers are used. Taffetas ornamented by Terry velvet are now used for bonnets; but straws continue very general, trimmed with very rich dark ribbons. Bonnets of two shades of green are ornamented with lace and black feathers. One of black velvet had on the crown a double fauchonnette of lace, the bavolet of tulle covered with lace, a feather Solferino, and inside blond, at the sides slips of feathers entwined in a coquille of blond; another of white crape, ornamented with white blond, had the front crossed by a drapery of light green velvet. It is but rarely that bonnets are made of velvet only; lace and blonds, more than ever, are mixed with it. Those for negligé are of taffetas and velvet, or royal velvet; the feathers small, and in bunches; but for dress bonnets, a long feather is worn, placed on the centre of the front, and terminates on the bavolet. Ruches of white blond are used on black velvet, and black taffetas is quilted with white silk in lozenge form. Many of the bonnets are still made with crowns of crape and the fronts of velvet, and colours seem to be still mixed. Some crape bonnets are of dark colours in two shades, and are suitable as intermediate of winter and autumn.

The paletot form, it is thought, will be the style most generally adopted. They will be made of silk wadded or cloth, some of which are lined with white quilted silk; some are with round pelerine, elbaco sleeves, with cuffs trimmed with three biais of gros grain, with piping of voilet. Small vestes Zouaves will be made of taffetas, wadded and quilted with coloured silk. A pretty form, uniting the pelerine and casaque, fits to the waist behind, or in large plaits, and forms mantelet in front, entirely covering the dress; it is very full. The sleeves are sometimes very long, sometimes with revers, and then not so full. For morning and useful wear, cloth and silks wadded are generally employed; but velvets for more elegant toilettes in pardessus, with large folds, and often ornamented with guipure or Chantilly lace.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of popeline with flounces. Pelisse of velours delaine, with very long hanging sleeves lined with red silk. Bonnet of black and fancy straw of the new form, trimmed with rose-coloured ribbon.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of taffetas ornamented by bands of velvet on the skirt, edged with black lace, the high body closing with fancy buttons; sleeves in bouillons; ceinture at the waist of velvet, with nœud and long ends edged with black lace, and terminating with fringe. Bonnet of Leghorn straw, trimmed with lilac ribbon, and ruche of the same across the forehead.

Little Girl's Dress.—Frock and pelerine of spotted cachemere, bound all round the skirt, and pelerine with black velvet. Hat also bound with velvet, and long white feather.

PLATE II.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of taffetas, body and skirt in one, ornamented up the centre by a succession of narrow fluted frills, with heading curving at the ends to meet the next; similar frills are placed across the lower part of the body, and ornament the jockey and sleeve. Bonnet of velvet and lace, with flowers.

Evening Dress.—Robe of tulle over pink taffetas; the upper skirt is looped up at the sides by large bouquets of flowers and feathers; the under one has a lace flounce at the bottom, headed by a thick chicorée of pink silk; the corsage with berthe trimmed with lace and ruche, with bouquet in the centre. Coiffure a l'Eugenie with beads and bouquet, as on the dress, of flowers and feathers.

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Dinner Dress.—Robe of violet moire, with plain high body; the skirt falls in deep fluted plaits from the waist, and bouillons on the bottom; tight sleeves with double jockeys. Cap of blond lace of circular form, with flowers at the side.

PLATE III.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of grey taffetas; the skirt is double, the upper one in deep festons edged by a pinked frill of brown silk, with plissé above; the casaque takes a similar form, having the effect of another skirt, being trimmed to correspond; body and sleeves are also ornamented in the same style. Bonnet of straw, trimmed with coral coloured ribbon and flowers.

Evening Dress.—Robe of tarlatane with flounces, the body with folds in draperie, and short sleeves with frills. Coiffure of hair, with wreath of pomegranates.

Walking Dress.—Robe of violet taffetas with one deep flounce, headed by four narrow, one-edged with black lace. Similar frills ornament the high body and sleeves. Mantelet shawl of light coloured cachemere, bound at the edge with black velvet, and a wide band of velvet laid on above. Bonnet of Paille Belge, with lilac feathers and trimmings.

PLATE IV.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of figured silk, made without division at the waist, and closing the entire length with buttons; a wide plissé ornaments the bottom of the skirt, and a narrower one rising up the side of the skirt, in the tunic form, is continued on the corsage, the bell sleeves being similarly ornamented. Coiffure of hair a l'Eugenie, with nœuds of ribbon at the back.

Evening Dress.—Robe of tulle with flounces, ornamented with numerous small rosaces, the flounces nearly cover the skirt, and the body has berthe also ornamented as the flounces, and small guimpe above. The hair is ornamented with a gold comb and bunches of chrysanthemums.

Dinner Dress.—Robe of moire antique, without division at the waist; the body is high, a little open en cœur with revers edged with narrow black lace, and three fancy buttons to the waist, full sleeves with revers in Vandykes; the deep plaits of the skirt commence a little farther apart than hitherto, leaving the centre plain; the bottom of the skirt has deep vandykes of velvet, edged with black lace, and fancy button in each point. Cap of tulle encircled with a ruche, a small bunch of flowers on the forehead, and nœuds of ribbon at the side; guimpe of tulle, with small ruche round the throat.

PLATE V.—Carriage bonnet of Magenta satin, quilted, trimmed with white feathers, and double curtain edged with black velvet.

Promenade bonnet of Leghorn, trimmed with black velvet, and white chrysanthemums.

Second ditto of grey silk, trimmed with a rosette of black blond on the top.

Cap of white and black blond, trimmed with pink ribbon and flowers.

Second ditto of black lace and net, trimmed with blue ribbon and velvet.

Morning cap of muslin, trimmed with bunches of scarlet berries, and leaves.

Evening head-dress composed of Magenta velvet.

White sleeve of muslin, trimmed with scarlet velvet.

Second ditto of white and black net, alternately—running crosswise.

Collar of muslin, frilled with a tie of broad crimson velvet.

Second neck-tie of narrow velvet, edged with blond, and fastened with a nœud and ends of pink satin.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

The present model is of a sleeve suitable for a casaque for indoor wear. As the piece given forms only half, it must be observed the corresponding half is exactly the same, but requires to be rather deeply hollowed out at the top, for the front of the arm-hole.

DR. JAMES PECH.

The subject of our memoir, who has so suddenly appeared upon the musical horizon, is a very rising and indefatigable young musician, of about thirty years of age. He is the only child of a major in the British army, who died in 1830, while on service with his regiment in India, and of Mary Agnes Manners, daughter of a gentleman of the name of Sutton, whose ancestors were of a highly respectable origin, and one of whom was created Archbishop of Canterbury. He has been very liberally educated at various public schools, but from his earliest years he has shown considerable predilection and precocious talent for music, and has, all his life, applied himself very assiduously to its study and practice. He has travelled much in all parts of Germany, where he has enjoyed the friendship and been the pupil of various great masters in his art, amongst whom we may mention the venerable Schneider, the great pianists—Chopin, Czerny, and Dœhler.

He has written in a variety of schools; but few of his compositions are known to the general public. Those few, however, in style and character are remarkable for their elegance and beauty, as well as for a great amount of originality of sentiment and construction. The position he is now, however, called upon to occupy as a conductor will, doubtless, afford him opportunities of producing many compositions for the orchestra which, under other circumstances, would be difficult of accomplishing.

As regards his merits as a *chef d'orchestre*, there appears to be many conflicting opinions. It is asserted by some that he requires more experience, but that he has all the elements within him necessary for becoming one of our best conductors. Others again adduce that he is in every way qualified for such a distinguished position, for that he has more than an average amount of intellect in his interpretation of musical compositions, while his "beat" in the orchestra is bold, decisive, remarkably distinct, and intelligible. Others, again, assert that in conducting he is, perhaps, a little too redundant in action, and allows his enthusiasm to carry him too much away.

As all these opinions, various as they are, can only at the present moment be esteemed as purely speculative, especially so when it is remembered that, with the exception of his *debut* as conductor at the English Opera, Drury Lane, there has been but little opportunity of forming a correct estimate of his abilities or capabilities in London, it must be left to time and the public as to his future position and prospects. The opening of the "People's Philharmonic Concerts" at Exeter Hall has, however, given him another opportunity of distinguishing himself, and undoubtedly he has done so, as may be gathered from the various criticisms that have appeared in the several papers regarding these concerts, at which he is conducting some of the most classical as well as miscellaneous music. He is a graduate in music of New College, Oxford, and has also been further distinguished by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, who conferred upon him by diploma the degree of Doctor in Music. At present he is the principal organist of Kensington Park Church; he holds also the appointment of pianist and composer to the Countess of Darnley, and is a joint conductor with M. Benedict of the London Orchestral Association. Apart from his public life, and in private spheres, he is generally esteemed and admired for the amiability of his disposition, while his manners and bearing are ever those of the educated and polished gentleman.

THE PEOPLE'S PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, EXETER HALL.

The music loving public most fully appreciate these Concerts, and the endeavours of Dr. Pech to make himself an efficient leader. On the 24th October, the "Messiah" was given under his direction with the greatest possible effect. The principal parts were distributed between Madame Catherine Hayes, Madame Gilbert, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Weiss, with an efficient chorus and band of five hundred. The Hall was well filled, and the audience throughout gave decisive expression to their approbation of the performance.

THE TEETH AND BREATH.—How often do we find the human face divine disfigured by neglecting tne chiefest of its ornaments, and the breath made disagreeable to companions by non-attention to the Teeth! Though perfect in their structure and composition, to keep them in a pure and healthy state requires some little trouble; and if those who are blessed with well-formed teeth, knew how soon decay steals into the mouth, making unsightly what otherwise are delightful to admire and designating unhealthiness by the impurity of the breath, they would spare no expense to chase away these fatal blemishes. But although most ladies are careful, and even particular in these delicate matters, yet few are sufficiently aware of the imperative necessity of avoiding all noxious or mineral substances of an acrid nature, and of which the greater part of the cheap tooth-powders of the present day are composed. It is highly satisfactory to point out Messrs. Rowlands' Odonto, or Pearl Dentrifice, as a preparation free from all injurious elements, and eminently calculated to embellish and preserve the dental structure, to impart a grateful fragrance to the breath, and to embellish and perpetuate the graces of the mouth.—*Court Journal.*

VERY EVIDENT.—A discerning friend of ours told us, a short time back, that in his opinion "there was nothing like humbug in this world." This may or may not be the case. One thing, however, is pretty certain: if there is nothing like it, there is, at any rate, a great deal of the original article itself.

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REVIEW.

The Queens of Society. By GRACE and PHILIP WHARTON. 2 Vols.

THIS is another of those collections of quasi-historical gossip which rival the indifferent novels of the day, and draw some attention to biographical studies in quarters where Fiction has hitherto had the field to itself. It contains short and well-arranged memoirs of several celebrated English and French women, who in their day shone in their respective social circles, and left their impress upon their time. A deep dramatic interest attaches to the imperious, avaricious, powerful Duchess of Marlborough, from her first appearance as Sarah Jennings at the Court of Mary Beatrix, then Duchess of York, to her last, as "old Marlborough," pleading her own cause in a very different court against her own grandson and the Jews. Here was a wonderful, brilliant, unenviable life; yet there is but one respect in which the Duchess of Marlborough can be admired, except it be for her success. That one is her conduct as a wife. The heroine of the French Revolution, Madame Roland, is one of those characters which excite a cold admiration, and for whose fate one feels a measured regret. Judged by our English ideas of the position and duties of a wife and mother, it is impossible to form an elevated opinion of this woman, who pushed her husband into a position which, in its most moderate moments, was full of danger, and sacrificed her child's future to her political ambition. In the madness of the dreadful times she lived in, women were unsexed. She did not rush into the licentious extremes of the day, yet she could advocate the death of the King, and calmly contemplate the hideous and needless crime which followed. A woman, she could acquiesce in the murder of a woman. It is quite in vain that the political side of Madame Roland's character is exalted by her biographers. Madame Roland looked to Robespierre admiringly on his first appearance on the revolutionary stage. "He inspired her with hope." The story of his requital is unusual in degree only, not in kind. Few have the opportunity of developing ingratitude and evincing the perfection of baseness on such a gigantic scale. The progress of the wave for which she had helped to open the sluice-gates swept her rapidly before it to the guillotine. She left her prison, where her cell had been next that from whence Marie Antoinette had gone to her bloody death, for the tribunal presided over by the scarcely human Fouquier Tinville. Here she suffered the same kind of moral torture as the illustrious victim of her Utopian principles had endured. From Madame Roland the author takes us back to Madame du Deffand, in whose time much of the wind was sown which was reaped in whirlwind in the Revolution's bloody harvest. The full extent of the corruption of that society over which Madame du Deffand reigned is scarcely within the compass of the comprehension of our time and country. Her very name is synonymous with depravity and impiety. Of all the fools "who said in their heart there is no God!" and acted according to their folly, this woman, as she was the most highly-gifted, was the most depraved and pitiable. She was born in 1697, at the period of, perhaps, the vilest social system the world has known. In the reign of Louis XV. womanhood had reached in France a depth of hitherto unequalled degradation; but few, even of the worst women of that vile time, added boastful, blasphemous Atheism to systematic profligacy. It is true that unrestrained, unblushing sin is Atheism in action; but the homage which vice pays to virtue—hypocrisy though it be—had not been universally abandoned. There were not many who openly paid homage to the vice itself. Madame du Deffand's was a character without one redeeming point; hers a life for which charity can find no mantle of extenuation, if to charity be forbidden compromise with evil. The women who gave the tone to the society she reigned over were such vicious wits, such witty sinners, that even Horace Walpole, unscrupulous, bad man as he was, recoiled from such licentious blasphemy in women's mouths. A memoir of Madame Récamier opens with the following admirable remark:—"There is no flirt so bad as a French flirt, and no fool so ridiculous as a French fool. The life of Madame Récamier is the life of a flirt surrounded by fools." Perhaps there is no record in existence of any woman's life which can show anything approaching to the vanity and egotism of Madame Récamier's account of herself. The writer handles this silly, worthless, disreputable woman very tenderly. And perhaps she was only a beautiful fool. But it is not compatible with English ideas to grant a patent of respectability to a career of perfect heartlessness, incessant self-worship, and innumerable *attachments*. Her relation with her husband, whatever its history, was of a nature to leave her entirely unrestrained. For fifty years she was surrounded by numberless avowed lovers. She received, responded to, and *prepared for publication*, their innumerable letters, chronicled their compliments, and recorded their homage to the beauty which she worshipped. It is impossible to ascribe to her the virtue which French sentiment perceives in her character. There was no room for any passion but vanity, no other feeling ruled her. A memoir of Madame de Sévigné has a grateful and refreshing effect in raising sentiments of admiration and esteem instead of those of abhorrence and contempt, which are aroused by her countrywomen, the atheist and the flirt. Here was a woman of noble intellect, pure life, holy aims, devoted affections, and unspotted reputation. A loving and faithful wife to a profligate faithless husband, who wedded her in the spring-tide of her beauty, and betrayed her for Ninon l'Enclos! One of the best sketches is that of the Duchess of Marlborough, and from which we quote the following account of her last hours:—

DEATH OF "QUEEN SARAH."

"The health of this remarkable woman began to fail. 'Old Marlborough' was dying was the court news of the day. Her doctors said she must be blistered or she must die. 'I won't be blistered,' she cried out; 'and I won't die!' She began to say that she cared not how 'soon the stroke of death came.' She still dictated to Hooker, from her bed, six hours a day, and played on a hand-organ, the eight tunes of which pleased her, she said, more than an opera. She had three dogs, whom she esteemed more than human beings. She was wrapped up in flannels, and carried about like a child, or wheeled in a chair; nevertheless, she continued to snarl and rail at the world, to hate Sir Robert Walpole and Queen Caroline, yet to remain a Whig, and to be as keen and clear in all that concerned her immense property as ever. She was alive to any depredation. Having sent a rich suit of clothes to be made by Mrs. Buda, a fashionable dress-maker, she missed some yards in her dress when it came home. She resolved to punish the fraud. Mrs. Buda had a costly diamond ring on her finger. The Duchess pretended to admire this ring, and asked a loan of it for a pattern. In a few days she sent it to Mrs. Buda's forewoman, saying that it should be shown to her mistress as a pledge that a certain piece of cloth should be returned. The cloth came back, upon which the ring was placed on Mrs. Buda's finger, the Duchess at the same time convicting her of the offence."

IRISH CIRCUMLOCUTION.

IF the Irish are to be distinguished as a convivial and a musical, they must also be noticed as a circumlocutory people. Observing one day an unusual commotion in the streets of Derry, I inquired of a bystander the reason; and he, with a mellifluous brogue, replied in the following metaphorical manner:

"The reason, sir! Why, you see that the Justice and little Larry O'Hone the carpenter have been putting up a picture-frame at the end of the strate yonder, and they are going to hang one of 'Adam's copies' in it."

"What's that?"

"Why, poor Murdock O'Donnel."

"Oh, there's a man to be hung?"

"Do they put up a gallows for any other purpose?"

"What's his offence?"

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"No offence, your honour; it was only a liberty he took."

"Well, what was that liberty."

"Why, you see, sir, poor Murdock was in delicate health, and his physician advised that he should take exercise on horseback; and so, having no horse of his own, he borrowed one from Squire Doyle's paddock; and no sooner was he on its shoulders, than the d—l put it into the cracher's head to go over to Kellogreen cattle fair, where he had a good many acquaintances; and when he was got there, Murdock spied a friend at the door of a shebeen-house, and left the animal grazing outside, whilst he went in to have a thimbleful of whiskey; and then, you see, they got frisky, and had another, till poor Murdock went to slape on the binch; and when he wouke up, he found the cracher gone, and his pocket stuffed full with a big lump of money."

"In short," said I, "you mean to say he has been horse-stealing."

"Why, sir," he replied, stammering and scratching his head, "they call it so in England!"

After hanging the appointed time, this unfortunate Murdock was cut down and conveyed away by his friends to an adjacent house, where, it being discovered that his neck was not broken, a physician was called in, and the means of resuscitation were successfully employed. He then sank into a sound sleep, and was ordered to be given a cup of new milk whenever he woke and was thirsty. Two female relatives sat up with him; and the worthy doctor sent them a bottle of whiskey to cheer the tedium of the night; but they, in drinking healths to one and the other's families, and long life in especial to Murdock, very soon became too social to be discreet.

When Murdock awoke, he rubbed his eyes, and looking round him wildly, exclaimed—"Where am I, dear lady—in purgatory?"

"No, no, honey Murdock: don't you know Judy Flin's cabin—your own sister Judy?"

"And is that you Judy? and is this a bed?" he inquired, quite bewildered.

"To be sure it is Judy," said she, "and this a bed, though it is not as good a one as I could wish; and here's Molly Dorgan, your own cousin-jarman; and we have been both drinking your health, Murdock, and long life to you, wid the whiskey the doctor sent us, to kape the ould blue divil from tazing us."

"But sure I was hangt, Judy," said he.

"Sure enough, darling, for not returning Farmer Doyle's pony that you borrowed: but Doctor Mulready, blissings on him! who brought you into the warld five-and-twenty years ago, has brought you alive agin, after you had been made the picture of the slaping beauty on the government sign-post."

"Why, then," replied Murdock, with a deep sigh, "I don't thank Doctor Mulready; I was very aisy where I was. Father O'Connel had forgiven me my sins; my misery was all over, and a swate slape had begun; and here have you brought me back to this dirty world, to beg, steal, and starve, as I have done before. I don't thank you, Judy; you never ax'd my consent. And by the powers! since Doctor Mulready has had me born over agin, he shall be at the expinse of bringing me up."

To mollify Murdock's discontent at his restoration the women handed him the whiskey-bottle (though strictly enjoined by the doctor to give him nothing but milk), which he, seizing with desperation, drained at a draught, and the liquor meeting the wind in his throat, he struggled, gurgled, and fell back upon the bed, beyond the skill of Doctor Mulready to revive again.

CHLORODYNE.—This invaluable preparation is at the present time in great request by some of the most distinguished members of the medical profession, and it cannot be too generally known to our fair readers who are perhaps more subject to the ills of life, such as Coughs, Vertigo, Hysteria, and other causes operating from a sedentary occupation, than those who have out-of-door employment, that immediate relief may be obtained—medical men declaring that they have never met with a medicine so anti-spasmodic and sedative. Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne prepared by Mr. Davenport, requires only to be known to be universally adopted as an indispensable,—pronounced as it is, by medical authority, to be invaluable.

RUSSIAN SERFDOM.—Just before I left Russia, in 1846, a trial peculiar to those latitudes was creating great excitement in Moscow. A prince, possessing large domains in the province of Ozel, had one of his serfs flogged. The serf died under the punishment. According to custom, a priest and his deacon, attended by the sacristan, were present at the burial, and drew up the registry certificate of the man's death. The good priest signed—the good deacon signed the said certificate; but lo! on perusing their joint declaration, the sacristan made the remark that this was not a case of natural death, but a murder. The priest stared in amazement at the observation, and endeavoured to convince him of his error, and to persuade him to sign. The sacristan obstinately persisted in his refusal. As soon as the prince was informed of this difficulty, presuming that the sacristan would scarcely let such a good opportunity slip without improving it, he sent the poor wretch a few hundred roubles. Still the sacristan held out, and, calling on the priest and deacon to attest the bribe, he disappeared from thence, to re-appear at Ozel, where he penetrated into the presence of his archbishop, and to him related the affair. The archbishop, unprepared for such an emergency, wrote to consult the governor and the superior priest of the district. Now the Governor of Ozel happened to be a near relative of the murderer. It may be imagined he spared no effort to hush up the affair altogether; but the inflexible sacristan stuck fast to his allegations. The affair got abroad, and placed the police in a situation of considerable embarrassment—for the crime was but too evident. The secret police gave information of the whole story to the Emperor. The governor was removed; the inquest resumed on a different footing; proof after proof established the fact that the Prince of Trubeskoi and his wife had been in the habit of practising the most abominable cruelties towards their serfs. Subterranean dungeons were discovered in the seigneurial mansion, in which prisoners languished in chains. Dungeons and irons, it should be understood, are equally foreign to Russian customs. The prince was tried, condemned, degraded, deprived of all his titles, and, accompanied by his worthy helpmate, packed off to Siberia. Nor did the Emperor stop there, but ordered all the marshals of the district, since the installation of the prince in his domains, to be tried for the crime. As might be expected, however, this measure was not carried out. Ch——, then Minister of Justice, was among these marshals, and the matter was not pushed any further, out of deference to one of the most *mediocre* of administrators.

RUSSIAN DISHONESTY.—Perhaps the most serious impediment to the successful prosecution of commercial enterprise in Russia, is the impossibility or finding *employés* upon whose honesty any reliance can be placed. All Russians are so much in the habit of cheating their government, that they are unable to divest themselves of this propensity where the pockets of private individuals are concerned. Nor do rank or station offer any guarantee, since greater responsibilities only afford greater facilities for successful peculation. The experiences of the Volga Steam Company amusingly illustrate the truth of this. It was found that while the affairs of the company were managed by some Russian gentlemen resident at Nijni, there was a heavy annual loss; and, notwithstanding the certain prospect of remuneration which the speculation had originally held out, it became apparent that, unless an entire change took place in the circumstances of the Volga Steam Company, that respectable association would soon be inevitably bankrupt. Some Englishmen were consequently deputed to inquire into a state of matters so extremely unsatisfactory. They at once discovered that a system of wholesale robbery had been practised by the agents, to such an extent that the deficiencies were easily accounted for. Among other ingenious contrivances resorted to for appropriating the company's funds, the most highly approved was that of sharing the demurrage obtained by the owners of cargo upon those barges which were detained beyond a certain time upon their voyage. It was easily arranged between the merchants, the captains of the steam-tugs, and the managers at Nijni, that these delays should frequently occur; and as the amount of demurrage was regulated by the length of their duration, the company was mulcted of large sums, and these worthy associates divided the spoil. Since then, the affairs of the company are managed by Englishmen, who are rapidly making up the losses sustained under the Russian administration.

HEALTHY sleep is the perfect rest and inactivity of the brain, and, therefore, of every function that implies consciousness. It consequently draws with it the repose of the voluntary muscles, and the cessation of almost every other mode of expenditure, while it leaves the involuntary functions, which nourish the frame and repair the waste of the tissues, under the circumstances most favourable for their activity. This is what constitutes sleep the great "restorative of nature"—"nature's chief restorer."

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Fashions for November 1860

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PLATE V.



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THE ROYAL FAMILY, AND NOBILITY OF GREAT BRITAIN

V. R.

THE SEVERAL SOVEREIGNS AND COURTS OF EUROPE,

AND UNIVERSALLY HELD IN HIGH ESTEEM.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Of Unprecedented SUCCESS during the last SIXTY Years, in promoting the GROWTH, RESTORING AND BEAUTIFYING THE HUMAN HAIR.

The following is a brief notice of some of its PRINCIPAL VIRTUES, as a MILD, STIMULATIVE, CORRECTIVE, and PRESERVATIVE agent, for the Hair. The subject is more fully treated in a small Pamphlet which accompanies each bottle of ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, and wherein important hints and advice will be found on the CULTURE OF THE HAIR OF INFANCY, and on its PRESERVATION and BEAUTY through the SEVERAL STAGES OF HUMAN LIFE.

INFANCY.—It insinuates its balsamic properties into the pores of the head, nourishes the hair in its embryo state, accelerates its growth, sustains it in maturity, and continues the possession of healthy vigour, silky softness, and luxuriant redundancy, to the latest period of human life. Genial and purifying, it dispels all scarf and impurity, and renders the use of the fine comb unnecessary.

CURL AND EMBELLISHMENT.—In dressing the Hair, nothing can equal its effect, rendering the Hair so admirably soft that it will lie in any direction, producing beautifully flowing curls, and, by the transcendent lustre it imparts, rendering the COIFFURE inexpressibly attractive.

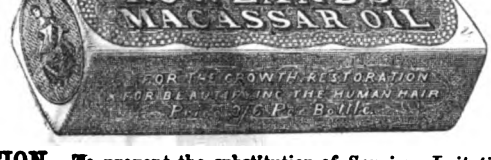
GREY HAIR.—Its nourishing properties are eminently successful in the PREVENTION of Grey Hair, and, in numerous instances, in the RESTORATION to its original colour.

BALDNESS.—Its reproductive powers are constantly and surprisingly shown in cases of Baldness, so that in numerous instances where other specifics have been tried in vain, this celebrated OIL has effected a complete restoration of beautiful Hair.

SEA-BATHING AND VIOLENT EXERCISE.—After indulging in either of these, so apt to exhaust the nourishing matter secreted at the roots or bulbs of the hair, the MACASSAR OIL will be found most efficacious, both in preserving and in immediately restoring the hair to its usual appearance of health with RENOVATED BRIGHTNESS.

CLIMATE.—This inestimable OIL preserves its virtues unimpaired by change of climate, and is alike in use from the frigid to the torrid zone, from the assemblies of St. Petersburg and Moscow, to those of Calcutta and the remote East.

Its invaluable properties have obtained the patronage of every COURT of the civilized world; and the high esteem in which it is universally held, together with numerous Testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, affords the best and surest proofs of its merits. Price 3s. 6d.; 7s.; Family Bottles (equal to four small) at 10s. 6d.; and double that size, 21s.



CAUTION.—To prevent the substitution of *Spurious Imitations* for the genuine article by unprincipled shopkeepers, A. R. & SONS here add a small copy of their Label (as it appears round the bottle) from the burin of Messrs. PERKINS, BACON, & PETCH, the eminent engravers of London. On the lower part of the label is the Signature of the Proprietors, in Red Ink, "A. ROWLAND & SONS." The whole is covered with a lacework pattern, in transparent colourless ink.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR,

AN ORIENTAL BOTANICAL PREPARATION

FOR IMPROVING & BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION AND SKIN.

It is selected by Ladies in preference to all other preparations for the same object, as the great producer and preserver of a healthy purity of complexion, and a conservator of female beauty, in all climates, and during every stage in the progression of life from youth to age. It has also received the zealous recommendation of the most eminent of the faculty.

This delightful preparation is extracted from exotics of the mildest and most balsamic nature, is warranted perfectly innocent and free from mineral or other pernicious admixture; operating as a powerful cleanser of the skin, it speedily eradicates Freckles, Tan, Pimples, Spots, Redness, and every other Cutaneous defect.

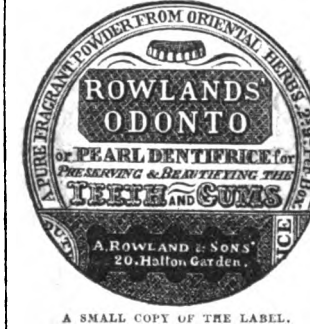
The radiant bloom it imparts to the cheek, the softness and delicacy which it induces of the hands and arms, its capability of soothing irritation and removing unsightly eruptions, render it indispensable to every toilet.



To Ladies during the period of nursing and as a wash for infants, it cannot be too strongly recommended.

During the heat and dust of summer, or frost and bleak winds of winter, and in cases of sunburn, stings of insects, chilblains, chapped skin, or incidental inflammation, its virtues have been long and extensively acknowledged. Its PURIFYING AND REFRESHING PROPERTIES have ensured its selection by Royalty and the aristocracy of Europe, and it is universally in high repute, from the sultry climes of India to the frozen realms of the Czar.

CAUTION.—Spurious Articles under the name of "KALYDOR" are frequently offered for sale, containing mineral astringents utterly ruinous to the complexion, and by their repellent action endangering health. It is, therefore, imperative on Purchasers to see that the words "ROWLAND'S KALYDOR, &c., are on the Wrapper, and their Signature, in Red Ink, at foot, as on the small copy annexed.—Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per Bottle.



A SMALL COPY OF THE LABEL.

SOUND AND WHITE TEETH

ARE INDISPENSABLE

TO PERSONAL ATTRACTION;

AND TO

HEALTH AND LONGEVITY

BY A PROPER MASTICATION OF THE FOOD.

This unique White Powder is of inestimable value in PRESERVING and BEAUTIFYING the TEETH, STRENGTHENING the GUMS, and in imparting a DELICATE FRAGRANCE to the BREATH. It eradicates Tartar from the Teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a

PEARL-LIKE WHITENESS.

Its ANTISEPTIC and ANTI-SCORBUTIC PROPERTIES exercise a highly beneficial and salutary influence; they arrest the further progress of the decay of Teeth, induce a healthy action of the GUMS, and cause them to assume the brightness and colour indicative of perfect soundness; while, by confirming their adhesion to the Teeth, they give unlimited enjoyment and fresh zest to appetite, by perpetuating effective and complete mastication. It speedily removes those ravages which children sustain in the Teeth owing to the improper use of sweet and acid substances.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—UNPRINCIPLED SHOPKEEPERS, for the sake of gaining a trifle more profit, vend the most SPURIOUS COMPOUNDS, under the names of **Macassar Oil, Kalydor, Odonto, &c.**, they copy the LABELS, BILLS, ADVERTISEMENTS, and TESTIMONIALS (substituting FICTITIOUS names and addresses for the real) of the original preparations. It is therefore necessary to see that the word "ROWLANDS" precedes the name of the article on the Wrapper or Label of each.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, etc.

No. 360. DECEMBER, 1860. Vol. 33.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevard des Italiens, 28*th November*, 1860.

Chère Amie,—The autumn and winter materials are rather remarkable; the grounds are black, marron, violet, sprigged all over with small flowers, embroidered in the material. When of good quality, they are very rich and thick, and generally the skirt is plain and quite unornamented. A similar style is made in woollen fabrics; and when flounces are inadmissible, trimming of guimpe or taffetas are used. Chicorées of pinked taffetas are used for dresses. A dress of marron taffetas was trimmed on body, skirt, and sleeves by chicorées of black taffetas. Casaques are also trimmed with them; but they are all black. For negligé wear, many skirts are made separate, with little Zouave jacket of the same, and waistcoat; one of pearl grey cachemire had three bands of currant colour taffetas from top to bottom of the skirt, narrow at the waist, and gradually widening to the bottom, and between each band a row of buttons of currant colour taffetas; the jacket similarly edged, and a braid on each seam; wide sleeves, with cuffs of the taffetas, and buttons on the waistcoat to match. These jackets or vestes are open in front, and rounded, shewing the waistcoat. The chemisettes Suisses will be much worn in the house this winter in Paris, of fine flannel, either red or white; the body is very wide and full, falling on the ceinture as the chemisettes of little boys, the sleeves wide, closing with wristband. They may be worn with any skirts, and with or without casaque, though one of velvet makes the costume more complete.

Woollen materials are much in fashion, and so handsome and well chosen that they quite rival the cheap silks. The novelties among the latter are reps of one colour, grenat, black, green, marron. popelines of every kind in small sprigs, which is the newest and most elegant style for indoor wear and robes de chambre. No dresses of light colours are worn of a morning, nor flounces in great number. Dresses of black violet or marron moire are ornamented by velvet cut bias from the piece; both skirt and body are trimmed in front, but with velvet of the same colour. Black silks with Pompadour flowers are very rich. Black taffetas are always worn; indeed, black was never more fashionable. One of gros grains had a flounce put on in large plaits, as the skirt. Wide bias velvet trimmed the flounce, with a small black lace ruche; the flounce was similarly headed, as well as the body and sleeves, the sleeve of the pagoda form, straight and open, ornamented by a large nœud of black velvet; these nœuds are lined with stiff tulle, which supports and retains their freshness. Lace flounces also are lined with crape or tulle. Trimmings of velvet or of black taffetas will be much used on dresses.

Braid and guimpes are always used on outdoor costumes, as well as dresses; the latter have the bodies ornamented with guimpes, and often the fronts of the dress and the shoulders. The Imperial guimpe is a wide band in the fan form, put on from the top of the body to the bottom of the skirt, of point d'Espagne, and should be placed on robes of the Gabrielle form; the cuffs of the sleeves are very wide, as well as the nœud at the waist. Another is the Swiss style, the body being either high or low, and a guimpe and sleeves of muslin under plissées. This style is much used, particularly by young ladies. Berthes, pines, and nœuds of point d'Espagne are all in use, and black lace accords very well with it.

For morning visits, a dress of moire antique was of the Gabrielle form, the sleeves closing narrow at the bottom, and with two bouillons at the top, the trimmings very rich, of guimpe and bugles. Another dress, of black silks, with several flounces was trimmed with white, the body and sleeves to match.

Ball dresses will be much ornamented with lace; those of tarlatane or tulle will be with bouillonnés with no other ornament than two or three nœuds. These dresses are particularly suited for young persons. Artificial flowers also ornament the handsomest dresses; long training bouquets are used for them. For grandes soirées, the fronts of the dresses are covered with lace, making a little variation from the flounces. Lace is always the most elegant of all trimmings.

As a cold winter is predicted, furs will be in great demand; large manteaux of velvet trimmed with marten are very handsome; the Astracan is also in vogue for paletots of velours de laine; and buttons encircled with fur form a novel ornament for confections or dresses.

Children's dresses are very pretty this season; the little skirt, with casaque of velvet and grey, black, or marron skirts are very fashionable for home wear. Some of the little girls' frocks are very pretty. The robe Princesse is of pearl grey Irish poplin, braided with marron colour. The body, skirt, epaulets, and revers are all braided; the same in black on blue or currant colour. Red is very fashionable for children; scarcely any juvenile costume is without red in some form or other. Skirts of popeline or fine woollen materials are often trimmed with a band of velvet or worsted in red; for silks and popelines, a very wide band of taffetas forms a very pretty trimming. Very pretty drawn silk bonnets are made for young ladies; the colours preferred are green, violet, mauve, blue and pink.

Very handsome pelerines are made of guipure or guimpe, to ornament the manteaux and casaques, a style almost indispensable, for the paletot will not be worn without a pelerine, and the pardessus will also have them. Our model is of one for a young lady's manteau.

Llama lace is much used, as well as Cambray lace. To satisfy the present taste, some paletots and burnouses of cloth are braided with gold; but it is not very generally used. Pardessus of velvet are of very pretty form; some are in folds behind, with square pelerines trimmed with Chantilly or guipure, others are of the pelisse form, or paletot for young persons. Some prefer the casaque, or something similar, in folds behind, and not marking the waist in front. The casaques for young ladies are of black material, silk mate, glacé silk not being used for this purpose. The casaque is slightly wadded, and lined with white or colours. Pardessus and manteaux of velvet are also lined with amaranth, violet or gold colour. Mantelets and shawls of lace are still seen with deep falls, and a small taffetas ruche, or one of narrow lace, with heading to each. Chicorées of pinked taffetas are very often used on mantelets as well as dresses.

Paletots will be decidedly worn, nor will pardessus be relinquished, and long manteaux of velvet, richly trimmed with lace or guipure, and plissé at the top.

A new colour for bonnets is called Abeille; it partakes of the hanneton and marron doré. With velvet bonnets of this colour, the strings are of velvet of the same colour. Black taffetas is also fashionable. Capotes, made partly of black taffetas and partly of velvet, are very pretty; nœuds of lace in the centre, and a white feather drooping lightly at the side; sometimes a bunch of feathers is placed in the centre of the bonnet. Light colours are very little used this season. Black ribbons, black bonnets, or of two colours, one being black, as black taffetas and velvet of royal blue; mauve, green, the brides being black. For simple toilette, a black silk bonnet, with a rose inside, or cerise velvet, is both elegant and pretty. A bonnet of black and currant colour velvet was ornamented with black lace, so arranged as to shew the currant colour through. Others are quilted, either straight or in lozenges, the quiltings being of coloured silk; the bavolets are all rather deep, and with headings. Soft crowns divide favour with round ones. The form continues rather larger, that is, deep over the forehead and spread at the sides, and all are much ornamented on the forehead with flowers, ribbon, or velvet, in various styles.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of moire, with broad plissé at the bottom of the skirt. Manteau châle of black velvet, with hood lined with quilted satin. Hat of black straw and velvet, with long white feather.

Child's Dress.—Frock with Zouave jacket, trimmed with galons open in front, showing chemisette of muslin.

Morning Dress.—Robe of droguet, high waistcoat body with Zouave jacket and loose open sleeves; a chicorée of taffetas in two rows on the body is continued down the skirt, rounding off below the knee encircles the back of the skirt. Coiffure of hair in ringlets.

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PLATE II.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of mauve tarlatane; the skirt is entirely covered by bouillons alternately large and small, and berthe of bouillons on the body. The hair is in ringlets, with diadem of flowers.

Dinner Dress.—Robe of broché silk, with low body covered by a fichu of black lace over pink crape, open en cœur and crossing at the waist; the sleeves are formed of a succession of bouillons; the hair is in ringlets.

Ball Dress.—Robe of amber taffetas, over which is a short skirt of black lace surmounting three black lace flounces put on in festons, with ribbon headings and nœuds of points d' Espagne at each point. Bertha to correspond ceinture of broad ribbon with nœud and ends. Coiffure à l'Eugenie, with small wreath.

PLATE III.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of taffetas and pelisse of black silk, ornamented by plissées of ribbon on the body, skirt, and sleeves, which are very large, and lined with amber satin. Bonnet of amaranth velvet and black lace.

Little Girl's Dress.—Pelisse of popeline, ornamented by taffetas of the same colour, quilted, forming pelerine on the body, and continued down the centre of the skirt and round the bottom, also forming revers on the sleeves. Felt hat, with feather.

Promenade Dress.—Robe of moire, ornamented by bands of velvet en biais. Pelisse of Velours de laine, ornamented with buttons and narrow black velvet, the sleeves with deep pointed cuff. Bonnet of taffetas and velvet; a wreath of flowers across the forehead meets the bouquet at the side of the bonnet.

PLATE IV.—*Morning Toilette.*—Robe of Magenta moire antique, trimmed with black velvet guimp and buttons. It is made with pockets on each side, and the body and skirt in one piece. Collar and sleeves of white lace. Head-dress of black lace, trimmed with Magenta flowers.

Demi-Toilette.—Dress of lavender silk trimmed with black velvet. Collar and cuffs of lace. The hair is dressed with curls and braids.

Evening Dress.—Of tartan silk. The opera cape of white Cachemire striped with gold; it also has gold tassels at the hood. The hair is dressed with a wreath of flowers.

PLATE V.—Head-dress of black velvet toleaux, trimmed with gold and china-asters.

Second ditto composed of a wreath of golden and scarlet flowers, and a bunch of long grass pendant on one side.

Promenade bonnet of grey straw, with a curtain of the same. It is trimmed with Magenta ribbon and black blond.

Second ditto of blue velvet, trimmed with white satin ribbon and small bows of the same.

Carriage bonnet of pink satin and black velvet, trimmed with large pink flowers placed across the front.

Morning cap of muslin, trimmed with a ruche of bows and lace round the back, and narrow velvet on the top.

Second ditto of net, trimmed with blue ribbon and a white flower.

Dress cap of blond, trimmed with scarlet ribbon and narrow black velvet.

Habit-shirt to wear with an evening dress of white net made in puff, with insertion trimmed with narrow velvet.

White sleeve of tulle, trimmed with pink goffered ribbon.

Second ditto of muslin, with frills of the same, edged with green satin ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

The present Model is of a Pelerine, adapted for a young lady's manteaux. It consists of two pieces joined at the shoulder, the back piece being deeper than the front.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—The charity which arises from the spirit of forgiveness, and the love engendered by the cultivation of kindly feelings, is so contagious in its influence, and so pleasing in its results, that the man who would refuse to respond to them, must be looked upon as a churl of no common magnitude. Hence the universal joy with which Christmas is hailed among all classes of the people; for no one likes to be looked upon as an exception on such a joyous occasion—one on which the members of all families meet around the parental board, however they may be separated during the previous months of the year. From the sovereign in the palace down to the humblest peasant in the cottage, some hospitality is sure to be manifested at Christmas; and, while there is feasting among the wealthy, there is so much consideration felt for the poor that no one is neglected, unless their circumstances be wholly unknown to their neighbours. The workhouse and the prison are not even forgotten. Paupers partake of puddings and pies, and once, at least, in a year, prisoners experience a relaxation of the harshness of the prison fare. No doubt, too, among the young, the most kindly feelings are promoted in the midst of their sports and pastimes. Under the mistletoe many kind words are said; and the language of the eye and of the hand supplies the want of sweet words from the lips. Under the influence of this genial season, friendships become stronger, acquaintanceships become warmer, and ripen into friendship, and love assumes a more pleasing and sacred hue; and we forgive and forget the bills of Christmas (which must be paid some time or other), for the pleasure of those delightful feelings, which are sure to be produced by the interchange of kind offices and welcomes, which accompany its annual return. The almost insuperable difficulty so frequently experienced in the selection of an appropriate article for presentation for a Birthday or a Christmas present or a New Year's gift, which will fully convey, in an acceptable, attractive, and useful form, the kindly intention of the giver, and, at the same time, merit the appreciation and regard of the recipient, is now entirely removed by an inspection of the varied and most attractive Manufactures displayed in the magnificent show-rooms of Mr. Mechi's establishments, 112, Regent-street; 4, Leadenhall-street, London; and at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, consisting of the newest and choicest patterns in ladies' and gentlemen's dressing-cases, work-boxes, writing-desks, dressing and carriage bags, ink-stands, bagatelle-tables, caskets, tazzas, French bronzes, and bijoux of the newest and most novel description. The papier maché departments present a large variety of the most beautiful designs in work-tables, chess-tables, desks, blotting-cases, ink-stands, tea-trays, pole-screens, teapoys, envelope-cases, multiformias, cabinets, tea chests and caddies, jewel boxes, &c., table and cutlery of every description.

REVIEW.

The Strange, Surprising Adventures of the Venerable Gooroo Simple, and his Five Disciples, Noodle, Doodle, Wiseacre, Zany, and Foozle. With Fifty Illustrations by Alfred Crowquill. (Trübner and Co.)

THIS is the third Christmas Annual which has been issued by Messrs. Trübner and Co., of Paternoster Row, and is well worthy, in all respects, to stand by the side of its famous predecessors, the *Travels of Baron Munchausen*, and the *Adventures of Eulenspiegel, or Tyll Owlglass*. Like them, it is profusely illustrated by Alfred Crowquill, is elegantly bound, and got up in all the luxury of type and paper, which, of itself, is always the first charm upon taking up a volume intended to occupy the elegant leisure of refined taste.

The story is full of quaint humour and drollery, which never flag from one end of the tale to the other, but start up when least expected, with that genuine raciness which gives the true seasoning to those *Merrie Tales* which so delighted our ancestors in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when Spencer, Sidney, and Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Raleigh, and Bacon, were the wits who met at Dame Quickley's, at the "Boar's Head" in East Cheap, to discuss sack, crack "merrie and conceited jests," and season their discourse with "quips and quiddities," the faint shadows of which yet add a charm to the writings of each.

Those *Merrie Tales* themselves sprang out of Eastern stories, like this of the *Venerable Gooroo Simple*, the origin of which is lost in the most remote antiquity, when Europe itself was little better than a name, and Great Britain, if known at all, was looked upon as the inhospitable barrier of the far West, and the region of perennial snow. All thanks, then, to Messrs. Trübner, who have resuscitated these thoroughly pleasant and quaintly droll "strange, surprising Adventures," for our amusement at this festive season of the year; for they are eminently adapted, in the words of the publishers, "to cheer up many a Christmas fireside."

As a Christmas present, this elegant volume cannot fail to be everywhere acceptable; and many a hearty laugh will reward the perusal of the story, both by old and young; whilst the introduction and notes, in pleasant and lively gossip, cannot fail to convey much curious and interesting information respecting the manners and customs of the East,

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which could only be gleaned from dry and less inviting volumes, and which, in the present altered state of our Indian empire, possesses an absorbing interest for all who have friends in that far distant land, or contemplate making it the future field of their activity.

It would be alike unfair to the reader and the publisher to give lengthened extracts from a volume like the present. Instead of that, we cordially recommend it to our readers, assuring them that, whether as a present to a friend, or as an ornament for the drawing-room table, they cannot do better than secure a copy of it, filled as it is to overflowing with rich and racy specimens of Eastern wit and humour, which, though irresistibly laughable in themselves, yet are based upon a quiet vein of philosophy as a pleasing under-current, and a valuable source of information.

We cannot, however, close the volume without calling the attention of our fair readers to an interesting description of the dresses of Hindoo ladies, which they will find at page 209, and which, graceful as the costume of any nation, are in no way indebted to the aid of needle or scissors for the artistic form they are made to assume.

The Lady's Illustrated Almanack for 1861. London: 83, Fleet Street.

This almanack maintains its popularity of the past, and it will be found in its present issue to be a useful and instructive year-book. Its contents are varied, comprising a variety of splendid engravings, an original Christmas Tale, elegant work-table patterns, suggestions how to work lace, preserve the colour of dresses, as well as shewing how to send light and warmth into the dwellings of the poor, in proof of which we give an extract, entitled "Rich and Poor:—

"It has been well said that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives; and this is especially true at a cold and inclement season of the year, when all the luxurious appliances that wealth can purchase scarcely make our dwellings warm and comfortable throughout, when we shiver if a door stands ajar, and become benumbed with cold if we linger for a few minutes in a fireless room. It is really surprising that the poor complain so little, considering the slight and pervious nature of their houses, the want of fuel, and the scarcity of common necessaries, from which they too often suffer during long and severe winters. Our illustrations, taken from 'The History of a Muff,' well represent the contrast between the winter of the rich and that of the poor—the season for the lady to display her costly furs and warm and graceful wrappings; the season for her poverty-stricken neighbour to shiver in the scantiest apparel, happy if, as in this instance, she can boast a moth-eaten mockery of a muff.

"We have all heard the story of the princess who, when informed that many persons had died from insufficient food during a season of scarcity, wondered that they did not prefer to live upon bread and cheese; and this oft-told tale, though it sounds exaggerated, does not suggest a much greater amount of ignorance respecting the sufferings of the poor than really exists in many instances among the higher classes. We remember in our juvenile days being made to repeat a certain 'moral song,' familiar in most nurseries a quarter of a century ago, and beginning—

'Whene'er I take my walks abroad,'

to which we conceived a strong antipathy, feeling that it embodied something hard and unjust. And so it does. The be-flounced and be-ringletted little one, taking its walk abroad, under nurse's watchful eye, looks out (in the moral song) at the ill-fed and half-clad children in the street with an agreeable sense of the contrast between their wretchedness and its own comfort, and blesses the goodness of Providence who has bestowed upon it so different a lot. Certainly, it is quite right to teach children to be thankful for all the good gifts of their Creator; but, in glancing at the contrast between their abundance and the destitution of others, the feeling ought to be one of compassion and sadness, rather than of exultation at the difference. The feeling of envy with which the small fry of Belgravia occasionally seem to eye their unwashed and unnurseried contemporaries, allowed to run wild at their own sweet will, and to 'play in the pretty mud,' is better than this.

"After all, poverty, or comparative poverty, is a necessity, in our own country and in all others; and, as such, we must accept it, for 'the poor shall never cease out of the earth,' and even were that equalisation of property of which some have dreamed to be realised, the balance would not be preserved—some would soon fall, and others would as certainly rise. Accepting, then, this state of things as natural and inevitable, let us try as far as we can to soften the evils of poverty by kindness and consideration, and especially, if we are able to spare anything for those less fortunate than ourselves, let us not inquire too curiously about their creed or nation, remembering the significant answer once given by a divine voice to the narrow question, 'Who is my neighbour?'

"The glorious vegetation of a past age, when the earth was yet newly created, exists now in the form of fuel, to cheer and brighten our homes; those grand old trees are changed to coal; and we burn for daily use the trees of Paradise. But who shall say what rich fruit those black and sapless branches yet may bear for you who, by their means, send light and warmth into the poor man's dwelling.

"So shall your name on wings of flame
From gladdened hearths arise,
So shall they bear you golden fruit,
Those trees of Paradise."

The Art of Dining.—"Let me see glittering plate, a damask table-cloth snowy white, and good crystal," said a well known epicure, "and then I feel pretty sure of seeing a good dinner." These are certainly "the three graces" of a well ordered table. Upon them the eye always rests lovingly, and they seem in truth to furnish some guarantees of a well-served meal. Happily in our day the first of these requisites to dinner-going is not confined to the rich, but may be secured by persons of moderate fortunes. Electro plate "sets off" a table as perfectly as silver, and you have all the beauty of the more costly material, without the anxiety and risk which often attends its possession. The extensive demand for this comparatively new branch of manufacture has led to corresponding efforts on the part of the producer, and now in point of artistic effect and general appearance there is little to choose between silver and its imitation. Among the most energetic and successful in their attempts to perfect the process and productions are Messrs. Mappin Brothers, who claim that they can and do submit to their customers the largest stock in the world. This is a proud boast, nor is it, we believe, indulged in without reason. For richness and variety their electro-plated goods are certainly not to be surpassed, and their only London show-rooms, at King William-Street, London Bridge, City, are becoming one of the sights of London to connoisseurs in art, and admirers of the beautiful.

Mourning.—It is a new and strange experience to many when the curtain of eternity falls between them and the object of their love. At such a period some kind hand is needed to guide to a respectable establishment, so that no advantage should be taken of the feelings, often keenly wrought upon, to sell at a large profit an inferior article. Messrs. Jay, Regent Street, of whom we can make honourable mention, announce they have had several new materials for winter wear manufactured expressly for their Mourning Department. These textures, we believe, are well adapted to the purpose for which they have been manufactured, and the prices are lower than are usually charged for mourning fabrics.

HUDUSI, THE DOUBTER.

On this day a cause was being heard, and, although weighty reasons had already decided the verdict, still, *pro forma*, the witnesses on both sides were examined; one of these, upon being asked whether he witnessed the proceedings, replied, "That he had no doubt, but there was doubt on the subject; but that he doubted whether the doubts were correct."

"Doubt—no doubt—what is all this? do you laugh at our beards?" said Mustapha sternly, who always made a show of justice. "Is it the fact or not?"

"Your highness, I seldom met a fact, as it is called, without having half a dozen doubts hanging to it," replied the man: "I will not, therefore, make any assertion without the reservation of a doubt."

"Answer me plainly," replied the vizier, "or the ferashes and bamboo will be busy with you very shortly. Did you see the money paid?"

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"I believe, as much as I can believe anything in this world, that I did see the money paid; but I doubt the sum, and I doubt the metal, and I have also my other doubts. May it please your highness, I am an unfortunate man, I have been under the influence of doubts from my birth; and it has become a disease which will only end with my existence. I always doubt a fact, unless——"

"What does the ass say? What is all this but bosh?—nothing. Let him have a fact."

The pacha gave the sign—the ferashes appeared—the man was thrown, and received fifty blows of the bastinado. The pacha then commanded them to desist. "Now, by our beard, is it not a fact that you have received the bastinado? If you still doubt the fact, we will proceed."

"The fact is beyond a doubt," replied the man, prostrating himself. "But excuse me, your sublime highness, if I do continue to assert that I cannot always acknowledge a fact, without such undeniable proofs as your wisdom has been pleased to bring forward. If your highness were to hear the history of my life, you would then allow that I have cause to doubt."

"History of his life! Mustapha, we shall have a story."

"Another fifty blows on his feet would remove all his doubts, your highness," replied Mustapha.

"Yes; but then he will be beaten out of his story. No, no; let him be taken away till the evening, and then we shall see how he will make out his case."

Mustapha gave directions, in obedience to the wish of the pacha. In the evening, as soon as they lighted their pipes, the man was ordered in, and, in consideration of his swelled feet, was permitted to sit down, that he might be the more at ease when he narrated his story, which was as follows:

"My name is Hudusi. Of my parents I can say little. My father asserted that he was the bravest janissary in the sultan's employ, and had greatly distinguished himself. He was always talking of Rustam, as being a fool compared to him; of the number of battles he had fought, and of the wounds which he had received in leading his corps on all desperate occasions; but as my father often bathed before me, and the only wound I could ever perceive was one on his back, when he spoke of his bravery I *very much doubted the fact*.

"When I was grown up, my father wanted me to enrol myself in the corps of janissaries, and become a lion-killer like himself. I remonstrated, but in vain; he applied, and I was accepted, and received the mark on my arm which constituted me a janissary. I put on the dress, swaggered and bullied with many other young men of my acquaintance, who were all ready, as they swore, to eat their enemies alive, and who curled their moustaches, to prove the truth of what they said. We were dispatched to quell a rebellious pacha; we bore down upon his troops with a tremendous shout, supposing to frighten them; but, as they stood their ground and would not run, *we did*, leaving those who were not so wise to be cut to pieces. After this, when any of my companions talked of their bravery, or my father declared that he should be soon promoted to the rank of a spahi, and that I was a lion's whelp, I *very much doubted the fact*.

"I have heard it observed," continued Hudusi, "that the sudden possession of gold will make a brave man cautious, and he who is not brave, still more dastardly than he was before. It certainly was the case with me; my five hundred pieces of gold had such an effect, that everything in the shape of valour oozed out at my fingers' ends. I reflected again, and the result was, that I determined to have nothing more to do with the business, and that neither the sultan nor the pacha should be the better for my exertions. That night we made a sally, and, as I was considered a prodigy of valour, I was one of those who were ordered to lead on my troop. I curled my moustaches, swore I would not leave a janissary alive, flourished my scimiter, marched out at the head of my troop, and then took to my heels, and in two days arrived safely at my mother's house.

"I did not remain long at home, as it was my duty to appear to return to my corps. This I had resolved never more to do. I reflected that a life of quiet and ease was best suited to my disposition, and I resolved to join some religious sect. Before I quitted my mother's roof I gave her thirty sequins, which she was most thankful for, as she was in straitened circumstances. 'Ah!' cried she, as she wrapped up the money carefully in a piece of rag, 'if you could only have brought back your poor father's head, Hudusi!' I might have told her that she had just received what I sold it for—but I thought it just as well to say nothing about it, so I embraced her and departed.

"There were a sort of dervishes, who had taken up their quarters about seven miles from the village where my mother resided, and as they never remained long in one place, I hastened to join them. On my arrival, I requested to speak with their chief; and imagining that I was come with the request of prayers to be offered up on behalf of some wished-for object, I was admitted.

"*Khoda shefa midehed*—God gives relief,' said the old man. 'What wishest thou, my son? *Khosh amedeed*—you are welcome.'

"I stated my wish to enter into the sect, from a religious feeling, and requested that I might be permitted.

"I received my dress, took an oath of secresy, and was introduced to my companions, whom I soon found to be a set of dissolute fellows, indulging in every vice, and laughing at every virtue; living in idleness and by the contributions made to them by the people, who firmly believed in their pretended sanctity. The old man with the white beard, who was their chief, had outlived his appetite for the vices of youth, and fallen into the vices of age—a love of money, which was insatiable. I must acknowledge that the company and mode of living were more to my satisfaction than the vigils, hard fare, and constant prayer, with which the old man had threatened me when I proposed to enter the community, and I soon became an adept in dissimulation and hypocrisy, and a great favourite with my brethren.

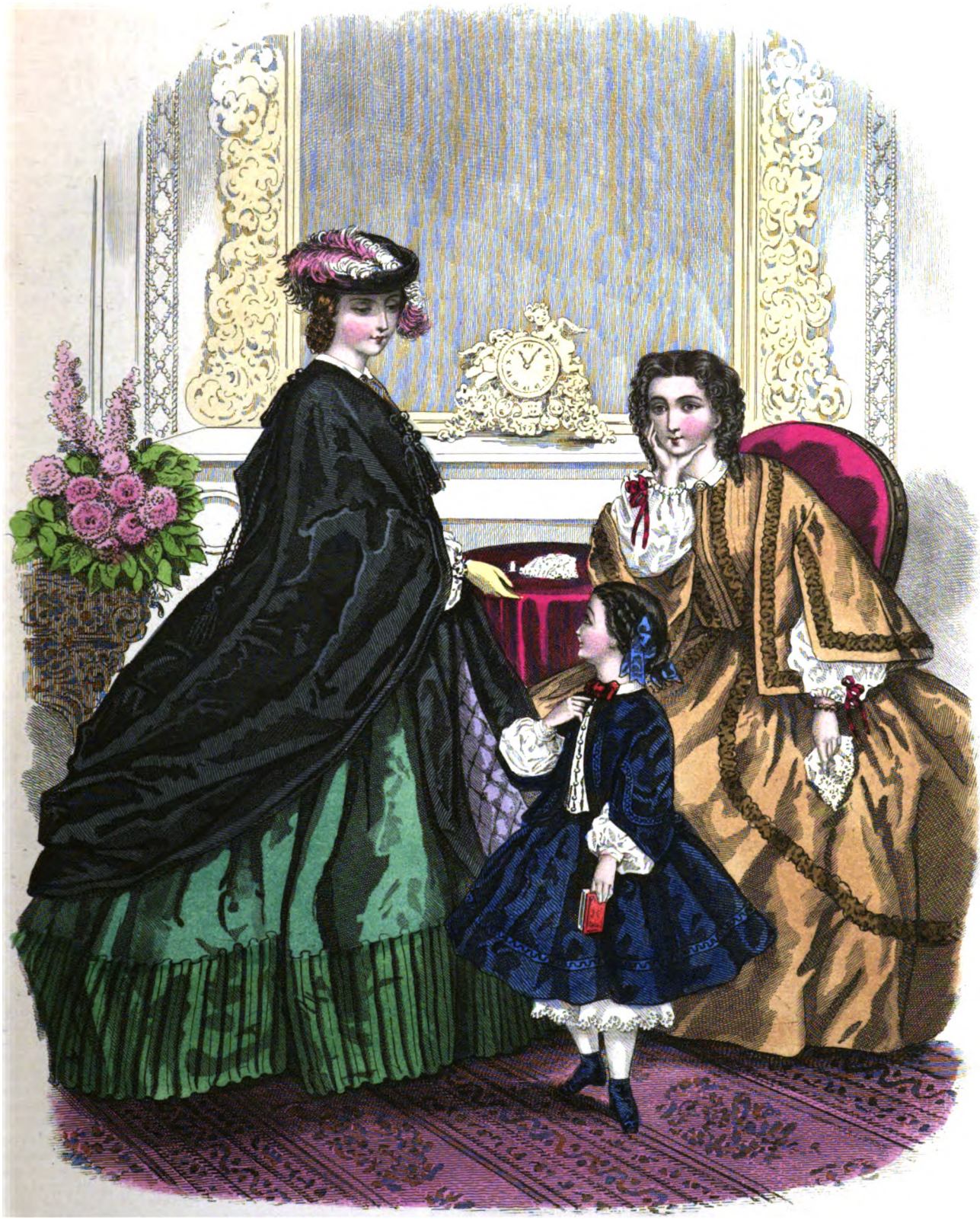
"I ought to have observed to your sublimity, that the sect of dervishes, of which I had become a member, were then designated *howling* dervishes! all our religion consisted in howling like jackals or hyenas, with all our might, until we fell down in real or pretended convulsions. My howl was considered as the most appalling and unearthly that was ever heard, and, of course, my sanctity was increased in proportion. I had not joined more than ten days, when they continued their route, and after a week of very profitable travelling, passed through Constantinople, crossed the Bosphorus, and regained their place of domiciliation, and were received with great joy by the inhabitants, to whom the old chief and many others of our troop were well known.

"But I became tired of the life of a howling dervish. I therefore set up one last, long, final howl, to let my senior know that I was present, and then immediately became absent. I hastened to the bazaar, and purchasing here and there—at one place a vest, at another a shawl, and at another a turban; I threw off my dress of a dervish, hastened to the bath, and after a few minutes under the barber, came out like a butterfly from its dark shell. No one could have recognised in the spruce young Turk, the filthy dervish.

(*To be continued.*)

Russian Travelling.—It is singular that, notwithstanding the detestable way in which the posting arrangements of the country are managed, there is no point upon which Russians pride themselves more highly than upon the facilities which they allege exist for travelling. I have seldom been in the company of a Russian more than a few minutes without his asking me whether I did not consider that posting in Russia was unequalled in the world—since it combined at the same time comfort with economy, and safety with rapidity. Upon which I reply, that "I can discover no comfort in a room in a post-hut, with a mud floor, no window, and no furniture." "What!" says he, amazed, "you surely don't get out at the post houses?" Well, I admit the economy of the system, but demur to the idea of its being safe travelling, as sundry visions of broken-down wheels and steeps ravines rise before me. My Russian friend triumphantly informs me, that "he has just accomplished twelve thousand versts in three months without an accident." "Or getting out at a post-house?" "Of course not! Why should I get out at a post-station, when I have got a comfortable carriage to sleep in?" "Well, at any rate you will allow that the delays for horses are most annoying, and the station-masters very insolent? The travelling is only rapid when absolutely *en route*." "Ah! for you strangers it is impossible to get horses—if you don't speak the language, you will be both cheated and insulted; but it is very different with us, who know that, to manage such *canaille*, blows, and not roubles, ought to be abundantly bestowed!" And so my opponent walks proudly off, satisfied that—because he has journeyed twelve thousand versts in three months, during which time he has thrashed, on an average, twelve station-keepers a day, lived entirely on black bread, slept every night in his carriage, and never changed his clothes—the comforts of travelling in his country are unequalled in the world.

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Pl I

LONDON AND PARIS

Fashionable Costume

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Fashions for December, 1860.

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Pl. III

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Fashions for December 1860.

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Pl IIII

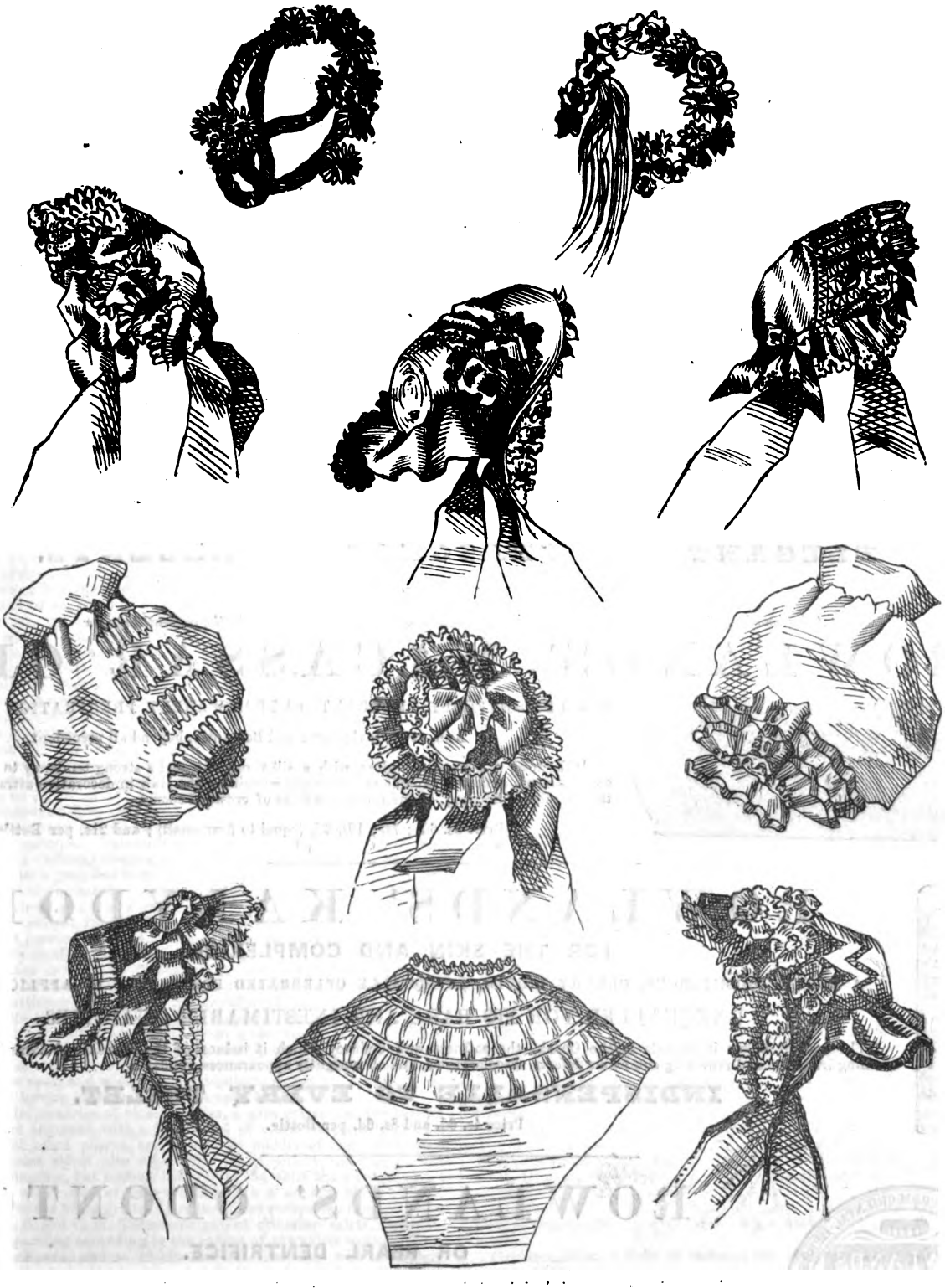
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Fashions for December 1860

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PLATE V.



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Fashions for December, 1860.

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CHRISTMAS has ever been rendered dear to the lovers of friendship and hospitality from the many charming socialities connected with it. The exuberance of the feelings, amid scenes of gaiety, induces the fair and youthful to shine to advantage under the gaze of many friends, and therefore to devote increased attention to the duties of the Toilet. It is at this festive season that

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Preserving and Beautifying the Teeth, imparting a Pearl-like Whiteness,

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, etc.

No. 361. JANUARY, 1861. Vol. 34.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevard des Italiens, 28*th December*, 1860.

Chère Amie,—Satin, moires, velvets, are always fashionable during the winter season, though they cannot be considered among the novelties; these are all of very thick texture, double cord. Imperial satin as thick as the richest velvet, and of various colours, black, white, blue, red, and pomegranate, which is a new tint, superior to any yet produced; the Imperial satin is either in rich designs embroidered in the material, or quite plain. Taffetas broché on light colours, pearl, grey, white, noisette green, etc., etc. Pekin royal in stripes, black and white, on which are black stars—taffetas Nisabel, these very rich thick materials are without trimming, lace is the only thing that could be used over them, and then it should be very handsome; the same applies to other materials, particularly for black grounds or coloured, with sprigs of flowers on them, very rich guimpes are used in carriage dresses, and for demi-toilette. Ball dresses will be of tulle lamé, some of bouillonnes of tulle, or with several skirts ornamented with dentelle d'or, plats of gold and spangles, the guimpes prepared for them are particularly splendid, the rich dentilles d'or grelots, wheat, plats of gold and silver, gold guipure, spotted tulle, etc., formerly gold and silver were only used for splendid attire, but of late years they have both been commonly used on ball dresses; it is but rarely a toilette is seen without some gold, even on dress caps the velvet flowers have the centres of gold and often the foliage.

Guimpes are much used to ornament dresses and manteaux of velvet, and plain materials are seldom without them; it is no longer a simple little trimming, but forms a parure of itself, rivalling lace; it is made in pines and plaques of every colour, violet and black, marron and black, groseille and black and of pyramidal form, placed on the front of the skirts on black velvet; these plaques of violet and black are put on en tablier seven, five, etc., gradually diminishing to the top of the body for manteaux and all out-door costumes, even if lace is used, it is headed by guimpe. Pelerines entirely made of guimpe with deep fringes, or in Oriental designs, are preferred for manteaux of velvet.

Furs will be a good deal worn this winter; it is used to trim manteaux, paletots, robes de chambre, and in-door casaques, the cheapest is the American vison and black or grey Astracan, the marten and sable: ermine is reserved for evening costumes, having the best effect by candle-light; swan's down is used for the opera cloaks of young ladies, its simplicity being so suitable for that use.

The fashion is tolerably decided as to the make of bodies, all are high, many of the Gabrielle form without having the waist defined in front and without ceinture, but rather different from last year's; the present style suits all figures and all toilettes, forming long casaque, increasing by gores to the bottom. from under the arm it is in large plaits as other dresses, the body high, exactly the same behind, plain and round at the waist, elbow sleeves with revers; the sleeves for dress toilettes are open and wide; for demi-toilette two styles prevail, those with elbow having jockeys, and revers open behind.

A Robe Imperatrice of violet taffetas, a gros grains had the bottom of the skirt trimmed with a wide band of violet velvet, edged by a small one of black pluche, and about the middle of the skirt a deep plissé of violet velvet also edged with black pluche, the corsage was without trimming, but buttoned as well as the skirt the whole length; the sleeves with revers of velvet fluted with a narrow black pluche. As the skirts are being gradually reduced, we recommend for adoption Messrs. W. S. and C. H. Thomson's patent crinoline skirts, contracting and expanding according to the extent of the skirts worn. These are light, elegant, and so nicely finished that they will ultimately supersede all others which claim superiority, but must yield the palm to Messrs. Thomson's skirts, under her Majesty's royal patent, as they have been pronounced to be the lightest and best in the world, and known and worn by the leading circles of society in Paris, London, and America.

The present style of dress for children is, for little boys, the paletot Russe and the round togue, with deep border of velours; dresses for little girls are of popeline braided, or of silk, and like the little boys, the togue or round hat bordered with velvet, either black or coloured with black feather; for boys it is the aigrette in the centre of the forehead.

For young ladies the casaque paletot is preferred; the casaque with three seams behind partially fitting to the waist, forms paletot in front, having pockets and sleeves with revers; it is made of black silk veloutine, and quilted all round the skirt, pockets and sleeves with white silk. For carriage wear plisses of velvet are made of very pretty form, these are trimmed with wide guipures on Chantilly lace; this season it is usual to trim on the shoulders and not the shawl form; the large pelerines of guipure are very fashionable and universally worn as well on out-door toilettes as on bodies of dresses both high and low; sometimes the pelerine is round trimmed with lace or fringe, some are of the fichu form with point in front, but the style preferred is the étole of lace or guipure; nothing is more graceful or handsome, and may be equally worn on the velvet pelisse as are furs over silk dresses for demi-toilette, the étole of guipure reaches to the bottom of the dress, it is very wide, entirely covering the body and shoulders.

The bonnets this season will be of two distinct kinds, one for neglige, the other for grande toilette; dark colours are decidedly preferred, even by young persons; a simple capote of black taffetas, with black strings and a rose and bud mixed with black velvet inside was the sole ornament of this much admired bonnet. When the new form of bonnet is not exaggerated, it is very pretty and becoming; a novelty is observed in the brides, which is very elegant when they are of black ribbon, which is often the case; the ends have a plaque on them of coloured velvet, matching the bonnet; many bonnets are of quilted satin, and some materials are sprinkled with gold, silver, or stitched with coloured silk; colours continue to be mixed, and the materials also frequently; one with the front of emerald green had a soft crown of white satin, inside ruches of white satin with bandeau and nœud of green velvet, the brides being also of green velvet; another of black velvet had the crown of white satin and black lace, with two white feathers; the ends curling like flakes of snow on a bavolet of black velvet lined with white satin, inside a nœud of black velvet, tied by a bunch of gold beads.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of droguet and manteau of brown cloth, trimmed with a guimpe torsade, closing it up the centre, and forming scroll at each side; it also edges the pelerine. Bonnet of velvet and satin.

Walking Dress.—Pelisse of black taffetas, ornamented by soutache and buttons. The sleeves are with revers, ornamented with bands of velvet and soutache as the body and skirt; bonnet of dark blue satin velvet.

Dinner Dress.—Robe of green taffetas, corsage Gabrielle, trimmed with black guipure and ribbon, half-long sleeves, with revers. Ceinture of velvet, with nœud and long ends; two rows of guipure, headed by ribbon ornaments, the skirt guimpe, and sleeves of embroidered muslin, with small ruche round the throat. Coiffure of hair, with flowers intermixed with the back hair.

PLATE II.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of taffetas, with low body. The skirt is ornamented in the tunic style, with three frills, edged with pink fluted ribbon, the half-long sleeves to correspond. Fichu of tulle, trimmed with lace and ribbon, guimpe and sleeves of lace. Coiffure à l'Eugenie, ornamented with ribbon.

Child's Dress.—Frock of striped droguet, trimmed with velvet and guimpe ornaments. Sleeves with revers, and under ones of cambric muslin.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of taffetas, the body and skirt without division at the waist, buttoning from top to bottom. A single flounce, with heading at the bottom of the skirt, and similar ones terminating the bell sleeves. Chicorée forms jockey. Bonnet of velvet and satin, with flowers.

PLATE III.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of moire, low body, with pelerine, berthe of white lace, crossing in front, with rounded ends tying behind. The skirt is ornamented by several rows of ribbon ruches. The coiffure is the back view of the third figure.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of taffetas, with pelisse to match. The skirt

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is covered by flounces edged with puffings of ribbon, and a row of black velvet above. A trimming composed of black velvet, edged at each side with flutings of ribbon, borders the pelisse, and ornaments the body and sleeves. Bonnet of satin and black lace.

Ball Dress.—Robe of white taffetas, with alternate flounces of white lace and taffetas pinked, put on in festons, with nœuds at the points; the bertha to correspond. Coiffure of hair in bandeaux, terminating in ringlets, with bunch of chrysanthemums.

PLATE IV.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of Magenta taffetas, trimmed with guimpe of the same colour. The bodice is made open, to show a lace habit shirt. The skirt is trimmed with narrow flounces, edged with guimpe, and placed in festoons round the bottom. Coiffure of flowers and velvet.

Evening Dress.—Robe of pink silk, made with a wide frill and puffings of silk to form a stomacher on the bodice, which is ornamented with flowers at the breast and on the sleeves. The skirt is trimmed to match.

Demi-Toilette.—Robe of lavender taffetas, trimmed on the bodice, which is made square over a muslin habit-shirt, and down the front with violet velvet, edged with a ruche. The sleeves are full, and drawn down into a ruche at the seam, and trimmed with the same. The coiffure of violet ribbon.

PLATE V.—Promenade bonnet of Magenta silk and black velvet, trimmed with white flowers.

Second ditto of green satin, covered with black lace, trimmed with green ribbon, edged with blond.

Carriage bonnet of white chip, trimmed with blue velvet and rosette of the same, of a narrower width. A ruche of quilled ribbon round the front, and curtain.

Second ditto of white straw, trimmed with crimson ribbon and velvet, and black blond; also, a golden-coloured feather on one side.

Dress cap of blond, trimmed with pink satin ribbon and flowers.

Evening cap of lace, and blue ribbon.

Second ditto of white and black blond, trimmed with orange colour.

Pelerine of white muslin, trimmed with red satin ribbon.

Habit shirt of white cambric, with narrow black velvet trimmings, with bow of mauve-coloured ribbon.

White sleeve of net with a pointed cuff of crimson velvet.

Second ditto of cambric, with puffs, ornamented with a rosette of black velvet.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

The accompanying Model is of a Pelerine pointed before and behind, intended to wear over a high or low body, the material regulated accordingly, and trimmed with velvet, guipure, etc.

REVIEWS.

The What Not; or Ladies' Handy Book for 1860. Kent and Co.

ANOTHER year has run its round, and we have before us the Volume of the *What Not* for 1860. The proprietors may look back with pleasure, and no doubt they already have the profit, on their work, for the year thus concluded to start again in joyful anticipation, that as they have pleased their contributors during the past year, so their plans for the future will be so laid out as to contribute to the instruction of youth as well as to the profit and amusement of those of more mature years. This Volume is so interesting and so varied in its contents, containing splendid engravings, elegant work-table patterns, essays, sketches, prize poems, and domestic receipts, that its monthly issue must have been anxiously looked for; and, such being the case, we suggest to our fair readers who have not yet given their orders for the *What Not* to do so at once to prevent disappointment.

Lectures on the Mountains; or, the Highlands and Highlanders as they were and as they are.

THE author of these little volumes has passed through the "Gordon Richmond Banffshire," and the "Strathspey and Badenoch Highlands and Highlanders," and what those districts afforded he has industriously brought together. For our own parts, we care less for the long old legends than for lively reminiscences of bygone men and manners. Among the latter is an account of the methods and results of recruiting in the Highlands towards the end of the last century:—

HOW THE YOUNG LADIES RAISED A REGIMENT.

"Alexander Duke of Gordon, 'The Cock of the North,' at this time proprietor of boundless Highland territories, stretching from the German to the Atlantic Ocean, lord lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, and a kind, considerate and liberal landlord, ranked first in respect of territorial power and influence. Next to him stood Sir James Grant, of Grant, whose personal influence with his clan and people, and as lord-lieutenant of Inverness-shire, was so great, that in little more than one year, he, on the declaration of war with France, raised the Strathspey Fencibles, numbering 500 men almost all from his own estates, and the 97th regiment of the line, of 1000 men, all in 1793 and 1794; a feat unparalleled on the part of any other proprietor. In the same year the Duke of Gordon raised the Gordon Fencibles, 300 from his Highland properties in Strathavon and Badenoch, and the rest from his Lowland estates. In the raising of these armaments, both families were much aided by the exercise of female influence and affections of gallant Highlanders, as was strikingly exemplified in the raising of the 92nd Regiment in 1794, when the young and popular Marquis of Huntley, a captain in the Guards, received letters of service to raise a regiment, in which he was backed by his noble mother and fair sisters. In a crowded market at Tomintoul, the centre of the Gordon Highland estates—dressed in Highland bonnets and feathers, tartan scarfs, short tartan petticoats, and pantaloons—in a circle formed by their attendants, appeared some of those young, gay, and lovely ladies, afterwards the consorts of ducal coronets, and danced with any young man willing to wear a cockade, to the music of the bagpipes—and, at the end of each of their partners a guinea and a cockade in the name of King George and Huntley. Candidates for the honour of a dance crowded around, emulous for the next vacancy; and, in spite of the remonstrances and lamentations of female friends, they bounded in rapid succession into the enchanting circle, going in as civilians and coming out as soldiers. At the end of the day, the noble marquis and his fair assistants had reason to be satisfied with the day's sport—scores of young men, the finest in the fair, having become *stricken* (*Deurs*), proud, no doubt, come what might, they had been partners for once with 'Nigheau Duchd. Gordon' (the Duke of Gordon's daughter)."

NEW YEAR'S DAY CEREMONIES.

"On the morning of New Year's day it was the practice, more in accordance with old habits and traditions than from a belief in the efficacy of the prescriptions, to subject all the inmates of a Highland mansion in Strathavon to a double course of treatment, far from being pleasant or palatable to the parties concerned. On New Year's even, lots of juniper were arranged round the fire to dry till the morning; some careful person was also dispatched to a 'dead and living ford' (that is a ford passed by people and funerals), who drew a pitcher of water observing all the time the most profound silence, great care being taken that the vessel containing the water did not touch the ground, otherwise it would lose all its virtues. The first course, consisting of the *usquecaahrichd*, or water from the dead and living ford, by its sacred virtues preserved the Highlander, until the next anniversary, from all those direful calamities proceeding from the agency of infernal spirits, witchcraft, evil eyes, and the like. The second cause, consisting of the fumes of juniper, not only removed whatever diseases might affect the human frame at the time, but fortified the constitution against their future attacks. These courses of medicine were administered in the following manner. Light and fire being kindled, and the necessary arrangements having been effected, the high-priest of the ceremonies for the day, and his assistants, proceeded with the hallowed water to the several beds in the house, and, by means of a large brush, sprinkled upon their occupants a profuse shower of the precious preservative, which, notwithstanding its salutary properties, they sometimes receive with jarring ingratitude. The first course being thus served, the second is about to be administered, preliminary to which it is necessary to stuff all the crevices and windows in the house, even to the keyhole. This done, piles of juniper are kindled into a conflagration in the different apartments of the house. Rising in fantastic curls, the fumes of the blazing juniper spread along the roof, and gradually condense themselves into an opaque cloud, filling the apartment with an odoriferous fumigation altogether overpowering. Penetrating into the inmost recesses of the patient's system (for patients they may well be called), it brings on

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an incessant shower of hiccupping, sneezing, wheezing, and coughing, highly demonstrative of its expectorating qualities. But it not unfrequently happened, that young and thoughtless urchins, not relishing such physic, and unmindful of the important benefits they reaped from it, diversified the scene by cries of suffocation and the like, which never failed to call forth from the more reflecting part of the family, if able to speak, a very severe reproof. Well knowing, however, that the more intense the 'smuchden,' the more propitious are its effects, the high-priest, with dripping eyes and distorted mouth, continues his operation, regardless of the feelings of his flock, until he considers the dose fully sufficient, upon which he opens the vent and the other crevices to admit the genial fluid, to recover the spirits of the exhausted patients. He then proceeds to gratify the horses, cattle, and other bestial stock in the town with the same entertainment in their turn!"

Recreative Science. No. 16.

If there be any truth in the saying that "variety is charming," then, indeed, the little work before us claims that epithet. But there are other reasons besides the mere variety which entitles *Recreative Science* to our favourable consideration. Let us briefly glance at the contents of this number. The part commences with a paper on *Reptile Vivaria*, by Mr. Shirley Hibberd, whose name is a sufficient guarantee that the article is a good one; and so, on perusal, we find it to be, although, notwithstanding Mr. Hibberd's persuasive arguments to the contrary, we can hardly overcome that natural antipathy, which we instinctively possess, to reptiles. But as we must know a man to appreciate him, so, we imagine, with regard to these lower animals, it only requires that we should study them, in order that we may admire that which we now almost loathe. The next article is an entire change, and treats in an interesting manner of the various modes of measuring time, with an account of ancient and modern calendars. Those of Romulus, Numa Pompilius, Julius Cæsar, and Pope Gregory all pass before us; and then our attention is called to the consideration of what we may term a philosophical toy—Mr. Goodchild's "trocheidoscope." There seems to be a rage for "scopes" just now. Opticians' windows are crammed with debuscopes and trocheidoscopes, neomonoscopes and gyrascopes, in addition to the usual stock of microscopes, telescopes, and stereoscopes. But to return to the work before us, we find two capital articles on natural history, the one on fungi and the other on desmids, both fitting the season of the year when the higher branches of the vegetable kingdom begin to droop and fade. We, moreover, find several articles on astronomical subjects—lunar rainbows, the planet Neptune, and comets, all are treated of; and when we say that they come from the pens of Dr. Bulgardo, of Monte Video, and Messrs. Low and Chambers, we say enough to ensure their being good. Tired of soaring aloft amid stars and comets, we may descend to earth, and learn of Maori customs and traditions of the Deluge, and discuss the temperature of mountains, or to come to something of a more homely, but not less valuable nature, we may learn much concerning the manufacture of coining dies. The number concludes with various valuable scientific notices of the month, meteorological, astronomical, and microscopical. On the whole, we can most heartily recommend this work to our readers, believing that it achieves the object of being popularly and simply written, and yet, which is of the greatest importance, is thoroughly scientific and correct throughout, combining, moreover, an excellent type, good illustrations, and the low price of 8*d*. We are sure it is a welcome addition to our monthly serials.

If the poor-house has any terror for you, never buy what you don't need. Before you pay three-pence for a Jew's-harp, see if you can't make just as pleasant a noise by whistling, for such, nature furnishes the machinery. And before you pay one guinea for a figured vest, young man, find out whether your lady love would not be just as glad to see you in a plain one that cost half the money! If she wouldn't, let her crack her own walnuts and buy her own clothes.

HUDUSI, THE DOUBTER.

(*Continued from p.* 102.)

"I hastened to Constantinople where I lived gaily, and spent my money; but I found that to mix in the world, it is necessary not only to have an attaghan, but also to have the courage to use it; and in several broils which took place, from my too frequent use of the water of the Ghiaour, I invariably proved that, though my voice was that of a lion, my heart was but as water, and the finger of contempt was but too often pointed at the beard of pretence. One evening, as I was escaping from a coffee-house, after having drawn my attaghan, without having the courage to face my adversary, I received a blow from his weapon which cleft my turban, and cut deeply into my head. I flew through the streets upon the wings of fear, and at last ran against an unknown object, which I knocked down, and then fell alongside of, rolling with it in the mud. I recovered myself, and looking at it, found it to be alive, and, in the excess of my alarm, I imagined it to be Shitan himself; but if not the d—l himself, it was one of the sons of Shitan, for he was an unbeliever, a Ghiaour, a dog to spit upon; in short, it was a Frank hakim—so renowned for curing all diseases, that it was said he was assisted by the Evil One.

"I remained a fortnight under the hakim's hands before I was well enough to walk about; and when I had reflected, I doubted whether it would not be wiser to embrace a more peaceful profession. The hakim spoke our language well, and one day said to me, 'Thou art more fit to cure than to give wounds. Thou shalt assist me, for he who is now with me will not remain.' I consented, and putting on a more peaceful garb, continued many months with the Frank physician travelling everywhere, but seldom remaining long in one place; he followed disease instead of flying from it, and I had my doubts whether, from constant attendance upon the dying, I might not die myself, so I resolved to quit him the first favourable opportunity. I had already learned many wonderful things from him; that blood was necessary to life, and that without breath a man would die, and that white powders cured fevers, and black drops stopped the dysentery. At last we arrived in this town; and the other day, as I was pounding the drug of reflection in the mortar of patience, the physician desired me to bring his lancets, and to follow him. I paced through the streets, behind the learned hakim, until we arrived at a mean house, in an obscure quarter of this grand city, over which your highness reigns in justice. An old woman, full of lamentation, led us to the sick couch, where lay a creature, beautiful in shape as a houri. The Frank physician was desired by the old woman to feel her pulse through the curtain, but he laughed at her beard (for she had no small one), and drew aside the curtain and took hold of a hand so small and so delicate, that it were only fit to feed the prophet himself, near the throne of the angel Gabriel, with the immortal pilau prepared for true believers. Her face was covered, and the Frank desired the veil to be removed. The old woman refused, and he turned on his heel to leave her to the assaults of death. The old woman's love for her child conquered her religious scruples, and she consented that her daughter should unveil to an unbeliever. I was in ecstasy at her charms, and could have asked her for a wife; but the Frank only asked to see her tongue. Having looked at it, he turned away with as much indifference as if it had been a dying dog. He desired me to bind up her arm, and took away a basin full of her golden blood, and then put a white powder into the hands of the old woman, saying that he would see her again. I held out my hand for the gold, but there was none forthcoming.

"'We are poor,' cried the old woman to the hakim, but God is great.'

"I do not want your money, good woman,' replied he; 'I will cure your daughter.' Then he went to the bedside and spoke comfort to the sick girl, telling her to be of good courage, and all would be well.

"The girl answered in a voice sweeter than a nightingale's, that she had but thanks to offer in return, and prayers to the Most High. 'Yes,' said the old woman, raising her voice, 'a scoundrel of a howling dervish robbed me at Scutari of all I had for my subsistence, and of my daughter's portion, seven hundred sequins, in a goat's-skin bag!' and then she began to curse. May the dogs of the city howl at her ugliness! How she did curse! She cursed my father and mother—she cursed their graves—flung dirt upon my brothers and sisters, and upon the whole generation. She gave me up to Jehanum, and to every species of defilement. It was a dreadful thing to hear that old woman curse. I pulled my turban over my eyes, that she might not recognise me, and lifted up my garment to cover my face, that I might not be defiled with the shower of curses which were thrown at me

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like mud, and sat there watching till the storm was over. Unfortunately, in lifting up my garment, I exposed to the view of the old hag the cursed goat's-skin bag, which hung at my girdle, and contained, not only her money, but the remainder of my own. 'Mashallah—how wonderful is God!' screamed the old beldame, flying at me like a tigress, and clutching the bag from my girdle. Having secured that, she darted at me with her ten nails, and scored down my face, which I had so unfortunately covered in the first instance, and so unfortunately uncovered in the second. What shall I say more? The neighbours came in—I was hurried before the cadi, in company with the old woman and the Frank physician. The money and bag were taken from me—I was dismissed by the hakim, and after receiving one hundred blows from the ferashes, I was dismissed by the cadi. It was my fate—and I have told my story."

THE LITTLE CANDLE.

CHEERFUL the little work-girl sat,
And swift her needle flew,
While the dark shadows of the night
Their gloom around her threw.

A little light alone was here,
As there she sat and wrought,
And well she knew how well to prize
What her own toil had bought.

"I must be quick," she musing said,
"My little candle wanes;
And swiftly must my task go on,
While yet its light remains."

And then she plied with rapid skill,
The little shining steel,
And every ray of that small light
Smiled on her patient zeal.

Ere the last glimmer died away,
Her task was neatly done;
Sweet was her rest, and joy to her
Came with the morning sun.

Ah! is not life a little light
That soon will cease to burn?
And should not we from that dear girl
A solemn lesson learn?

While yet that little candle shines,
Be all our powers employ'd:
And while we strive to do our tasks,
Life shall be best enjoy'd.

But let us ne'er in darken'd hours
Forget what Christ hath done;
But patient, in sweet hope, await
The glorious RISING SUN!

LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD.—There is no pleasure that I have ever experienced like a child's midsummer holiday; the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night, tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nosegay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat, till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. How poor our Derby-days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls, after that! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen, as he does before, unless in some cases in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him.

WE are perpetually struggling to get away from that condition of life in which Providence has placed us, instead of doing faithfully, day by day, our appointed work. This is why we make so little progress toward common satisfaction or the comfort of others. Is it all in vain for us to dream that, if we were in what imagination paints as more favourable circumstances, we could have more enjoyment. Only by doing our duty where God has placed us, can we grow better and happier.

WHEN Lamartin was in the ascendant, at the early part of the Revolution of 1848, his merits were being discussed at a club of artists and authors. "Ah!" said a clever young author, "he and I row in the same boat." Another turned round and said, "But not with the same sculls."

A ROASTED DUCK SERMON.

THE following story was current in the University in my day:—A junior fellow of a college having undertaken to serve a church a few miles from Cambridge, on his arrival at the village put up his horse at the Inn, and, having ordered a duck for his dinner, proceeded to the church. The prayers were over, and the congregation singing, when he found he had left his sermon on the parlour table of the Five Bells. On making this discovery he hastened to leave the church, and as he passed the clerk's desk, he whispered in Amen's ear, "keep on singing till I come back." The sermonless divine made the best of his way to his hostelry, and had to pass through the kitchen to reach the parlour. Having snatched up his manuscript he was hurriedly re-crossing the culinary apartment, when his steps were stayed by the duck at the fire. He gazed at it with dismay. The hostess observing his bewildered look at the slowly revolving bird, which to her delight was beginning to get nicely browned, expressed a hope she had done no harm in taking some of the paper she had found on the parlour table, adding that she had taken only two pieces, one to singe the duck and the other to cover its breast to prevent its being scorched. In reply to the parson's exclamation, "What shall I do!" she assured him that had it been clean paper she would not have meddled with it, but being covered all over with writing she thought it was of no use to any one. On examining his manuscript the unfortunate Fellow found the two middle sheets wanting. As there was not time to throw a bridge over this broad chasm, and not being an Improvisatore, he was at his wit's end. To make matters worse, he was a nervous man; he had not the courage to face the congregation with an apology instead of a sermon; he did not even dare to remain where he was and eat his dinner when it was ready for him, but hastily ordered his horse and galloped back to the University. Meanwhile the congregation were harmoniously engaged with Sternhold and Hopkins. How many psalms they sang before they gave up the hope of seeing the fugitive return, was a point on which there was a difference of opinion, but it was agreed on all hands that from that day the clerk was not the man he was before; in fact, there could be no doubt he had seriously injured his wind by his long-continued vocal exertions. On the following Sunday this luckless and duckless divine again presented himself at the Bells, and afterwards at the church. The prayers were over as before. Now, it was his custom, as it is of many clergymen, not to go into the pulpit till the last verse of the psalm is being sung; he remained, therefore, in the desk; but finding, after an unusually long pause, that no psalm was given out, and no preluding going on in the music gallery, he concluded they had taken offence at his leaving them in the lurch on the preceding Sunday. He therefore walked up into the pulpit, which he had no sooner entered than the clerk, who had quietly stolen up the stairs at his heels, slammed the door to, and having, with no inconsiderable exertion of his strength, turned the handle, he descended to his own place, whence he triumphantly bawled out, "Now that we have got him safe, let us sing," &c.—*A Voice from a Mask.*

EVIL INFLUENCES OF OUR DAYS.—All the voices which have any real influence with an Englishman in easy circumstances combine to stimulate a low form of energy, which stifles every high one. The newspapers extol his wisdom by assuming that the average intelligence which he represents is, under the name of public opinion, the ultimate and irresponsible ruler of the nation. The novels which he and his family devour with insatiable greediness have no tendency to rouse his imagination, to say nothing of his mind. They are pictures of the every-day life to which he has always been accustomed, sarcastic, sentimental, or ludicrous, as the case may be, but never rising to anything which could ever suggest the existence of tragic dignity or ideal beauty. The human mind has made considerable advances in the last three-and-twenty centuries; but the thousands of Greeks who could enjoy not only Euripides, but Homer and Æschylus, were superior, in some important points, to the millions of Englishman who in their inmost hearts prefer Pickwick to Shakspeare. Even the religion of the present day is made to suit the level of common-place Englishman. There was a time when Christianity meant the embodiment of all truth and holiness in the midst of a world lying in wickedness. It afterwards included law, liberty, and knowledge. as opposed to the energetic ignorance of the Northern barbarians. It now too often means philantrophic societies—excellent things as far as they go, but rather small. Any doctrine now is given up if it either seems uncomfortable or likely to make a disturbance. It is almost universally

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assumed that the truth of an opinion is tested by its consistency with cheerful views of life and nature. Unpleasant doctrines are only preached under incredible forms, and thus serve to spice the enjoyments which they would otherwise destroy.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A PARSON IN SEARCH OF A CHURCH.

On the following Sunday morning I had engaged to preach at another city church, situated in that great thoroughfare for vans and wagons, Thames Street, also remarkable for the number of churches it contains. If the vicinity of a church have the effect popularly ascribed to it, this street must be one of the most irreligious in the metropolis. I was at the time lodging at the western end of London, and was a stranger to Thames Street; but, having occasion to go into the city, I thought it a good opportunity to make myself acquainted with its exact situation, as well as to ascertain which of its several temples was dedicated to St. Mary Somerset. Having found the street, and entered it at its occidental extremity, I inquired, as I walked along, the name of each church as I came to it. I had passed two or three, when I arrived at one fronted by a high wall, against which leaned an apple-stall. I asked the owner of this small fruit establishment its name, and he called it by the cognomen of some other saint than Somerset. I walked on till I came to the end of the street, when I found there was a continuation of it called Upper Thames Street. I was not previously aware that the neighbouring river gave its name twice to this line of thoroughfare. On making this discovery I could not help saying to myself, "I ought to have been told in which division of this long street I should find the church I am looking for." I now naturally supposed that it must stand in the upper division, but when I reached its termination I had still to find St. Mary Somerset. I ought to mention, I had purposely avoided asking for the church by name, fearing I might be misinformed, for every one who knows London is aware that there are thousands of people daily walking its streets, who will mislead you rather than confess their ignorance of a matter on which it is no shame to be uninformed. I now turned back and began my inquiries anew, and I did so this time by asking in direct terms for St. Mary Somerset. After inquiring unsuccessfully of two or three persons, I was informed it was the apple-stall church. I could not help doubting the correctness of this information, as I did not think it likely the old pippin-monger could be ignorant of the name of the church under whose shadow he gained his daily bread. As I approached the spot I saw him still sitting in his rush-bottomed chair, with his head screened from the rays of a July sun by an umbrella originally grass green, now verd antique. At this moment, at the door of a counting-house on the opposite side of the way, and immediately facing the church in question, appeared a gentleman, whom I put down as the occupier of the lofty pile of warehouses to which the counting-house belonged. My conjecture proved to be correct. Now, I thought, from this gentleman I shall learn what the name of this church really is. I crossed the road, raised my hat, and made the inquiry. "The name of that church, Sir, is—" he paused, put his hand to his forehead, and then said, "How very strange I cannot remember it. St. Magnus—no; St. Olave's—no; St. Dunstan's—no." After these three negatives, and as many shakes of the head, he turned round and called "Brown." A clerklike looking man came forward. "Brown, what is the name of the church opposite?" "St. Mary Somerset, Sir." "Ay, to be sure—St. Mary Somerset; thank you, Brown. You will hardly believe, Sir, I have been more than twenty years an inhabitant of this parish, and have of course paid church-rates all the time." I betrayed probably some surprise, for he added, "but I should also tell you I pass only my business hours here, and spend the rest of the day at my house in the country." Apologizing for taking up more of his time, I asked, "Do you happen to know how long the old man on the other side of the way has kept a stall on that spot?" "All I know of him is, that I found him here when I took possession of these premises." I thanked the courteous warehouseman, and wished him good day.

He re-entered his place of business, and I re-crossed the street for the purpose of calling the old fruiterer to account for intentionally deceiving me, as it was impossible to suppose he was unacquainted with the name of the sacred edifice that had for so many years lent its support to the board on which he erected his penny piles of pippins. "What did you tell me just now was the name of this church?" "St. Mary Mountshaw," he replied, with all the confidence of a man who is speaking the truth. "Shall I ever get the true name?" I said to myself. "Here is an old parishioner living opposite, and a still older inhabitant sitting under the walls of their parish church, differing as to its name. Which am I to believe?" After a moment's consideration I thought I would try to frighten the old man into a confession either of his ignorance of the name, or of his having wilfully misinformed me. Putting on a fierce look, and speaking in an angry tone, I cried out, "You wicked old apple-man, you know well enough this church is St. Mary Somerset." "Well, I didn't say it wasn't," was his cool reply. "Why, you told me half a minute ago it was St. Mary Mountshaw." "And so it is; but maybe you don't know it goes by both these names." "Do, for heaven's sake!" I exclaimed, as I dropped a sixpence on the board before him, "the next time you are asked the name of this church, say St. Mary Somerset and St. Mary Mountshaw."—*A Voice from a Mask.*

TO THE IVY.

Faithful ivy! fondly clinging,
When the blossoms deck the trees,
While the feathered choirs are ringing
Music on the scented breeze;
Thou hast no such sounds to proffer,
No such odorous scents to bring,
No such gaudy flowers to offer,
Thou art dark; yet thou canst cling.

Faithful ivy! fondly creeping,
While the winter's blight is seen,
From their boasted branches sweeping
Leaves of fairer, brighter green;
When the hues of summer perish,
When the feathered songsters sleep,
Some departing; thou wilt cherish,
Then how fondly wilt thou creep.

Faithful ivy! fondly ever,
Round the tree thine arms shall bend,
None but death the cord can sever,
Such art thou, and such my friend:
Costly garden, chisel'd fountain,
Marble pillar, leafless tree,
Lowly cottage, rugged mountain,
Are alike to love and thee.

M. E.

Longevity.—The days of man, according to Holy Writ, are "threescore years and ten," but this was evidently to be understood as meaning the average of man at the time it was written. At the present time the average age of man, taking the whole human family, is, perhaps, twenty years. It is fair to presume that man lived differently eighteen hundred years ago from what he does now, or he would not, on the average, have lived fifty-five years longer. The last published census of Great Britain reveals, among other things, the terrible fact that of 100,000 children born in Liverpool, less than half live to the age of twenty, and that in the unhealthiest towns the average duration of human life is about six years! What a frightful per centage of the human family are starved to death and poisoned by bad air in damp cellars and pestiferous abodes! How long the human machinery is capable of lasting under favourable circumstances may be judged from the fact that within three hundred years men have reached the age of upward of two hundred years. The census alluded to, shows that in Great Britain 596,030 have passed seventy years, 129,000 are over four-score years; 10,000 over ninety years; 2,038 over ninety-five years, and 319 over a hundred years. The report gives those well-known examples of longevity, Thomas Parr and Henry Jenkins; Parr lived 152 years 9 months—Jenkins 169 years. Thomas Carr died January 28, 1588, aged 207 years. From the year 1759 to 1780, died forty-eight persons, the youngest aged 130—eldest 175; also, in 1797, a mulatto in Frederick Town, N. A., said to be 180. In Kirby's Wonderful and Eccentric Magazine, mention is made of two Hungarians, John Rovel, in his 172nd year, and Sarah, his wife, in her 184th. "Their children," adds the account, "two sons and two daughters, are yet alive; the youngest son is 126 years of age." Dated August 25, 1725.

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SINGULAR COURTSHIP OF THE LATE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

The death of the Empress has recalled to the recollection of St. Petersburg society an event of the time of her youth, which singularly foreshadowed her future destiny, while yet a young princess of the Prussian Court. About fifty years ago, the Princess Charlotte, which was her original name, had a Swiss governess, in the person of one Madame Wildermatt, a lady of great merits, and who seems to have possessed the entire confidence of the mother of her young charge. It so happened that while engaged in the tuition of the Princess, the teacher succeeded to the possession of some old-fashioned jewellery, by the death of a relative at Berne. One of the rings included in this little legacy attracted the attention of the royal pupil, who begged Madame Wildermatt to make her a present of it, and, on her request being complied with, forthwith put it upon her finger, and wore it, as she said, by way of talisman. The ring was of a curious make, and seemed to have been designed a century or two ago by one acquainted with the types of Oriental art. About a year after the occurrence, the Court received a visit from the Grand Duke Nicholas, the brother of the Emperor Alexander, and who at that time was not the heir expectant of the crown. The Grand Duke saw the Princess, and, with the quick resolve native to his disposition, immediately determined to ask her in marriage. One day, as he was seated by her side at the Royal dinner-table, he spoke to her of his forthcoming departure, adding that it depended upon her whether or not his stay at Berlin should be prolonged. "What shall I do, then, to influence your intentions?" was the reply of the smiling Princess. "You must not refuse to receive my addresses," immediately returned the outspoken Nicholas. "You ask much." "I ask even more. You ought to give me some encouragement in my endeavours to please you." "That is still more difficult. Besides, the moment is not well chosen to ask for a favour." "I beg your Royal Highness to give me a sign that I am not totally indifferent to you. You have a little ring on your finger, the possession of which would render me happy, I beseech you to give me the ring." "What! give you the ring at the dinner table, and in the presence of all these people?" "Let me see—press it into this piece of bread, and give it to me." And press the ring into the piece of bread she did, and gave it to the future Emperor. Nicholas took an early opportunity to leave the hall, and, on exhuming his treasure from its wheaten tomb, discovered an inscription on the inner side in French, and running to the following effect:—*L'Impératrice de là Russie.*" He is said to have worn the keepsake for the rest of his days attached to a chain round his neck, the ring being, of course, too small for any of his colossal fingers. The future Empress, it seems, had been unconsciously wearing for some time the emblem of her future greatness.

The latter years of the Empress's life were devoid of that domestic happiness which she appears to have enjoyed before her husband ascended the throne. Nicholas was subject to fits of ungovernable rage, and the Empress lost that influence over him which she possessed when in the heyday of her youth and beauty. To this as well as other causes may be ascribed the nervous disease to which she is said to have been a martyr, and which completely shattered her constitution. Of her might be truly said—"uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Pathetic.—"Farewell, farewell!" I cried; "When I return, thou'lt be my bride; till then be faithful, sweet. Adieu—in silence oft I'll think of you." The glistening tear stained her bright eyes—her thickened breath is choked with sighs—her tongue denies her, bosom's sway. "Farewell!" I tore myself away. "One moment stay," she stammered out, and quick as thought I wheeled about. "My angel, speak! can aught be done to comfort thee when I am gone? I'll send you specimens of art from every European mart; I'll sketch for thee each Alpine scene, to let thee see where I have been. A stone from Simplon's dreadful height shall gratify thy curious sight; I'll climb the fiery Etna's side, to bring home treasures for my bride. Oh, my love, each ship shall bear a double letter to my fair." "Ah, George!" the weeping angel said, and on my shoulder fell her head, "for constancy my tears are hostage—but when you write, please pay the postage!"

Cause and Effect.—"Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen."—"Oh, yah," replied Hans, "I know de reason for dat—mine moder was a voomans."

Lady Sydney Morgan.—"Sydney Lady Morgan, as she latterly styled herself; but I remember her first as Lady Morgan merely, with a respectable-looking husband, a large, light, heavy man, in spectacles, who at once worshipped and admonished her as we do a child. It was in what she used to call the out-of-the-way regions of North Marylebone that I had stood near a piano the whole evening, endeavouring to make out who could be that short personage who sat behind a small table (though in the circle), on which was set one of those dark green circular shades which spring up out of a stand; yet even this protection to her poor eyes was not thought enough, for the lady held before her face a green fan, so that a deep shade was cast upon the diminutive figure behind; and even in a well-lighted room she was as much in retreat as if she had been taking her pleasure on a sunless day in an arbour. I soon perceived that she was a centre of attraction even in that room where Agnes Strickland at one time, Campbell at another, Rogers, and, in the course of the evening, numberless scientific celebrities had come and gone. Skeil, even then partially bald, sat down near her, and relapsed into his beloved brogue; and there was such a play of wit between them, such brilliant attacks on his part, such pungent yet good-natured retorts on hers, that I felt sure she was from the dear Emerald Isle; one of a race that has always its joke and its reply, even at death's door. . . . Having at last intrenched myself near a folding door, behind a fat dowager, I took a calm survey of Sydney Lady Morgan. She appeared to me then on the wrong side of the half-century: no one, however, even now, knows the year of her birth, for she had the tact to keep it to herself; but it is conjectured to have been 1777, or thereabouts; but no one could have supposed it possible who knew her, even at the last, that she could be eighty. She was then a very small and very slight woman, with an easy drooping figure, that looked as if Nature had been careless when she put it together; and then she was somewhat crooked, though not strikingly, even when, as she used to say, she 'circulated' through the room at her own soirées; and this defect, good woman as she was, as a plea she used to attribute to having practised the harp too much in her youth. But I believe that there were few women of the period in which Lady Morgan figured as a girl, that were straight, thanks to stiff stays and backboards. Her face, though never more than agreeable, had a great charm in its feminine contour. She wore at that time her own hair. I will not swear that it was *all* her own, for there were suspicious-looking curls drooping down upon the slight throat; but it was evidently partly natural, for it was thin, and drawn across her wide forehead with a sort of tasteful negligence. It was, however, of a lighter hue than the bands with which, in her last days, she attempted to restore the venerable ruin of Sydney Lady Morgan. Her eyes were large, and of a bluish grey, in early life probably blue. One of them had a slight cast, and went off at a tangent to the right; but this did not spoil the expression, which was very sweet and very thoughtful, without, at any time that I knew her, being brilliant or searching. She always looked like a person who saw imperfectly; and she always spoke of herself as half-blind, and talked of visits from Alexander and dark rooms, leeches and shades; and I never saw her without that green fan in her hand. It became an antiquity like herself. Yet I believe she saw more than any one else did; nothing escaped her. She knew every *nuance* of feeling that passed in the minds of others; she remarked dress, and she never unintentionally forgot or mistook a person."—*From "The Queens of Society."*

Darning wholly Superseded.—Capital! says one; Delightful! says another; each rejoicing that the time of emancipation has arrived for England's wives and daughters from a thraldom of darn, darn, week after week, all the year round—always beginning, never ending. But is it a fact? the question is put; to this we reply, Messrs. Owen and Uglow have machinery in operation which will produce as great a revolution in darning, as Mr. Lee's first loom for stocking weaving achieved over knitting. This improvement originated in circumstances similar to those which first produced the stocking-frame. We are informed that it was on an occasion when a pile of well-worn stockings were collected for their periodical mending, when Mr. Owen's sympathies were aroused for the good housewives who, week after week, have to devote eyes, fingers, and patience, to a most uncongenial task. We refer to our advertisement for a full explanation as to the means whereby this desideratum may be obtained.

"Why, Sambo, how black you are!" said a gentleman the other day, to a negro waiter at a hotel; "how in the world did you get so black?"—"Why, look a-here massa, de reason am dis—de day dis chile was born dar was an eclipse."

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Pl. I.

LONDON AND PARIS

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Pl II.

LONDON AND PARIS

Fashions for January 1861

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Pl. III

LONDON AND PARIS

Fashions for January

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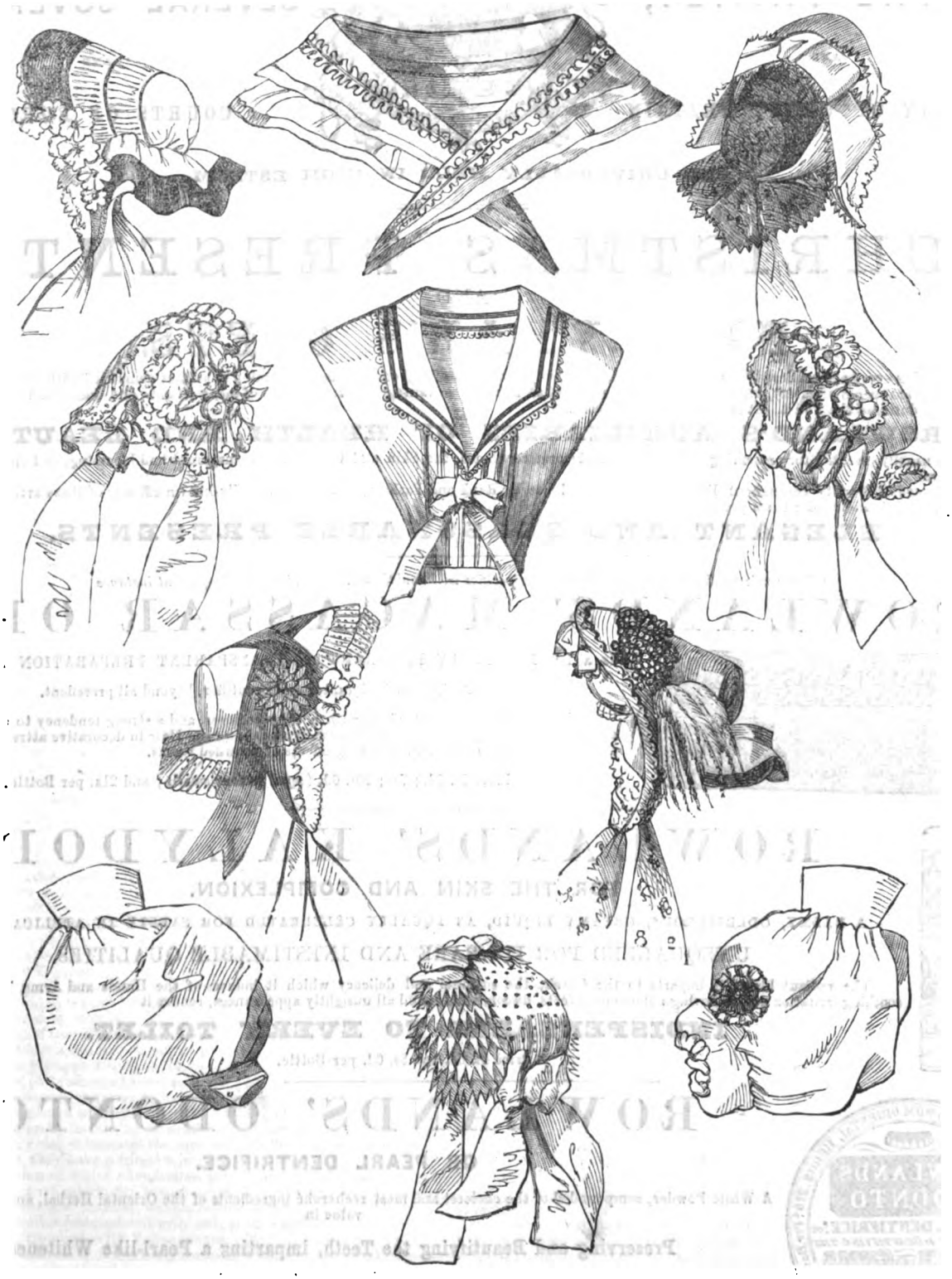
LONDON AND PARIS

Fashions for January 1861

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PLATE V.



LONDON AND PARIS.

Fashions for January, 1861.

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Honoured with the Special Patronage of Her Majesty the Queen.

THE ROYAL FAMILY, AND NOBILITY OF GREAT BRITAIN

V. R.

THE SEVERAL SOVEREIGNS AND COURTS OF EUROPE,

AND UNIVERSALLY HELD IN HIGH ESTEEM.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
AND
NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

CHRISTMAS has ever been rendered dear to the lovers of friendship and hospitality from the many charming socialities connected with it. The exuberance of the feelings, amid scenes of gaiety, induces the fair and youthful to shine to advantage under the gaze of many friends, and therefore to devote increased attention to the duties of the Toilet. It is at this festive season that

ROWLAND'S AUXILIARIES OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY

are more than usually essential for preserving the Hair in its decorative charm, the Skin and Complexion transparent and blooming, and the Teeth in their pearl-like lustre.

The Patronage of Royalty throughout Europe, their general use by Rank and Fashion, and the universally-known efficacy of these articles give them a celebrity unparalleled, and render them peculiarly

ELEGANT AND SEASONABLE PRESENTS.

A few words on the merits of these admired Specifics will doubtless be appreciated in the present instance

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL



Is a DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT and TRANSPARENT PREPARATION for the HAIR;

And, as an Invigorator and Beautifier, beyond all precedent.

It bestows a permanent gloss, with a silky softness, and a strong tendency to curl, and is THE ONLY KNOWN SPECIFIC capable of effectually sustaining the Hair in decorative attractiveness during the exercise of dancing, or the relaxing effects of crowded rooms.

Price 3s. 6d.; 7s.; 10s. 6d. (equal to four small); and 21s. per Bottle.



ROWLANDS' KALYDOR,

FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

A BALMY, ODERIFEROUS, CREAMY LIQUID, AS EQUALLY CELEBRATED FOR SAFETY IN APPLICATION AS

UNEQUALLED FOR ITS RARE AND INESTIMABLE QUALITIES.

The radiant bloom it imparts to the Cheek, the softness and delicacy which it induces of the Hands and Arms, its capability of soothing irritation and removing cutaneous defects, discolorations, and all unsightly appearances, render it

INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY TOILET.

Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per Bottle.



ROWLANDS' ODONTO,

OR PEARL DENTRIFICE.

A White Powder, compounded of the choicest and most recherché ingredients of the Oriental Herbal, and of inestimable value in

Preserving and Beautifying the Teeth, imparting a Pearl-like Whiteness,

STRENGTHENING THE GUMS,

AND IN GIVING A DELICATE FRAGRANCE TO THE BREATH.

Price 2s. 9d. per Box.

SOLD BY A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON,

AND BY CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS!!!

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, etc.

No. 362. FEBRUARY, 1861. Vol. 34.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevard des Italiens, 28*th January*, 1861.

Chère Amie,—The toilettes for out-door use continue much the same, for negligé various fancy articles of cloth, silk for demi-toilette, and velvet for richer style of dress. Light colours are not worn at all in morning toilette, the form Imperatrice cut bias and the body without separation from the front breadth is the style most generally adopted, scarcely any other is used except for very rich materials, and even for these when the body is required to be high; the dress is trimmed in front with buttons matching the colours prevailing in the material.

A very splendid new material rivals velvet this season in Paris for full dress, it is black lampas with bouquets Pompadour embroidered in the material, others of light colours checked in another shade with stars of gold or silver thread.

Robes of iron grey velvet are worn for morning visits of the form Imperatrice, tight elbow sleeves and cuffs of point d'Alençon in two deep rows rather full, the dress trimmed with a wide band of Astracan fur. Pelisse of the same colour similarly trimmed and muff to match. Bonnet of black velvet with an aigrette of China pink and one of black, black brides the ends having plaques of pink velvet trimmed with black lace.

Among elegant dinner toilettes one of blue moire francaise was ornamented on front of the skirt by black lace; wide open sleeves lined with white taffetas. Another of gros grains of light green ground with bouquets bouches had a plissé of plain taffetas marking tunic on the skirt commencing at each side of the waist, high body ornamented by a plissé forming bretelles; elbow sleeves with revers trimmed with plissés. A simple dress of the princesse form was of taffetas striped in two shades of mauve, a row of buttons from top to bottom of mauve and violet silk, elbow sleeves with open revers ornamented by similar buttons. A handsome dress of velvet was elegantly trimmed with guimpe. the corsage low, cut square before and behind, buttoning on each side, a row of guimpe mixed with bugles, short bouillonne sleeves with epaulet of guimpe. A pretty dinner dress was of very thick black taffetas with satin stripe, between which sprigs of red and green flowers; the body rather high of square form, trimmed with a ruche of taffetas in the three different colours red green and black edging the body, and embroidered muslin guimpe inside with ruche of muslin round the throat, elbow sleeves with revers trimmed as the body, the skirt has large plissés of black red and green. Long ermine tippets are very fashionable to place on the shoulders, some are of swan's down, and chinchilla is beginning to reappear. Astracan fur harmonizes with all colours, and is agreeable to wear from its lightness, but bear is equally fashionable, and ornaments the richest out-door toilettes as much as Astracan, which is used for paletots of velours delaine.

A pardessus of marron cloth was entirely bordered by black velvet, the sleeves, of the elbow form but very wide, had cuffs of black velvet, and three large spreading nœuds of velvet closed it on the chest.

Common guimpes no longer please on the bodies and skirts of dresses, the grelots, plats stamped velvets are not considered handsome enough, points d'Espagne, guipures de Venise, forming complete ornaments for silk dresses placed on high bodies of the Imperatrice form, and continued, gradually increasing in width, to the bottom of the skirt; this forms a very rich trimming, the revers of the sleeves and long ceinture correspond, they have a fringe falling on each side the revers.

The fashion of white chemisettes inside the little Zouave jackets is continued, particularly for young persons; nothing can be prettier than this chemise matelot, whether made of white flannel, the wristbands and collar embroidered with red, or of cambric muslin embroidered and trimmed with Valenciennes. Many corsages are checked with velvet, in which is worn a guimpe of tulle illusion bouillonné, or thin muslin embroidered.

There are various forms of fichu, all pretty; some are high, of the square form, others of the round pelerine form, trimmed with white blond; others are with ruches of ribbon, and worn with a body made on purpose, so that by changing the skirt only, a different toilette is at once produced.

Ball dresses are still made with double skirts. A robe of white satin was covered by three skirts of tulle; at the bottom of each was a ruche of white taffetas pinked and placed a little above the hem; these three skirts were gradually raised on the left side, supported by a chatelaine of poppies, corsage drapé, short bouffantes sleeves with double square sleeves entirely open and floating. Another toilette was of pink tarlatane; on the skirt were fourteen Pompadour flounces fluted, pointed body with berthe of tarlatane trimmed with frills, bouffante sleeves, at the point of the body in front a nœud Duchesse of tarlatane trimmed with a plissé of pink ribbon. Most are with tunic skirts this winter, and when the tunic is of tulle it is termed Voile. Tarlatane has rather lost favour. Tulle is the most fashionable, with gauze satinée, plain or spotted with gold; for young ladies, however, tarlatane is used with pinked flounces, or trimmed with narrow velvet or ruches; the flounces are to the knee, and a Voile of tulle is on the skirt attached by nœuds and flowers, sometimes the tunic is the same trimmed with a narrow flounce or a bouillonné.

A pretty little girl's dress was of marron popeline, ornamented by black velvet in a Grecian pattern. The dress was made of the Imperatrice form, the body being without separation from the skirt, the sleeves with revers as those of ladies, and a round pelerine, also ornamented with a Grecian pattern. Another pretty toilette was of blue taffetas trimmed with plush. Little boy's wear the paletot of velvet or cloth, the toilette russe with the round hats Henri III. bordered with velvet. A frock of grey woollen material had two bands of black velvet, forming bretelles on the body and descending en tablier on the skirt. Another of white and blue popeline had a wide band of blue velvet at the bottom of the skirt, and repeated on the body and sleeves. A pretty style of pardessus for a little girl is a paletot of black and white striped woollen material, with pelerine trimmed with a wide plissé of taffetas.

Bonnets of satin, capitonné are much in favour for negligé, sometimes the front and bavolet are of velvet, the colours continue to be mixed as well as the materials, all imaginable fancies are admissible; plain velvet is much used. For bonnets required for any occasion, when the toilette is very elegant, crape is preferred, covered with white tulle blond or velours royal, ornamented with feathers or flowers, a bonnet with a soft crown of tulle spotted, had the front and bavolet of pink velours royal, on the left side was a pink feather, inside white blond cap at the cheeks with tops of pink feathers forming bandeau. Another bonnet of light green velvet had a scarf of black lace on the front, inside white blond cap with bandeau of black lace and green velvet flowers with calice of gold brides of very wide velvet.

Dress hats have a very marked change lately, the trimmings are on the top of the head, sometimes even a coronet of feathers all round the brim, two colours and sometimes three are used, velvet and taffetas are mixed, and the feathers are frequently black and white, no matter of what colour or material the hat may be made. As a novelty we give the following hat of black velvet with no ornament but a touffe of blue feathers placed round the hat, at the edge of the front the feathers were as light as marabouts and formed aureole; the same style may be adopted in white and black feathers. Dress caps are of great variety, those of a round form are very fashionable, they are trimmed with a coronet of flowers, ruches or ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of taffetas, the body is high with a trimming of pinked frills forming plastron of a square form on the body and descending en tablier down the skirt, sleeves with cuffs and epaulets.

Morning Dress.—Robe of droguet, the body is full, fastening down the body and skirt with small buttons and ceinture of wide ribbon with large nœud at the side, half-long sleeves with deep cuffs, edged by a plissé of ribbon, coiffure of hair and ribbon.

Child's Dress.—Frock of pink popeline, the skirt is ornamented by two biais up the sides, edged by two rows of narrow black velvet and buttons in the centre. Zouave jacket and chemisette of white muslin with sleeves.

PLATE II.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of satin and manteau of cloth

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trimmed with black velvet and ornamented with tassels. Bonnet of white satin with coral coloured flowers.

Ball Dress.—Robe of tulle with treple skirt, the two under ones ornamented with bouquets of flowers put on at intervals, the upper skirt plain, looped up at the side by a chatelaine and nœud with ends of white satin; the body with berthe in folds, and edged with lace, short bouillon sleeves with flowers as on the skirt, and similar ones in the hair with nœud of black velvet at the back.

Evening Dress.—Robe of pink satin. Opera cloak of green velvet trimmed with ermine. Coiffure of hair with flowers.

PLATE III.—*Morning Dress*—Robe of French moire, the body and skirt in one, and ornamented by black velvet, which descends from the shoulders to the waist, from which it gradually widens and is continued round the bottom of the skirt, a row of buttons from top to bottom, bell sleeves with velvet cuffs. Coiffure of hair and velvet ribbon.

Walking Dress.—Manteau of black moire with pelerine, ornamented by a deep band of velvet, a second forms a collar. Bonnet of satin ornamented with black lace and velvet, roses at the side.

Carriage Dress.—Pelisse of satin, opened in front and trimmed with a bouillon edged by narrower ones, the body is open to the waist with a plissé at the edge, the sleeves in bouillons with plissé's between and cuffs. Straw hat turned up with velvet and long feather.

PLATE IV.—Carriage bonnet of white Terry velvet, trimmed with lace, and a Magenta coloured flower.

Promenade bonnet of lavender coloured silk, with ruches of black lace, and a rosette of the same.

Second ditto of pink and black velvet, in stripes from the front to the crown, trimmed with pink ribbon and black lace.

Dèjeuner bonnet of white crinoline, trimmed with rosettes of white satin ribbon intermixed with blond.

Morning cap of muslin, trimmed with blue ribbon edged with lace.

Second ditto of net, trimmed with broad ribbon edged with lace, and pink flowers on each side.

Evening cap of white tulle, trimmed with violet ribbon, and rosettes of black lace.

Evening cap of black tulle, trimmed with narrow black velvet, and scarlet ribbon and flowers.

Habit shirt of muslin, made square in the neck, with a band of wide insertion, trimmed with cerese bows.

White sleeve of muslin, made with plaits at the cuff, fastened into a ruche of lace, ornamented with a bow of black velvet.

Necktie of blue ribbon, edged with black lace.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

The present Model given is of a Sleeve suitable for an indoor high dress, it is open to the bend of the arm.

THE CONTRACT *versus* MUTUAL LOVE.

"So it seems, Joe, thee and I shall get married about the same time," said Philip Jones, as he and Joe Turner walked to dinner from the Clothdyers' Yard, in Leeds, where both held situations of about the same value—30s. or 35s. per week.

"Yes," said Joe, shortly; "but what will you do with a wife who cannot bake or brew, wash or cook, sew or clean? My Fanny can do all this first-rate, or she would be no wife of mine. I think you are making a bad bargain."

"Ellen has had an unfortunate bringing up," rejoined Philip; "no mother, and factory life; but she is very willing to learn, for my sake. I am sure of that; and as I truly love her, and marry her with my eyes open, I mean to act justly by her, and give her time to learn, and be patient and kindly with her while she is learning. My faith is, kindness wins a woman, and kindness *improves* a woman better than anything."

Joe smiled sarcastically.

"*My* wife must do her duty, and expect nothing from me unless it is done. If she has a clock before her, and won't be guided by it—if she have a decent home, and won't keep it decent—if she has the means to get me comforts, and don't get them—I should consider our contract at an end. I know it would be so, as far as I am concerned. A man had better put his head into the fire than have a careless, idle, useless wife."

"But, comrade, the contract is not—cannot be—one of master and servant, much less (as some interpret it) of master and slave. We take a wife as our second self; and what are we in this proud SELF? Why, full of errors, mistakes, ignorances, deficiencies. So will your wife and mine find us; yet we expect *them* to be perfect! 'Tis unjust. Have we no sympathy for the wife's trials—no help, no friendly counsel—no forgiveness where she fails—no encouragement where she tries—no gratitude where she succeeds?"

"Certainly not," said Joe. "My method with Fanny will be short and clear—there is your work; here is mine. If you do your duty—*well*; if you do not—*ill*, as you will find."

"You are a worthy fellow, Joe; and I trust you have found a worthy wife. I am aware that I run some risk of shipwreck in my voyage out; but I know Ellen's heart—her love for me, and her purpose to strive to do the best she can for me. I shall help her along all I can; and by and by you may see us as comfortable on the principle of mutual love and sympathy as you on your contract."

The young men married, and began housekeeping in two neat cottages of three rooms.

Mary Jones and Fanny Turner were next door neighbours, having the same amount of money weekly to spend, and the same daily round of duties to fulfil.

A charming little housekeeper was Fanny, to begin with; and while all things went fair and easy, she continued so, fulfilling her "contract" strictly; but when the trials of a young family came, she changed sadly and often hid herself to weep when she should have been working.

"I say, this sort of management won't do for me," said Joe, sternly and fiercely, coinmg home one day to dinner, and finding nothing ready for him, for the baby was ailing, and the mother was in arrears with her work.

"I've been out of heart," she said. "You never make allowances. You always expect things the same." "I do and will."

"In that hard masterful way you have treated me ever since we married, and it seems to have altered me quite, so that I hardly know myself. I *was* a good manager, but my health was good then, and I had no sickly babe to nurse. You have no forbearance, no indulgence, no pity. You see me often tired, bewildered, and perplexed, and give me no comfort or assistance. You go to and fro from day to day, your health and spirits always equal, and you come home expecting this, and demanding that, and threatening and chilling me. You forget, Joe, that you ought to be my helpmate as well as I yours. Nothing troubles you, but I feel it; and you care not for *my* troubles. Is this wedded love?"

A blight was on the home that might have been so blest—the blight of an unsympathising temper. This depressed Fanny, and chilled her energies just in proportion as the need for them became more peremptory.

Her temper was naturally fiery and proud. His was obstinate and impassable. Bitter and violent words grew fast between them. Fanny gave up striving; all her duties were neglected, or half done, without hope or joy. Joe became more and more violent, until the hasty blow came to be added to the hasty word, and the domestic misery was complete. All the while Joe would not see that the root of bitterness was simply wounded feeling on his wife's part, and that he could have transformed the scene of strife to one of happiness, by a more liberal view of his *contract*, conforming to that lovely precept—"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." But while he persisted in compelling his wife to bear her burdens alone, her spirit rebelled, and her actions followed her feelings, as those of women generally do.

Ellen's was a very different married life. She began with a deep sense of her own deficiencies, but relying on her husband's sympathy, counsel, and support. It is astonishing how rapidly love teaches, how successfully love learns. Ellen found even more difficulties gather about her than had beset Fanny, and sometimes she was "ready to give up;" but Philip heartened her on again. He was a true helpmate to her in everything, and that was how it was Ellen became at last so good a helpmate to him. If a dinner was a little behind time, if things were not as bright as they might be, if the "little woman" looked untidy, or kept the washing "muddling about," Philip was still reasonable, and tender in reproof. By a few pleasant inquiries he tried to ascertain how the disarrangements came about, and thought about the remedies.

"Aye, to be sure—I see now!" Ellen would frankly exclaim, when the cause of the muddle, and the way out of it, were set plain before her. "Well, how stupid of me! Now, you dear, good Philip, just see if I don't do it right next time!"

"I'll bet sixpence that you won't."

"I'll bet sixpence that I will."

And she was sure to win, acting from her feelings, in love and gratitude.

Thus, as Fanny's home fell into deeper and deeper confusion, from the want of that silver love-clue which would have extricated her from

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the labyrinth, Ellen's rose to brighter and brighter order and beauty—not the order only of material things, but of the heart and the soul.

It was Ellen's frequent happy boast:

"I knew nothing of domestic management when I married; but a kind husband has made a good wife of me. If he had been like Joe Turner, I should never have been what I now am."

"As neat and active and happy a little wife as any in England," said Philip.

Joe Turner now often "dropped in" at their happy fireside, where he was always welcome to smoke his pipe with his old friend. He would sit long in deep reveries, mooding over his disappointed hopes, and gloomily contrasting his home with Philip's. Then he would start up and talk of going to America or Australia. Philip, when they were alone, led him on gradually to talk of his unhappiness, and to investigate the causes which had led to it.

"Yes, I acknowledge that she was a good and managing young woman when I married her. Fanny was my pride as well as my delight."

"And for some time after she was your wife, you found her"—

"Everything I could wish."

"Now, friend, be rational, and say,—if she changed so remarkably,—what changed her."

"That puzzles me."

"What?—suppose our master at the yard were to heap on you just double your ordinary business, and at the same time you lost half your ordinary strength of nerve and muscle—would it be puzzling why some of your work was left undone?"

Joe reflected, as if struck with the comparison. Philip looked at him with a keen penetrating glance—"Think of that view of the case, old fellow, and fill your pipe."

The next evening Joe found a quiet opportunity to resume the conversation.

"Your wife, Philip, has had more to bear than mine. You have had two infants following close upon one another."

"She has had much to suffer and to do, Joe—poor Ellen has. But shall I tell you the secret of the difference between her and Fanny. Fanny was bound by your 'contract'—but Ellen only by the love whose service is perfect freedom—the love which casts out fear, which seeks mutual happiness through forbearance and sympathy."

Joe laid down his pipe, and rose with a smile irradiating his face.

"Go home, my friend," said Philip. "Cast your contract to the winds, comfort and succour ye your wife, and begin a new life with her."

"Philip, I will, as I am man."

And he did. From that day Fanny began to recover her lost energies, until her home once more was the abode of comfort and happiness.

TO THE ROBIN.

Perched upon a slender bough,
Robin sweet, I spy thee now;
And thank thee for each silvery note
Gushing from thy tiny throat.

Sing on, thou little trembler, sing—
To my heart sweet thoughts you bring,
And half-formed visions, brightly clear,
Seem wafted from another sphere.

Sing on loved bird, thy song is fraught
With gentle hope and holy thought,
Soft as those fleeting clouds I view,
Now melting from the heaven so blue.

The sunbeam warm upon my brow,
Falls in tender kisses flow;
Sealing those joyous hopes that came
Swelling in thy gentle strain.

EMMA.

REMEDIES.—For sea-sickness, stay on shore.—For drunkenness, drink cold water. For the gout, board with the printer. To keep out of gaol, keep out of debt. To please everybody, mind your own business. To preserve your appetite, keep out of the kitchen.—To rally hunger, eat a hearty supper.

SOLDIERS IN PEACE.—Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordona, surnamed the Great Captain, said, that soldiers in peace were like chimneys in summer.

ANECDOTES OF A DIANA MONKEY.

ALTHOUGH anecdotes of monkeys are as numerous as the beings to whom they are said to owe their origin; although they are brought forward to all ages, and all times, still I have observed that no one gets tired of them, that their histories or portraits create an interest common to all human beings, of whatever race, or in whatever situation. The negro delights in relating the wonders or the rogueries they perform, and the saying, "that monkeys could talk if they liked, only they are afraid white men would make them work if they did," is everywhere to be heard among the more indolent inhabitants of the tropics. English men, women, and children, resemble their black brethren; and there is yet another feeling, in which the most savage and the most refined seem to agree: it is the dislike or mortification, call it which you will, that we feel in seeing how nearly they resemble ourselves. There was a restless, tormenting, agile creature on board a vessel in which I sailed up the African river, who was incessantly teasing and hovering about me. If I called another, he was sure to leap across the deck and come to perform that which the other would have done much better. I never thought myself quite alone, but this fellow's head was sure to start from some unexpected corner; and one day, wearied with his officiousness, I perceived our black monkey sitting opposite to us, and said to him, "Rapoynda, that is your brother." Kind words, presents, naught availed me afterward, for I was never forgiven; the same feeling might be traced in a very different form, when a friend of mine pulled me away from the contemplation of Landseer's admirable picture, exclaiming, "How can you look at that so long. Such things ought never to have been made, and I am sure ought never to have been painted." I obeyed, but the recollection of Rapoynda flashed across me.

After this, I will not apologize for intruding an old ship-companion of mine on your notice, although he belongs to the never-failing theme of monkeys. He was a native of the Gold Coast, and was of the Diana species (*Simia Diana*). He had been purchased by the cook of the vessel in which I sailed from Africa, and was considered his exclusive property. Jack's place was then close to the caboose, but as his education progressed he was gradually allowed an increase of liberty, till, at last, he enjoyed the range of the whole ship, except the cabin. I had embarked with more than a mere womanly aversion to monkeys, it was absolute antipathy; and, although I often laughed at Jack's freaks, still I kept out of his way, till a circumstance brought with it a closer acquaintance, and cured me of my dislike. Our latitude was three degrees south, and we only proceeded by occasional tornadoes, the intervals of which were filled up with dead calms and bright weather. When these occurred during the day, the helm was frequently lashed, and all the watch went below. On one of these occasions, I was sitting alone on the deck, and reading intently, when, in an instant, something jumped upon my shoulders, twisted its tail round my neck, and screamed close to my ear. My immediate conviction that it was Jack scarcely relieved me; but there was no help: I dared not cry for assistance, because I was afraid of him, and dared not obey the next influence, which was to thump him off, for the same reason; I, therefore, became civil from necessity, and from that moment Jack and I entered into an alliance. He gradually loosened his hold, looked at my face, examined my hands and rings with the most minute attention, and took the biscuit which lay by my side.

When I liked him well enough to profit by his friendship, he became a constant source of amusement. Like all nautical monkeys, he was fond of pulling off men's caps as they slept, and throwing them into the sea; of knocking over the parrots' cages, to drink the water as it trickled along the deck, regardless of the occasional gripe he received; of taking the dried herbs out of the tin mugs in which the men were making tea of them; of dexterously picking out the pieces of biscuit which were toasting between the bars of the grate; of stealing the carpenter's tools; in short, of teasing everything and everybody: but he was also a first-rate equestrian. Whenever the pigs were let out to take a run on deck, he took his station behind a cask, whence he leaped on the back of one of his steeds as it passed. Of course the speed was increased, and the nails he stuck in to keep himself on, produced a squeaking; but Jack was never thrown, and became so fond of the exercise, that he was obliged to be shut up whenever the pigs were at liberty.

Confinement was the worst punishment he could receive, and whenever threatened with that, or any other, he would cling to me for protection. At night, when about to be sent to bed, in an empty hen-coop, he generally hid himself under my shawl, and at last never suffered any one but myself to put him to rest. He was particularly jealous of other monkeys on board, who were all smaller than himself,

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and put two out of his way. The first feat of this kind was performed in my presence: he began by holding out his paw, and making a squeaking noise, which the other evidently considered as an invitation; the poor little thing crouched to him most humbly, but Jack seized him by the neck, hopped off to the side of the vessel, and threw him into the sea. We cast out a rope immediately, but the monkey was too much frightened to cling to it, and we were going too fast to save him by any other means. Of course Jack was flogged and scolded, at which he was very penitent; but the deceitful rogue, at the end of three days, sent another victim to the same destiny. But his spite against his own race was manifested at another time in a very original way. The men had been painting the ship's side with a streak of white, and upon being summoned to dinner, left their brushes and paint on deck. Unknown to Jack, I was seated behind the companion-door, and saw the whole transaction; he called a little black monkey to him, who. like the others, immediately crouched to his superior, when he seized him by the nape of the neck with one paw, took the brush, dripping with paint, with the other, and covered him with white from head to foot. Both the man at the helm and myself burst into a laugh, upon which Jack dropped his victim, and scampered up the rigging. The unhappy little beast began licking himself, but I called the steward, who washed him so well with turpentine that all injury was prevented; but during our bustle Jack was peeping with his black nose through the bars of the main-top, apparently enjoying the confusion. For three days he persisted in remaining aloft; no one could catch him, he darted with such rapidity from rope to rope; at length, impelled by hunger, he dropped unexpectedly from some height on my knees, as if for refuge, and as he had thus confided in me, I could not deliver him up to punishment.

The only way in which I could control his tricks, was by showing him to the panther on board, which excited his fears very strongly. I used to hold him up by his tail, and the instant he saw the panther, he would become perfectly stiff, shut his eyes, and pretend to be dead. When I moved away he would relax his limbs, and open one eye very cautiously, but if he caught a glimpse of the panther's cage, the eyes were quickly closed, and he resumed the rigidity of death. After four months' sojourn together, I quitted Jack off the Scilly Islands, and understood that I was much regretted.

THE "FINEST GENTLEMAN IN EUROPE."

Mr. Thackeray, in "The Four Georges," in the *Cornhill Magazine*, thus sketches George the Fourth:—

To make a portrait of him at first seemed a matter of small difficulty. There is his coat, his star, his wig, his countenance simpering under it: with a slate and a piece of chalk, I could at this very desk perform a recognizable likeness of him. And yet, after reading of him in scores of volumes, hunting him through old magazines and newspapers, having him here at a ball, there at a public dinner, there at races and so forth, you find you have nothing—nothing but a coat and a wig and a mask smiling below it—nothing but a great simulacrum. His sires and grandsires were men. One knows what they were like; what they would do in given circumstances; that on occasion they fought and demeaned themselves like tough good soldiers. They had friends whom they liked according to their natures; enemies whom they hated fiercely; passions and actions, and individualities of their own.

The sailor king who came after George was a man; the Duke of York was a man, big, burly, loud, jolly, cursing, courageous. But this George, what was he? I look through all his life, and recognize but a bow and a grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket-handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt's best nutty brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth and a huge black stock, underwaistcoats, more underwaistcoats, and then nothing. I know of no sentiment that he ever distinctly uttered. Documents are published under his name, but people wrote them—private letters, but people spelt them. He put a great George P. or George R. at the bottom of the page and fancied he had written the paper; some bookseller's clerk, some poor author, some *man* did the work, saw to the spelling, cleaned up the slovenly sentences, and gave the lax maudlin slipslop a sort of consistency. He must have had an individuality; the dancing-master whom he emulated, nay, surpassed—the wig-maker who curled his toupee for him—the tailor who cut his coats, had that. But, about George, one can get at nothing actual. That outside, I am certain, is pad and tailor's work; there may be something behind, but what? We cannot get at the character; no doubt never shall. Will men of the future have nothing better to do than to unswathe and interpret that royal old mummy? I own I once used to think it would be good sport to pursue him, fasten on him, and pull him down. But now I am ashamed to mount and lay good dogs on, to summon a full field, and then to hunt poor game.

A ROMANCE ABOUT GARIBALDI.

A bit of romance about Garibaldi may help to explain the hostility of the Dictator of the Two Sicilies to France, and that of the Emperor of the French towards the Liberator of Italy (says the *Athenæum*):—

The family of Garibaldi, like the family of Bonaparte, is Corsican; and the name of Pozzo di Borgo or of Louis Blanc is evidence with what fiery hate a Corsican may pursue his vendetta against that lucky race. The Dictator's grandfather, Joseph Battista Maria Garibaldi, was one of those patriot Corsicans who gave the crown to Count Von Neuhoff, crowned Theodore the First of Corsica,* and being sent by the new king on a message to his mother, Madame Von Neuhoff, who lived at Peddenoh, near Ruggeburg, in the Mark Country, (now part of Westphalia), Garibaldi there fell in love with the King's sister, Catherina Amalie, and with his sovereign's consent married her. The registry of this marriage, we read in a Rhine paper, is still to be seen at Ruggeberg. In the same year Garibaldi took Catherina home to Ajaccio; but fortune failing the patriot, Theodore fled before the Genoese to England, where he became the idol and butt of Walpole, who traduced his character, and wrote the inscription over his monument in St. Anne's Church—bewailing the fortune, which

Bestowed a kingdom and denied him bread.

Joseph Battista Maria Garibaldi fled from Corsica to Nice, where after the French conquest and occupation of the island put an end to the last hopes of independence, he forgot politics and practised as a physician. His grandson is the Dictator. Meanwhile, the offences of the Bonapartes against the Garibaldi have grown in bulk and in atrocity. Corsica has been made French. Nice has now been made French. The old country, the new country, are alike gone. More, the very last home of the hero is menaced. Caprera, the lonely green rock in the Straits of Bonifacio, which he has bought with his gains, and peopled with his pigs and asses, belongs to the island of Sardinia, and must follow its path should a new "recovery" of territory to France take place. Thus, the Bonapartes seem to chase the Garibaldi like an evil fate, leaving them no foot of earth on which the soles of their feet can rest in peace. Who can wonder at the Dictator's doubt, suspicion, and dislike?

A romantic speculation may be allowed to close the record of these romantic facts. Theodore, King of Corsica, left no lawful son. An illegitimate son, known about London streets as Colonel Frederic, a man of mark in his day, pistolled himself under one of the porches of Westminster Abbey. The title had been declared by the Corsican Parliament hereditary in Theodore's family, a near branch of which Dictator Garibaldi now represents. Thus, Garibaldi's title to the throne of Corsica is just as good as that of Louis Napoleon was a dozen years ago to the throne of France. Suppose the Italian "idea" should dawn at Ajaccio? There are pretenders to crowns who have no better claim from history, and far less from merit and service, than Joseph Garibaldi, the Dictator of the Two Sicilies.

* In modern times, Corsica, an island in the Mediterranean Sea, was nominally dependent upon Genoa until 1768, when it was ceded to France. During its revolt it was erected into a kingdom under Theodore, its first and only king, 1736. He came to England, where he was imprisoned in the King's Bench Prison for debt, and for many years subsisted on the benevolence of private friends. Having been released by an act of insolvency in 1756, he gave in his schedule the kingdom of Corsica as an estate to his creditors, and died the same year at his lodgings in Soho, London. The Earl of Oxford wrote the following epitaph, on a tablet near his grave, in St. Anne's Church, Dean Street, London:—

"The grave, great teacher! to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings.
But Theodore this moral learn'd ere dead;
Fate pour'd its lesson on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom and denied him bread."

There is only one thing more powerful than a steam engine, and that is fashion. Fashion rules the women, the women rule the men, the men rule the world, *ergo*, fashion is more powerful than all influences combined.

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Pl 1

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Fashions for February 1861.

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Pl. III.

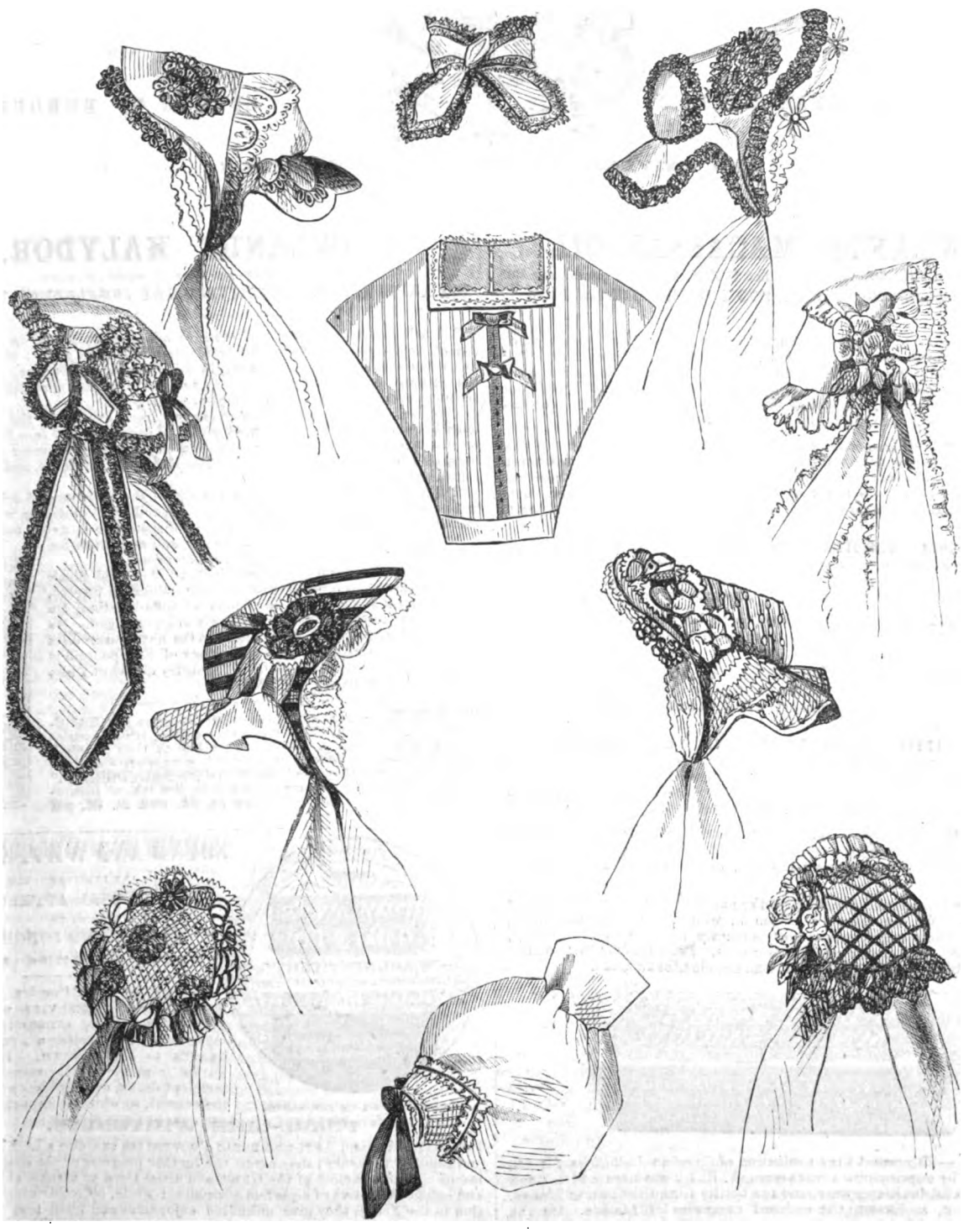
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PLATE IV.



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Fashions for February, 1861.

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THE **V.** **R.** THE

ROYAL FAMILY, **SEVERAL SOVEREIGNS**

AND AND

NOBILITY OF GREAT BRITAIN **COURTS OF EUROPE,**

AND UNIVERSALLY HELD IN HIGH ESTEEM.

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Of Unprecedented SUCCESS during the last SIXTY Years, in promoting the GROWTH, RESTORING AND BEAUTIFYING THE HUMAN HAIR.

The following is a brief notice of some of its PRINCIPAL VIRTUES, as a MILD, STIMULATIVE, CORRECTIVE, and PRESERVATIVE agent, for the Hair. The subject is more fully treated in a small Pamphlet which accompanies each bottle of ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, and wherein important hints and advice will be found on the CULTURE OF THE HAIR OF INFANCY, and on its PRESERVATION and BEAUTY through the SEVERAL STAGES OF HUMAN LIFE.

INFANCY.—It insinuates its balsamic properties into the pores of the head, nourishes the hair in its embryo state, accelerates its growth, sustains it in maturity, and continues the possession of healthy vigour, silky softness, and luxuriant redundancy, to the latest period of human life. Genial and purifying, it dispels all sourf and impurity, and renders the use of the fine comb unnecessary.

CURL AND EMBELLISHMENT.—In dressing the Hair, nothing can equal its effect, rendering the Hair so admirably soft that it will lie in any direction, producing beautifully flowing curls, and, by the transcendent lustre it imparts, rendering the COIFFURE inexpressibly attractive.

GREY HAIR.—Its nourishing properties are eminently successful in the PREVENTION of Grey Hair, and, in numerous instances, in the RESTORATION to its original colour.

BALDNESS.—Its reproductive powers are constantly and surprisingly shown in cases of Baldness, so that in numerous instances where other specifics have been tried in vain, this celebrated OIL has effected a complete restoration of beautiful Hair.

SEA-BATHING AND VIOLENT EXERCISE.—After indulging in either of these, so apt to exhaust the nourishing matter secreted at the roots or bulbs of the hair, the MACASSAR OIL will be found most efficacious, both in preserving and in immediately restoring the hair to its usual appearance of health with RENOVATED BRIGHTNESS.

CLIMATE.—This inestimable OIL preserves its virtues unimpaired by change of climate, and is alike in use from the frigid to the torrid zone, from the assemblies of St. Petersburg and Moscow, to those of Calcutta and the remote East.

Its invaluable properties have obtained the patronage of every COURT of the civilized world; and the high esteem in which it is universally held, together with numerous Testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, affords the best and surest proofs of its merits. Price 3s. 6d.; 7s.; Family Bottles (equal to four small) at 10s. 6d.; and double that size, 21s.



CAUTION.—To prevent the substitution of *Spurious Imitations* for the genuine article by unprincipled shopkeepers, A. R. & SONS here add a small copy of their Label (as it appears round the bottle) from the burin of Messrs. PERKINS, BACON, & PETCH, the eminent engravers of London. On the lower part of the label is the Signature of the Proprietors, in Red Ink, "**A. ROWLAND & SONS.**" The whole is covered with a lacework pattern, in transparent colourless ink.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR,

AN ORIENTAL BOTANICAL PREPARATION

FOR IMPROVING & BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION AND SKIN.

It is selected by Ladies in preference to all other preparations for the same object, as the great producer and preserver of a healthy purity of complexion, and a conservator of female beauty, in all climates, and during every stage in the progression of life from youth to age. It has also received the zealous recommendation of the most eminent of the faculty.

This delightful preparation is extracted from exotics of the mildest and most balsamic nature, is warranted perfectly innocent and free from mineral or other pernicious admixture; operating as a powerful cleanser of the skin, it speedily eradicates Freckles, Tan, Pimples, Spots, Redness, and every other Cutaneous defect.

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To Ladies during the period of nursing and as a wash for infants, it cannot be too strongly recommended.

During the heat and dust of summer, or frost and bleak winds of winter, and in cases of sunburn, stings of insects, chilblains, chapped skin, or incidental inflammation, its virtues have been long and extensively acknowledged. Its PURIFYING AND REFRESHING PROPERTIES have ensured its selection by Royalty and the aristocracy of Europe, and it is universally in high repute, from the sultry climes of India to the frozen realms of the Czar.



CAUTION.—Spurious Articles under the name of "KALYDOR" are frequently offered for sale, containing mineral astringents utterly ruinous to the complexion, and by their repellent action endangering health. It is, therefore, imperative on Purchasers to see that the words "**ROWLAND'S KALYDOR, &c.,**" are on the Wrapper, and their Signature, in Red Ink, at foot, as on the small copy annexed.—Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per Bottle.



A SMALL COPY OF THE LABEL.

SOUND AND WHITE TEETH

ARE INDISPENSABLE

TO PERSONAL ATTRACTION;

AND TO

HEALTH AND LONGEVITY

BY A PROPER MASTICATION OF THE FOOD.

This unique White Powder is of inestimable value in PRESERVING and BEAUTIFYING the TEETH, STRENGTHENING the GUMS, and in imparting a DELICATE FRAGRANCE to the BREATH. It eradicates Tartar from the Teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a

PEARL-LIKE WHITENESS.

Its ANTISEPTIC and ANTI-SCORBUTIC PROPERTIES exercise a highly beneficial and salutary influence; they arrest the further progress of the decay of Teeth, induce a healthy action of the GUMS, and cause them to assume the brightness and colour indicative of a perfect soundness; while, by confirming their adhesion to the Teeth, they give unlimited enjoyment and fresh zest to appetite, by perpetuating effective and complete mastication. It speedily removes those ravages which children sustain in the Teeth owing to [redacted] sweet and acid substances.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—UNPRINCIPLED SHOPKEEPERS, for the sake of gaining a trifle more profit, vend the most SPURIOUS COMPOUNDS, under the names of **Macassar Oil, Kalydor, Odonto, &c.**, they copy the LABELS, BILLS, ADVERTISEMENTS, and TESTIMONIALS (substituting FICTITTIOUS names and addresses for the real) of the original preparations. It is therefore necessary to see that the word "**ROWLANDS'**" precedes the name of the article on the Wrapper or Label of each.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, etc.

No. 365. MAY, 1861. Vol. 34.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS, *26th April*, 1861.

The spring materials are very pretty; those of mohair are with delicate designs, and soft light tints. Figured silks on black grounds are very fashionable, but taffetas of lighter colours are also worn chiné, or of narrow stripes mingled with sprigs of flowers. It is yet early for bareges, but the mohairs form very pretty spring toilettes, particularly for useful wear, and well adapted for young ladies, and may be made with or without trimmings, plisses, or ruches of taffetas, or mixed with the mohair. One of white ground, with small lilac stripes, had plissé edged with lilac in three rows, and buttons of taffetas on the front of the skirt, between two rows of plisses *a la Vieille*, the body open, trimmed with the same plissé, and chemisette of embroidered muslin trimmed with a ruche of tulle. Mousselines de laine will frequently have flounces, but as the season advances we may expect some newer styles in trimmings. A new taffetas is very successful of black ground, *à chinnaes*. Some of the trimmings in plisses are rather wide, and more are fluted than plissé; when the flounces are narrow they are put on rather full.

The prevailing favourite colours are grey, mignonette, periwinkle, Persian lilac, a new print of soft lilac tint, pale green, and porcelaine blue, etc.

The robe Imperatrice is preferred to all others for demi toilette or negligé, which is regulated by the material. Thus mohairs, thick taffetas, broché materials, if made with high body are mostly of the Imperatrice form, which name is given to the dresses that are not separated from the front breadth of the skirt; the sleeves worn with this body are of the Mousquetaire form with revers—the *nervures* of the body and front breadth are often ornamented with guimps or ruches of taffetas, similar to the material of the dress. When this style of dress is objected to the body is made high, round at the waist, or with very small point; the round body is however mostly used. With this the ceinture Medici of velvet is very fashionable just now, as well as the ribbon scarf one, very wide with fringe. There is also a kind made of urise or green velvet to wear with low bodies of tarlatane. The point is deeper than that of the Medici ceinture, and has points also under the arms.

We again see the dresses with flounces, particularly for summer materials what could be substituted for them on bareges, muslins, or organdy; even some taffetas are with flounces. One of black had very narrow flounces, piped with violet taffetas. Some are put on in the apron style, each band encircling the dress with about eight flounces. Others have trimmings made of thick ruches of the same material as the dress edged by white taffetas. There is a new make of sleeve that is much approved; it is something of the Pagoda. Some sleeves have frills placed on much as the skirts, but the Mousquetaire large bell, open sleeve, etc., may be used.

Great novelties in guimps are ready for the season; these trimmings accord in colour with the dress. The point d'Espagne is a little heavy for thin materials, but superb on taffetas and moires. In *parures*, or sets of trimmings for the front, *en tablier*, the body and revers, fringes of chenille plats, tassels of every description, macarons trimmed with lace guipure or silk are all in use. Among attractive novelties for the youthful is the ceinture Medici of velvet or silk in marron green, violet, etc., being at the same time simple; yet it forms ceinture and corsage, and may be worn over a silk or white muslin dress. The prettiest are of black velvet. They are also made in terry velvet, violet, sky blue, and scarlet.

Many caps are now made round, which seems to be the taste of the moment, and are very becoming to youthful countenances. Many caps however have brides of tulle or taffetas. Some coiffures have been made of lace with pompons or chicorées of black taffetas, but roses, lilac, peach blossom, etc., enliven them; even black feathers now ornament the dress cap, surmounted by a white aigrette on one side, and flowers in mixed colours on the other; the bouquet being placed very low. This style is suitable for dinner dress. There will not be any very great change in the form of bonnets, but much variety in the trimmings. Many will have flowers, feathers, or lace on the summit of the front, and the soft crowns bouillonné continue to be worn. Those with round crowns droop a great deal; inside the bandeaux of flowers are still used, and as a novelty we may also add feathers, which have an elegant effect. Black has long been so fashionable that we find it introduced in various ways, and this season black straw bonnets are to be worn. One of these was trimmed with roses and black and red velvet; the bavolet was double, one of black taffetas, the other of red velvet. The bonnet was plain at the edge, without velvet, the strings black. The bonnets of this style are only intended for morning negligé wear, with voilette of lace, but it will be decidedly the bonnet of ladies of high ton. Corn flowers, nasturtions, and stocks are worn on black straws, particularly the nasturtion of light texture. Few flowers are used for this simple style. The straws this season are all of the coarse kind of straw. A new kind of white, and of *ecrue* straw, form very pretty bonnets, and rather compete with the Belgian straw. Nothing, however, replaces Leghorns or paille de riz, which, with crape and tulle, constitute the most elegant kind. The *ecrue* and white straws accord with black lace and flowers.

Pailles de riz are always the most elegant coiffures; one was ornamented with crape lisse, tulle, and seed coral; another with black feathers, and inside black lace and roses, and indeed it would be an omission not to add that black seems daily to become more fashionable for trimmings whether of taffetas, lace, or black materials. Even caps are worn with black strings. Very pretty bonnets are made of mohair, and are elegant trimmed; they are also made of black or grey, sprigged with straw. Fancy straws are also appearing.

Manteaux in dark colours, of a material suitable to the season, trimmed with bands of plush of the Chinese red. For carriage wear tassels and braids of gold may be used. They are equally suitable for opera cloaks as for the sea side. Many cloaks are made of black silk, lined with violet or white. The mantelets resemble light pelisses. They are ornamented by pelerines of guipures or chantelly, the fronts cut of a square form. The lace shawls which are so suitable for summer toilettes are a little changed in form. They will be worn with double points. The simple shawl has been found too transparent, whilst the double hangs more gracefully. The confections of the season are much ornamented with guimp; novel fringes will trim the pelerines when they are not of lace or guipures. Among the more elegant confections the casaques are observed either tight to the figure or partially so. Paletots with revers, pelisses, mantes, and mantelets for young persons, shawls either long or square, and even bournouses for travelling and country wear.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Public Promenade Dress.*—Robe of checked taffetas, with tight high body, ornamented down the front with nœuds of taffetas, edged by black lace. Pagoda sleeves with plisses and nœuds to correspond. Bonnet of mauve crape with white feathers.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of moire, with jacket-body closing up the front with buttons, and edged all round by a ruche of taffetas, the large open sleeve to correspond. Bonnet of white satin and crape, with carnations.

Morning Dress.—Robe of poil de chevre; the body is open, with revers trimmed with a fluting of ribbon, two rows of the same ornament the skirt as tunic. Mousquetaire sleeves, with cuffs similarly finished, round cap of tulle, with trimmings of lace and red ribbon.

PLATE II.—*Carriage Dress.*—Robe of taffetas, broché ornamented by bands of black velvet; the body is plain, with small buttons up the front, ceinture of velvet with long ends; the sleeves are open to the arm-hole. Bonnet of mauve taffetas, with feathers at the side.

Walking Dress.—Robe of gros grain of the Imperatrice form the skirt hanging in deep flutes; scarf of deep blue taffetas, embroidered with velvet. Bonnet of white crin, trimmed with flutings of ribbon and flowers.

Evening Dress.—Robe of pink satin, the skirt is ornamented by three rows of tulle fluted, and black lace; low body, with berthe similar to the trimmings on the skirt. Short bouillon sleeves, with

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white tulle, one under. Coiffure of hair in ringlets, with feathers at the side.

PLATE III. *Dinner Dress.*—Robe of grey taffetas; the body has a berthe formed of ribbon plissé and black lace, the sleeves to correspond, and deep flounce of black lace on the skirt, with plissé of ribbon above and below it. Coiffure a l'Eugenie, with nœuds and cordon of velvet.

Promenade Dress.—Robe of taffetas, closing up the centre with buttons, a trimming of mauve, fluted taffetas forms bretelles on the body, and descend each side of the skirt. Bonnet of paille de riz and violets.

Little Girl's Dress.—Frock of mohair, with high body and small pelerine, trimmed with a pink bouillon. Mousquetaire sleeves, the cuffs edged by a bouillon, which is also placed a little above the hem. Turban hat, with long white feather.

PLATE IV.—*Boy's Dress.*—Shirt and open jacket of popeline, edged with black velvet, and full body and sleeves of cambric.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of moire, with ornaments of guimp up the skirt and body, and also on the bell sleeve, which is finished with fringe. Bonnet of crape and taffetas, with feathers.

Walking Dress.—Pelisse of taffetas, open from the waist, and trimmed all round with a plissé; a deep flounce on the under skirt with heading, and edged at the bottom with a plissé. Bonnet of straw, with soft crown of coloured silk and ruches.

PLATE V.—Little girl's frock of pink French delaine, trimmed with bands of rose-coloured terry velvet, edged with guimp. Buttons of the same colour.

Carriage bonnet of white quilted silk, trimmed with mauve-coloured bands round the edge and curtain, and a coronet of ribbon across the front, terminating in two white feathers.

Second bonnet of white braid, trimmed with green ribbon, edged with black lace, and ornamented on the top with violet-coloured flowers.

Promenade bonnet of primrose-coloured silk, trimmed with rosettes of ribbon and black lace, and a coronet of lilac across the front.

Evening cap of lace, and pink ribbon crossed on the crown, trimmed at the side with bunches of lilies of the valley.

Second ditto of lace, trimmed with green ribbon, with bunches of May flowers.

Dress cap of white tulle and black blond, trimmed with cerise ribbon and white camellias.

White sleeve of figured muslin, drawn into a band of pink ribbon, over which is placed wide insertion, fastened at the wrist with a bow of the same colour.

Second ditto of white cambric, trimmed with bands of black figured velvet, and a ruche of black lace at the wrist.

Collarette of Marcella, with a bow of orange colour ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

At this moment high bodies quite to throat are worn by young ladies, and the pattern given with this number is of this description; it has a little fulness at the shoulder and waist in front, but the back is plain, and it is round at the waist. May be worn with or without ceinture.

ITALY AND ITS CARBONARI.

Astura was formerly a Roman city, where Lucullus and Cicero had pleasure houses. In the middle ages it was converted into a strong fortress, of which the story of its dishonour by Frangipani, is well known. Wasted by the lapse of centuries, it is now but a link in the long chain of defensive towers, raised at distances of six miles from each other, to protect the Roman coasts against the pirates of Africa, the plague, and smugglers. Mounting one gun, it is garrisoned like its fellows, by four artillery men, a sergeant, and a deputy from the *Sanita* (board of health), whose office is limited to putting vessels in quarantine, in event of wreck, or voluntary landing on these semi-African shores, strongly menaced by contagion.

The modern tower is a square keep, washed on all sides by the ocean, whose ravages have, in the lapse of centuries, indented the adjacent shores; it is built on ancient foundations, and is connected with the main land by a stone bridge. It resembles a fortified rock, and might on necessity sustain a siege. But it is indeed in perpetual siege; blockaded to the sea by the African pestilence, and landward by the fever of the Maremma. Built on the most solitary beach of the Roman desert, between the little town of Neptune, and that Circean mount of Homer, where still floats the shadow of the magician, to the terror of the shepherd; the tower of Astura is merely separated from the Pontine marshes by the narrow belt of forests from Antium to Terracina: primeval forests they might be called; so deep their silence, so profound their shadow! issuing from their gloomy recesses in its descent from the Albanian hills, the ancient Lanurius, now called the Conca, rolls its sandy waters near the walls of the citadel, and, an unknown traveller through the desert, silently loses itself in the Tyrrhenian sea.

The solitude of Astura, and the tried Carbonarism of Sergeant Oddo, who commanded it, had made it a rendezvous for the initiated. Eight Italians, all exiles and Carbonari, had repaired thither secretly from Corsica, with arms and ammunition; they had been there a fortnight, awaiting intelligence from emissaries who were travelling in every direction. For whilst one political missionary, carrying the watchword from Tuscany to Bologna, and thence to Piedmont and Lombardy, was risking his head beneath every scaffold in Italy, he was (according to his passport) a gentleman at large on a journey of pleasure. Entrusted with a similar mission for the sittings in the east of the Neapolitan dominions, another Carbonari was proceeding from Rome towards the two Sicilies, as a learned archeologian, at the expense and beneath the protection of the court of Rome, with the title of *Antiquary to his Holiness.* For Italian Carbonarism exists everywhere, under every variety of title; clothed in every garb, it is a kind of invisible genius, everywhere present; an unattainable Proteus! Italy is, like ancient Egypt, a land of mysteries and initiations. It is throughout volcanic soil, where thrones tremble like the earth they stand upon; and when the surface is the most calm, even then, perhaps, is the mine kindling, and preparing to explode.

A religious and political institution brought into Europe from Egypt—Carbonarism has traversed centuries under a thousand names. Meeting together in their secret crypts, its adepts regard each other brethren, and swear mutual aid and fidelity.

Before the torch of history shall light up these political catacombs, it is for fiction to descend thither and lead the way. The enthusiastic mysteries of cotemporaries are as truly in its domain, as are the cold chronicles of remote ages.

If the illusions of the past have power to call up emotion, the misfortunes of the present have likewise their spell. Inspired poets! gifted romancers! all ye potent artists who look with contempt upon your own country, and whose adventurous genius delights to seek its abode in ruins!—your voice surprises and enthrals—your intelligence subdues me; I admire your poems as cathedrals, and your heroes as statues; but I am of my own era, and they wake not my sympathies.

Of the eight Italians under the shelter of the tower of Astura, the proudest spirit was that of Grimaldi, the Genoese. Although a Patrician, he had ranged himself under the banners of the people, and though a Genoese, his hopes were not for Genoa, but Italy. After the restoration in 1814, when Genoa was made over like a flock of sheep to Sardinia, the country of the Adorni and Fregosi had not a more zealous or more bitter republican. When the prince exacted a new oath of allegiance from the Genoese nobility, Grimaldi refused it, and condemned himself to voluntary exile. Having retired to Corsica, he was the first at the meeting at Astura. Remo, ancestor of the outlaws, was a young painter of Parma, as handsome as Raphael; like him an artist, and one who might in other times have resuscitated the great Lombard school; but carried away by the warmth of his spirit into the ensanguined path of conspiracies, he wasted in those rough and clouded struggles, a life of poetry, enthusiasm and passion. But, perhaps, the most interesting person of the group, was a young native of Arona, on the banks of lake Major; who had received in the tower the name of Conradine, from his grace and beauty, which resembled those of the last Suabian, who like him was just sixteen years of age, with blue eyes and long fair hair. He might indeed have been thought a Suabian rather than an Italian. To see his fair feminine face and mild blue eyes, amongst those stern and weather-beaten countenances, with their black and fiery eyes, one asked how it chanced that so fragile a creature was cast amongst those energetic beings? and what community of interest there could be between them? Such are the extraordinary and yet poetical hazards of revolutions.

Compromised in a bloody rising of the University of Turin, where his only brother was killed, with many others, upon the very steps of the altar, Conradine openly swore to revenge him: notwithstanding his extreme youth and the supplications of his mother, he was sentenced to perpetual banishment. His weeping mother refused the little consolation of following her only child into exile; she was now detained as a hostage for his conduct abroad. Having entered life under such harsh auspices, the heart of the young man was divided between his mother and Italy. He was to the rest of the banished, an object of affectionate care. Whilst these all waited in their lonely abode the arrival of advices by which their future plans were to be

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guided, an individual of a very different character was travelling towards them, an unwilling guest.

Brancadore,—such was the name of the new comer, was one of the body guard of the Pope. About twenty years of age, the ward and distant relation of Prince Jesi (a Roman patrician, of the old school), Brancadore was, however, a Carbonari; more, it is true, from chance and idleness, than principle; for, the gayest of the gay, he seemed to look little beyond the present hour for amusement or interest.

Having imprudently betrayed some of the movements of the order, and being in danger of denunciation by the police, the superior advised his instant departure from Rome, until the storm had subsided; and traced for him an itinerary of his route for Astura, with directions to avoid inhabited places, and to shape his course through the deepest solitudes of the desert.

Brancadore was stunned by this abrupt departure. He adored Rome, and hankered after it as the Israelites after the "flesh-pots" of Egypt; he, however, accepted exile as a merited punishment, and left the city at full gallop, through the gate of St. Sebastian. As he passed the tomb of the Scipios, the sun had risen above St. John of Lateran, tinging with golden light the cypress groves of Mount Celien, and the immense baths of Caracalla.

Faithful to his instructions, Brancadore sped his way rapidly on towards Asturas, through the open country, avoiding both towns and villages. Leaving to the left the Albanian route, and to the right the road to Ardea, he crossed the broad undulations of the Campagna, and gained almost at a heat, the declivity of the Albanian hills, formerly covered with patrician villas. Trampling upon the ruins, or rather the dust of Politorus and Corioles, he rested not with horse, white with foam, until he had attained the banks of the Conca, in the broad *fief* of the Campo-morto.

Compelled to make a pause, to take rest from fatigue and the heat of the sun, he did not reach the shore until nightfall, leaving behind him, on the coast, Neptune and Porto d'Ango. Thick-set with ruins, prolonged even beneath the ocean, and which fancy might have portrayed as the mysterious palace of some water-spirit, the beach at first rough and stony, gradually smoothed on the approach to Astura, and became sandy and yielding.

Exhausted with fatigue, the horse of Brancadore sank in the humid arena, and the tower seemed to retreat in the distance. His thoughts vibrating between Rome, with its luxurious delights, and the tower of exile and atonement, the young Roman surrendered himself to the slow pace of his steed, and the soothing fascinations of a summer's night. The stars glittered above his head, and the waves murmured at his feet like a sleeping swallow. At length the fatal keep rose before him like a phantom; its dark mass rising as a blot in the sparkling fields of heaven.

Suddenly reminded by its abrupt appearance of the purport of his journey, Brancadore pressed on, but the *qui vive* of the sentinel, and the report of fire-arms, stopped him short. He asked for the sergeant; the sentinel's shout was immediately answered by another shout from behind the tower, and Oddo a moment afterwards made his appearance.

Brancadore, alighting, held out his hand to him; a carbonaric sign commenced the recognizance, which was completed by the letter he brought. His identity satisfactorily proved, the new guest was led by the sergeant, not into the tower, but to the sands at the mouth of the Conca. There a mournful scene awaited him: bare-headed and silent, all the banished men of Astura, except one, stood ranged in a circle on the beach, round a funeral pile; and the only one missing in the ranks of the living, was he who lay a corpse upon that funeral pile.

The arrival of Brancadore did not interrupt the ceremony. He was unknown to all; but a word from the sergeant installed him as one of them, and the mute assembly opened their ranks, inviting him by look and gesture to assist at the nocturnal solemnity.

Order re-established, Conradine, in tears, torch in hand, advanced to the centre of the circle, and averting his fair countenance, set fire to the pile. His simplicity and youth had designated him for this sad and affecting office. At the instant when the flame caught the pile, more than one tear flowed down in the obscurity, more than one sigh was heard amidst the silence, and the softening of all hearts was on the point of manifesting itself in a passionate burst of lamentation, when Azzo, the energetic Azzo, who had witnessed more scenes of desolation during his career than any other at Astura, entoned with strong voice, though betraying emotion, a chant of hope and consolation. The storm of tears was quelled; the military *de profundis* strengthened every heart, dried every tear, and stifled every sigh, carrying away every voice and spirit in one grand and melodious chorus.

The white and aromatic flame of the pines rapidly communicated itself to the oaks, myrtles, and olives, and the whole pile, as well as the dead body, were soon but one mass of fire. The flame now mounted towards heaven in burning wreaths, and again spreading in sparkling sheaves, fell back upon the bosom of the dark waters like a shower of stars. The sea was red, the heavens were red, and the glow reddened with the rest the pallid brows of the conspirators. Like templars at the pile of the grand-master, they all stood there motionless—drowning with their religious, yet warlike chant, the roaring of the conflagration; soon the deep, manly chorus died away in the ocean, and the forests of the desert were silent.

Furrowed with crimson reflections of the glare, the gloomy and massive tower was voiceless as nature. Standing on the battlements like a shadow, and surveying the fiery shore, a figure in white drapery witnessed from the heights of the tower the festival of the dead. It was Isolina, the daughter of old Matthew, the deputy; but the dark flashing eye of this child of the Maremma in vain sought through the night the fair head of Conradine. The young outcast of the Alps had this evening neither glance nor thought for Isolina; his whole soul was devoted to grief.

The pile, no longer burning, still continued to smoke until altar and victim were consumed: at length the heavens, the sea, and the shore relapsed into shadow. The sacrifice accomplished, whilst all stood round in silence, Tibaldo, the Venetian, weeping, collected and deposited in an antique urn, the yet warm ashes of Grimaldi. For he it was—the haughty Genoese—subdued in unavailing struggle with the fever of the malaria, who was king of the festival; the silent king, who had for canopy the starry vault of night, for throne the funeral pile—and for kingdom the realms of eternity!

LIFE ON THE COAST OF COCHIN CHINA.

"Every man, from the Quong, or Governor, down to the beggar, was swarming with insects, whose name disgusts a European. The Cochinese look upon them as a natural inheritance, and lawful tenants of their persons. They appeared quite surprised to see me have such an abhorrence of these filthy insects; nor would all my reason and advice tempt them to cleanse their bodies and clothes. They sometimes, on a hot day, take their clothes off in a sunny place, and rid themselves of some of the superflous ones; but, even then, they disdain to destroy them; they merely throw them to the ground, for a neighbour who may not have his full complement! Another circumstance happened at the fishing village, after the pirates had left, which I forgot to mention before, namely, the return of the women, who had been sent into the interior of the country. I should think there were more than two hundred in all, sometimes two or three to one hut. But such ugly creatures, and more dirty than the men, if possible! I was disgusted with them. I could not distinguish them by their dress, as they were habited similarly to their lords. They had their hair rolled up differently, with two or three brass pins stuck in it; and some of them had small pieces of brass wire for ear-rings. They were not so good-looking as the men, and not to be compared to the women of China. They offered me betel-nut to chew, 'en-kow-ong,' as they called it. When I declined it, they seemed quite surprised, and would not be satisfied that I did not use it; but asked to look at my teeth, and showed symptoms of disgust at their natural white colour, at the same time pointing to their own, which were as black as ebony. They chew this nauseous nut all day long, and only take it out of their mouths while they are eating. They use a substance much resembling lime, made into a thick paste, and spread upon a pepper leaf, in which they roll up a small piece of the betel-nut, then place the whole in the mouth and chew it. It causes an unnatural flow of saliva in the mouth, which, mixing with the nut, turns red. They, therefore, continually spit large quantities of a liquid that has the appearance of blood, which is a disgusting sight to a person who is not in the habit of using it. I am not aware that it has any effect upon the nervous system; but it turns unnaturally black one of the greatest ornaments of the face, the teeth. Black teeth are with them an embellishment, rather than a disfigurement; they are coveted as much by them, as a good head of hair is by the English; and they are a necessary adjunct to opulence and respectability. I saw many young men whose teeth were completely decayed by chewing this corroding nut; it seems to eat them away entirely, and destroy them in a few years. I noticed many of the natives with teeth so short that they scarcely protruded above the gums, which has a most loathsome appearance. Women and children alike chew the betel-nut."—*Brown's Adventures and Captivity.*

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REVIEWS.

Over the Straits: a Visit to Victoria. By Louisa Meredith.

Starting from Twamley, Tasmania, the authoress, with her husband and little boy, rode over the "Tier," took ship at Launceston, made the best of a bad passage to Melbourne, and after passing a few weeks in lionizing, and tripping it to Geelong, and back again to Melbourne, returned to her appointed place in a society of which she observes.—"We are notoriously a prosaic, matter-of-fact community, we settlers and sheep-farmers of the far south east, and it is but seldom that an original or picturesque thought can be laid to our charge." A portion of the leisure which is permitted even to the ladies of Tasmanian "settlers and sheep-farmers," Mrs. Meredith has devoted to polishing up the notes of her diary into a narrative:—

A NIGHT VISITOR TO A LADY'S BED.

"A lady of my acquaintance once displayed greater presence of mind than I, with my impulsive, shuddering terror of the dangerous reptiles, could have supposed possible. She was lying awake one dark night, aroused, she believed, by a slight noise in her room, and felt something come softly on to the bed, and pass over her feet: it glided on, and pushed, gently and *coldly*, against her arm, which lay outside the clothes, across her breast. She then knew that the moving thing was a snake, and that to stir—was to die. With wonderful self-command, every nerve thrilling with horror, she lay perfectly still, whilst the reptile endeavoured again and again to nestle itself beneath her warm arm; failing to do this, it glided slowly on, over her shoulder and the pillow, and thence dropped on the floor. With one convulsive plunge, she gained the door and called for help, and when lights came, a large black snake was found and killed; but my courageous friend suffered in ill health for some time, from the fright of those few awful moments."

AN AWKWARD BED, AND WORSE COMPANION.

"A gentleman whose occupation as a land surveyor compelled him frequently to make long journeys and sojourns in the bush, with only a small tent for shelter, was led so much in the company of the snaky fraternity, that his antipathy and fear devised a scheme for his protection at night, by sewing up the sides and one end of an opossum-skin rug, in the form of a bag or bolster case, with a running string round the open end. Laying this straight out where he proposed sleeping, he used to shuffle and wriggle into it feet first, and then draw up the string round his neck. Having on one occasion achieved this rather complicated process of getting into bed, he became aware that one of his dreaded enemies had retired before him, and, being roused by his entrance, was writhing and twisting about his feet. How he extricated himself from the abhorred reptile, I believe he had no very clear remembrance; one thing, however, is tolerably certain—that he got out of bed much more expeditiously than he got in."

FORTUNE SEEKING AT CASTLEMAINE DIGGINGS.

"Two officers of high rank in the British army, who had sold their commissions and embarked the proceeds, together with all their other means, in digging speculations, were living with the families near the 'reef,' (a reef destined, I fear, to see the wreck of their fortunes!) A young relative, too, who had, whilst a governess, saved one or two hundred pounds, was induced to add this, her little all, to the general fund, and was then enduring, with patient hope, both privation and fatigue, and earning a small stipend, as morning governess, near Castlemaine, walking daily four miles to and from her duties. Her adventurous friends had given two hundred and forty pounds for a 'claim,' (*i. e.*, space of ground enough to dig a shaft in). They bought a steam-engine to crush the quartz, and were in a state of anxious fever for the result, trying to believe and impress others with the belief, that they '*must* very soon come upon a great mass of gold;' though it were difficult to say on what such tempting expectations were founded. It was very sad to see two brave, intelligent gentlemen and gallant soldiers working and slaving in the mud and water, harder than any brickmaker's labourer—and dirtier withal—and as tiny atoms of the deluding gold were detected by their hungry eyes, to hear the eager cry, '*There's* a speck!'—'There's *another!*'—and see the gleam of wild delight when a larger crumb than usual glittered in the dish of mud."

A Brief Discourse on Wine: its Culture and Produce in all Countries. How to Choose it, and How to Use it: 1861. London: Longman & Co., Paternoster Row: J. L. Denman, 15, Fencharch Street.

This is a useful and interesting little work, and we cordially welcome its opportune appearance at a moment when, both by legislative discussion and Government measures of amelioration, public attention and expectation has been strongly directed towards enlarged supplies and an extended consumption of foreign wines. The subject matter, it is true, cannot be considered as altogether new, yet in no conceivable future of a civilized community is it likely ever to be pronounced old enough to lose its utility, or a full and general acknowledgment of its agreeable and restorative properties. Notwithstanding a very natural and excusable predilection in favour of the juice of the grape, and a ready disposition to gather every novelty connected with so genial a theme, we must frankly confess to some misgivings, on first opening these pages, lest dry local statistics or nice geographical distinctions should constitute the chief topics of discussion. Such vain and unworthy imaginings, however, were quickly dispelled, and our gratification was proportionately enhanced on finding the book replete with appropriate and valuable information, conveyed in a form both pleasing and instructive.

This "Brief Discourse" professes to give a comprehensive description from the earliest times of one of Nature's most beneficent gifts to man, and fully and satisfactorily does it redeem its pledge. By a judicious division into convenient sections, the varied productions of the vine-growing regions are separately treated, and the essential properties and virtues characteristic of each suitably compared and explained. The several hints furnished for aiding the judgment in a proper selection as well as the preservation of wines are pertinent and practical; whilst the incidental facts and anecdotes interspersed throughout, combine to rivet attention and approval, mingled perhaps with some surprise that so much both novel and interesting could be said on a subject which at first sight might be thought by some to pertain chiefly to the club-room or public wine-store. Such an imperfect and barren notion a perusal of this volume will do much to refute. Its fulness of detail and great perspicuity of style is admirably adapted to impart special and pleasing information to every class of readers; whilst the full research and accuracy that distinguish the chief contents will satisfy both the more serious inquirer and the fastidious connoisseur. It is exceedingly well got up, with clear type, good paper, a neat binding, and of moderate price; and we can conscientiously commend it as an acceptable and suitable book either for the parlour-table or library, and especially appropriate at the present juncture.

The Toilet.—The duties of the toilet and the due preservation of the gifts of Nature are so intimately associated with the preservation of our health and well-being, that it is impossible to neglect their important claims without paying a severe penalty for our negligence and want of care. Among the most important objects which claim our notice in this respect, the hair, the skin, and the teeth obviously require the most sedulous attention. For the whole of these the perseverance and success of Messrs. Rowlands have provided specifics of unfailing efficacy and virtue. Their celebrated Macassar has obtained universal celebrity, has been celebrated by the lays of the poet, and is patronised by rank, beauty, and fashion for its inimitable qualities in preserving the hair in a state of healthfulness and beauty. The skin has, in like manner, claimed their attention, and in the production of their Kalydor they have achieved a discovery no less beneficial to that delicate and vital portion of our frame; the same result has been achieved with their Odonto or Pearl Dentifrice, which, as a preserver and beautifier of the teeth and gums, stands unrivalled by any dentifrice of past or present times.

A distinguished French writer says, that he has "sacrificed everything upon the Altar of Liberty." We suspect that he altar-ed his principles.

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PLATE V.



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THE

LONDON AND PARIS
LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, etc.

No. 366. JUNE, 1861. Vol. 34.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevard des Italiens, *26th May*, 1861.

Chère Amie,—The ungenial state of the weather during the early part of last month greatly retarded the appearance of spring fashions, though all only waiting sunshine and balmy breezes instead of an easterly wind to be universally adopted.

Chiné materials, grenadines, bareges of every description, etc., will form suitable toilettes for summer. Chiné silks are very fashionable, and flounces are again in favour; but they are put on in plaits, not gathered. Some dresses are with black trimmings. Pinked ruches are fashionable, and they are mostly black. Plissés à la Vieille are also much used. Sometimes the trimming is of three plissés, with ruches between the plissés, the sleeves having similar trimmings. A dress of black taffetas, spotted with straw colour, was trimmed with straw-coloured taffetas and buttons. Another, of lilac chiné, had a long band of mauve from the throat as an étole to the bottom of the skirt. Dresses are a good deal trimmed. The trimmings are very much varied, and constitute the merit of them. A dress elegantly trimmed, no matter what may be the material, will always be more or less dressy. The toile de chevre, which is now seen in such various styles, is either elegant or simple, according to the manner of ornamenting it, and is invaluable for useful or country wear. When the poil de chevre is of white ground, with designs in mauve, green, groseille, the trimmings may be of taffetas of the corresponding colour, the skirt without flounces.

A simple but pretty style of trimming barege dresses in negligé is, by placing a wide fluted band of barege above the hem, another less deep above, and, if wished, a third. On silk dresses, wide ribbons covered with black guipure; sometimes the ribbon is white, on a dress of grey, mauve, green, etc., and the trimming on the body the same.

Dresses continue to be made very full and very bouffantes, the style being similar to that in favour during the winter, the materials being merely lighter in colour and less heavy in texture; flounces, ruches, plissés, of every kind. Plain dresses are not much worn, even for young ladies; some kind of trimming is preferred, more especially on the skirt. Many of the summer dresses will be with open bodies, particularly muslins, either white or coloured, inside of them. A little embroidered chemisette trimmed with Valenciennes, the sleeves of various forms, some with revers with a deep hem, trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

Crinoline skirts still maintain their sway, and continue as the principal means for the general display of ladies' dresses. The combined elegance and finish of these admired articles will cause them to remain favourites both on this and the other side of the channel. The present season has produced some new and beautiful varieties; among others, "The Belle of the Court," manufactured by W. S. and C. H. Thomson, so light and elegant, in silk, that it deserves to take, and will undoubtedly have, the lead in the Courts of Europe, as well as in the first circles of society.

White embroidered bodies are worn with the little Zouave jackets. These white corsages are very fashionable. Young ladies adopt them very much. When made of muslin, the insertions are embroidered. The sleeves are trimmed with Valenciennes, the wristbands rather loose, with only a narrow ruche of tulle at the throat. If of jaconet, the bands, as mentioned elsewhere, are embroidered in red or white cotton, and the ruche at the throat either of Valenciennes or hemmed tarlatane.

The guimpes of embroidered muslin so much admired for young persons may be worn in two different ways, either inside the corsage, which is low, with the wide ceinture Medici in points, or outside the body as a chemisette Zouave. When worn this way, the bands are embroidered in red, that at the throat finishing the guimpe with merely a Valenciennes edging. The dress for this is generally of taffetas or striped gauze, and the ceinture Medici may be equally worn with it. There is also another ceinture, the Suissesse, of more simple style.

A new sleeve is made this spring, termed Jockey Club, which is very pretty; not the full balloon sleeve, which has been worn under the pagoda sleeve, but it resembles the shirt sleeves, with deep stiff revers, or without revers, as the straight collars.

The make of sleeves is much the same, and they are a good deal ornamented. Ceintures with points and very long nœuds are much worn still; it is doubtful that they will be generally used this summer, but they may be made of silk the colour of the dress. They are prettier of velvet on dark dresses, and in light colours on white tarlatane or organdy, as white dress with ceinture pointed before and behind, of taffetas, white pink or sea green. Guimpes also afford numerous methods of ornamenting silk bodies and confections, which this year will have guipures, fringes, ruches, or pelerine, even on the casaques, which, of a loose form, seems the favourite style for walking costume. One termed the pelisse Douairière (Dowager pelisse), partakes of the pelisse and the casaque; tight at the waist, or in large plaits behind, it forms mantelet in front, but fuller, and requiring more material; it is of a square form, and falls low. Laces and pelerines Cardinal will be used on pelisses and casaques: Very young ladies will wear pelerines of taffetas with ruches.

In the selections for outdoor toilettes or confections there are two distinct styles, the shawl trimmed with lace or the mantelet, the redingote of black silk, then the large collet or pelerine for wet weather, or the little burnous of light cloth. The large collet or cape is more worn by elegant ladies; it is made of similar cloth to the burnous, often of cachemire lined with silk, and will be indispensable with the new Amazon hat. Among useful shawls there is at this moment much variety, though less in colour than style, black being most in use in cachemire, either embroidered or bordered in various ways with velvet, silk, plain or quilted, or of silk trimmed with lace.

Whilst dresses of last year may be worn with impunity, we cannot say so of bonnets; the change of form is too marked to admit of that; but good taste never exaggerates fashion. The present shape is rather raised in front, with the sides spread and much trimmed inside, and out they partake of the diadem style adopted in head dresses this winter, much raised over the forehead. Black ribbons, as well as black and white, are used as we before this announced. A shade of pink Hortensia mixed with black is also much approved. Belgian straws or grey straws are sometimes trimmed with bouillons of black and white tulle and bands of velvet, with ornaments of straw in three rows placed lengthways; a narrow is sewed at the edge of the bonnet, but not binding it. Black berries will be much used to ornament bonnets. One of Leghorn was with berries, bunches, and had the effect of the cæsar feather. A bunch of red flowers with black centres, very fashionable at this moment, was placed near the berries. Pailles de riz, white crin crape, tulle, etc., compose the more elegant style of bonnets, and feathers are very fashionable. Purple is a colour coming into favour. Many bonnets are made with soft crowns, some being of silk covered with black lace.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Public Promenade Dress.*—Robe of moire with body and skirt without division at the waist, the skirt hangs in deep flutes, and is ornamented at the bottom with plisses headed by ruches and bouillons between the body high with berthe pelerine, sleeves in bouillons. Bonnet of paille de riz with soft crown of the azuline colour and white feather.

Evening Dress.—Robe of lilac gauze, the skirt ornamented by ruches, the body open en cœur with folds and ruches, very large sleeves of white tulle over shorter ones, coiffure of hair in bandeaux and ringlets with flowers.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of fancy silk, with high body closing down the centre with large fancy buttons. Pelisse of black silk, with pelerine trimmed with a rich fringe and guimpe heading, large sleeves, edged with a plissé of ribbon, Bonnet of Leghorn straw with flowers.

PLATE II.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of cerise taffetas, the skirt is ornamented with several rows of ruches pinked, the body is high, the

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sleeves with epaulets covered by ruches. Bonnet of Belgian straw trimmed with ribbons and flowers.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of azuline blue moire, the body is high, closing with buttons, and waistband of velvet with buckle, the sleeves are ornamented by bands of velvet edged with guimpe, the skirt has velvet en grecque at the bottom with guimpe at each edge. Shawl of black guipure. Bonnet of paille de rez, trimmed with ribbon and flowers.

Walking Dress.—Robe of mohair, and pelisse of light gray cloth open with revers to the waist, and trimmed all round with flutings of ribbon headed by narrow black velvet. Straw bonnet trimmed with pink ribbon and black velvet.

PLATE III.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of green taffetas, the corsage of the square form with stole of velvet descending the sides of the skirt and puffings of ribbon, rosaces of lace down the centre of the skirt, the sleeves mosquetaire, the cuffs to correspond with trimming of the skirt, guimpe of lace with ruche round the throat and bouillon sleeves. Coiffure of hair à la Eugenie.

Walking Dress.—Robe of taffetas, closing the whole length with small buttons, band and buckle at the waist, the sleeves are full with pinked ruches length ways, and cuffs edged with ruches. Bonnets of crin with plissé of ribbon at the edge and crown, and trimmed with black lace and white feathers.

Evening Dress.—Robe of white taffetas, the body is pointed with berthe of lace and mauve ribbon edged with black velvet, the skirt is ornamented by a mauve ribbon edged with black velvet, and fluting of white ribbon put on in deep vandykes with large nœuds of white satin ribbon between coiffure à l'Eugenie, with ribbon in puffings across the head terminating in nœuds.

PLATE IV.—*Child's Dress.*—Frock of taffetas, trimmed with ruches of the same, and hat with long white feather.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of taffetas, with high body, trimmed en tablier with pinked frills terminated at each side by a chicoree continued up the body. a deep flounce round the bottom of the skirt. Bonnet of crape and lace, and scarf of muslin with frill headed by a bouillon.

Promenade Dress.—Robe and pelisse of taffetas, the pelisse is open in front and rounded off, trimmed with a wide plissé which also edges the large open sleeve and revers of the body. Bonnet of white crin, with Bird of Paradise.

PLATE V.—The costumes on this plate are from Messrs. Jay's Mourning Establishment, Regent Street.

The first figure is a Court Dress for Her Majesty's Drawing Room, and the second is a Walking Costume.

PLATE VI.—Carriage bonnet of white terry velvet, with a plume of magenta-coloured feathers placed on the front, the crown is trimmed with a wide band of black velvet.

Promenade bonnet with the front of Leghorn and the back of pale green silk gathered in down the centre by a ruche of black lace, the trimming is of green ribbon and white roses.

Second ditto of pink quilted silk trimmed with a broad plaiting of plain silk across the front, on the centre of which is placed a row of bows of velvet terminating in a band.

Morning cap of muslin trimmed with a bunch of blue bows made of very narrow ribbon placed on the front.

Second ditto of puffed net trimmed with lace and pink satin ribbon.

Dress cap of black and white blond and trimmings of green berries and leaves.

Head dress composed of velvet and straw, with a bunch of flowers and grass on one side and a smaller one of leaves on the other.

Second head dress made with a coronet of black velvet, trimmed with a wreath of purple flowers at the back, brought over to one side to form a pendent bouquet.

Pelerine of white muslin, trimmed with lace and a ruche of cerise ribbon and three rosettes.

White sleeve of net with a broad frill of black tulle turning back from the wrist, trimmed with velvet and white lace.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give with the present number a pretty form of a square body, which may be variously ornamented, sometimes with wide soutache in two rows at the top, or with biais en étole, as seen in one of the Plates, it is a style more suitable to silk or pail de chevre, than muslin or bareges.

NEW MUSIC.*

Thy Voice is Near.—A neat Song for treble voice, of compass, and remarkably easy. Not at all vulgar, though far from being original.

Peace be Still.—One of a series of Sacred Songs, the words taken from Holy Writ. The accompaniaments being showy without being impracticable. The setting of the words judicious; and as a composition, sung by a good contralto, would *tell.* Bears evidence of Mendelssohnian study on the part of the composer. May safely be recommended.

Santa Lucia, Barcarole.—A respectable showy piece; within the reach of a player of average powers; with a flowing and melodious subject.

Louise Nocturne.—The name of Brindley Richards is in itself an evidence of more than average ability. Without the flights and almost impossibilities in execution to be met with in so many compositions, under the favourite title "Nocturne," it is a composition, showy and satisfactory to the player. Altogether as capital a study as could be desired for a young performer.

*Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street.

Death of Bugs, protected by Royal Letters patent.—During this hot season, life may become easy and comfortable, where comfort and ease are unknown in consequence of noxious insects abounding, by the use of Dumont's Insect Killing Powder, the easy application of which, by means of a caoutchouc globe and spout, will almost render the taking of bedsteads apart to clean unnecessary, as the powder can be blown into the most remote crevices, and only a few grains touching an insect causes its death. We have such confidence in the powder and simple apparatus that we unhesitatingly recommend it.

Good Riddance.—A person complaining that his mornings were too much taken up with visitors, was advised by a friend to lend money to the poorer sort of them, and to ask favours of the rich. The remedy soon succeeded.

Fetes and Races.—The approach of these festivities will naturally call forth considerable display, and our lovely countrywomen will hasten to them—on the principle of the Roman poet, "Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ"—in plain English—"To see and to be seen." On these festive occasions, however, the exposure to the air, dust, and sun, are likely to produce prejudicial consequences to the claims of beauty, and more than usual care will be required for their protection. We feel warranted in asserting that among the aids to female loveliness which will then be called in requisition, the unparalleled preparations of Messrs. Rowland will be in universal requisition. To preserve the tresses of beauty from the injurious effects of damp or the defilement of dust, no invention yet achieved can even be named in comparison with their unrivalled Macassar Oil; as a like protection and ornament of the skin their Kalydor is similarly renowned, protecting it from the baneful effects of the scorching rays of the sun and heated particles of dust, and imparting a delightful and refreshing coolness; while their Odonto is no less famed as a preserver and beautifier of those important objects of our frame—the teeth and gums.

Pears's Transparent Soap.—With whatever indifference many may profess to regard appearances, all are in some degree influenced by them, and it is evident that it must be desirable at all times to carry an appearance as pleasing as the nature of things will allow, so that whatever contributes to an object of such importance must be worth obtaining. Those who value a genteel appearance, according to Lord Chesterfield's view, will rejoice that science in the present day is rendered subservient to this end: for it is by a chemical process that Pears's Transparent Soap is separated from the impurities with which its is always united in its crude state. We therefore submit whether it does not behove every one who values personal beauty to accept of Messrs. Pears's Transparent Soap as the chief means to secure such a blessing.

A Gentleman having occasion to call on a famous writer, found him at home in his writing chamber. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said it was "as hot as an oven." "So it ought to be," was the reply, "for it is here that I make my bread."

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THE ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

The annual benefit of this institution took place on the 10th May, at Covent Garden Theatre, kindly lent for the occasion. Every actor in London who could be spared from his theatre for an hour was there to render his tribute of service in the cause. The programme was of extraordinary length, including as it did, portions of no less than seven plays, besides an incidental *à propos* scene between Mrs. and Miss Stirling, a performance by the Vocal Association of two hundred voices, conducted by Mr. Benedict.

The dialogue—under the title of *Past* and *Present*—between the ghost of Anne Brace-girdle and Miss Thalia 1861, kindly written for the occasion by Mr. Tom Taylor, was rather a sprightly affair, with a little more stuff and more suggestion in it than one usually meets with in such a form.

The whole of this, which was ably and carefully written, was delivered with such admirable emphasis and feeling, as to create a deep sensation on the audience, who reciprocated with a perfect torrent of applause. However, we had better insert the "Address" at length:—

ADDRESS.

Anne Bracegirdle's *Ghost rises through a trap. She wears the costume of* 1693.

Well! here I am at last! A poor old ghost
In this new o'ergrown London feels quite lost!
Ghosts or no ghosts, change is the thing for ladies,
And I was fairly sick to death of Hades.
I watched old Cerebus into his lair—
Coaxed Charon—Rogue! He can't resist a *fair*:
Slipped, unobserved, past the out-picket Fury,
And here I am, once more, in dear Old Drury!
How sweet is the familiar must and damps!
The orange-peel—and—(*sniffing*) but I miss the lamps!
(*Looking round hesitatingly.*)
And yet I don't know? Have I made a blunder?
Can my old Drury be so changed, I wonder?
The stage I trod in sixteen ninety-three,
With Barry, Mountford, Betterton and Leigh,
Was, sure, not half so wide—these wings seem taller,
The House, I vow, was a good two-thirds smaller—
Alas, if thus the upper world round,
Methinks we ghosts had best stay underground.
Reviving plays, we used to say was mad,
Reviving actresses is just so bad;—
(*Going, pauses.*) And yet 'tis hard to quit the old battle-field,
Where truncheon-like my fan I used to wield,
To guide the alternate charge of smiles and sighs,
And aim the fire of two resistless eyes!
Vain joys! vain battles!—what if won or lost,
To me, a bygone public favourite's ghost.
(*Becoming conscious of the audience.*)
What's that? Have I not drank of Lethe's stream?
Those sounds! those smiles!—Is't real or a dream?
That merry buzz! As sure as my name's Nancy,
'Tis my old British public, and no fancy!
The sight, the sound revives my ancient vein—
Bracegirdle's ghost's Bracegirdle's self again!
Is't tragedy or comedy you want,
Melting Almeria, flashing Millamant?
With Rowe's blank verse, say, shall I drown the pit.
Or bring the boxes down with Congreve's wit?
High comedy or low—great folks or small—
Parts and spectators too—Have at ye all!

Enter Miss THALIA, 1861.

Miss T. (*Astonished at the Ghost's energy*).
I say, old lady?
Mrs. B. Old? well?
Miss T. What's this spouting?
(*Aside*) Who *can* have given such an old Guy an outing?
Tip us your fist!
Mrs. B. My fist! Her language pardon,
Shades of Old Drury!
Miss T. This is Covent Garden!
Mr. B. This Covent Garden? How my fingers itch
To cuff the manager:
Miss T. Who? Gye?
Mrs. B. No, Rich——
I hated the curmudgeon's stingy ways,
Miss T. He's gone—we've no Rich manager now-a-days.
And now make yourself scarce, my dear old soul—
I want the stage, just to go through my *rôle*.
Mrs. B. Your *rôle*?
Miss T. My part!
Mrs. B. Why not say "part" instead?
(*Contemptuously*).
Methought the stage could hardly be *your* bread.
Miss T. (saucily)
My *bread!* I hope 'twill be my bread and butter!
Mrs. B. Thou forward chit! Is that the tone to utter
The point and pathos of stage wit and poet?
Miss T. Pathos and point, indeed! Not if I know it,
I'm Miss Thalia—eighteen sixty-one—
For point and pathos give *me* slang and pun.
Mrs. B. Don't you act Shakespere, then?
Miss T. Oh, the old swell's
Still to be seen, I've heard, at Sadler's Wells.
In Oxford-street, too, they say *Hamlet* draws—
But that dear Frenchman Fechter is the cause!
Mrs. B. A Frenchman acting *Hamlet!* "Woe is me—
To have seen what I *have* seen—see what I see!"
Miss T. But who are you?
Mrs. B. I'm Anne Bracegirdle's ghost—
Miss T. I never heard of her.
Mrs. B I was the toast
Of London when *'twas* London—
When men were witty—manners light and gay.
Miss T. Oh! I dare say—"toast" were you?
Mrs. B. Of the town.
Miss T. And as a toast, were you done *very* brown?
Mrs. B. (*disgusted*) Oh, vile!
Miss T. You don't like puns? 'Tis these burlesques—
Words are so tortured on our authors' desks—
With double meaning our poor tongue they gall,
Till soon no meaning 'twill convey at all!
Mrs. B. I'll back to Hades! Oh, degenerate age!
The Drama's dead; (*going*)
Miss T. (stopping her) Then ghosts should keep the stage.
Mrs. B. Unhand me!
Miss T. To resist if you presume,
I'll send for that strong medium—Mr. Hume.
He'll shut you in a table or a chair,
Sofa or chest of drawers—or Lord knows where.
Mrs. B. Shut me up! why!
Miss T. To make a show and flout of you,
As long as e'er he can get one rap out of you.
Mrs. B. Why should I stay? My day's gone by, I see—
Where chits like *you* act, there's no room for me.
Miss T. Is Miss Thalia fallen so far below
Her grandma of a hundred years ago?
Mrs. B. In all—in heart and heart—
Miss T. No, grandma, stop—
'Tis a bad workman speaks ill of the shop.
Worse artists we *may* be than in the days
When you with Betterton divided praise,
But not less kind, less helpful to each other,
Less mindful of poor sister—stricken brother—
Witness the cause that brings me here to-night,
And makes the Garden as we see it, bright!
Mrs. B. Why, 'tis a play sure—
Miss T. Play, and earnest too!
They mix, as in the world they always do;
We play to aid the New Dramatic College—
Mrs. B. Like that Ned Alleyn founded once at Dulwich?
Be warned by that—let the bees taste the honey—
See actors get what's raised with actor's money.
Miss T. *You'll* help?
Mrs. B. To rear the roof where from the stage
The outworn player may betake his age,
To smooth the close of their declining years
Who stirred their time's heart, or with smiles or tears:
To teach where hard wrought parents cannot spare
The means to give their young a teacher's care;
And, when our aid comes all too late to save,
Give our poor comrades that last boon—a grave.

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Will I *not* help? You may be young and headstrong,
I may not think the food on which you're fed strong;
I hate your slang and puns, your off hand mein,
Your hats—your boots—*all* but your crinoline—
That's something like the hoop that stately rose
When women dressed—whereas they now wear clothes;
I scorn your stage—detest your style of art,
But you're the old Thalia still at heart,
Feeling true griefs through all your mimic task,
And capable of tears beneath your mask.
If pharisaic zealots turn aside
From the poor player—shunn'd, abused, decried—
Let kindlier Christians, to their faith more true,
In this good cause their efforts join with you."
Here on the boards your helpful part is played,
And there (to audience) kind British hearts your labours aid.

The performance of the Vocal Association in "Sing, gentle lady," and in "God Save the Queen," was most satisfactory, and reflected great credit upon Mr. Benedict, under whose able training they have arrived at that state of excellence they have attained.

In the course of the evening the following overtures were performed in admirable style:—*La Gazza Ladra*, *Der Freischutz*, *Memesinger* (conducted by the composer, Mr. J. Benedict), *Lurline* (the composer Mr. V. Wallace, conducting), and *Zampa*, every shade of variety in music combining with every diversity of dramatic creation, to produce an evening's entertainment perfectly kaleidoscopic in effect.

CONSTANCE AND HER LOVERS.

I.—ASKED AND ANSWERED.

"Do you love me, Constance?"—"Yes!"

"Do you love *me*, Constance?"—"Yes!"

"Then you love us both?"—"Yes! yes!"

Pretty bold this for a girl of fifteen. Had she been two or three years older, she would have blushed at the question, and hung her head in silence.

The three walked on round the pebbled footway of the old market-place. After a pause—

"But who do you like *best*—Hal or me?"

"Harry!" whispered Constance, in a tone so low that the favoured one could not hear her.

There must have been a collusion between the lads; for they asked similar questions in a similar way. The other companion now turned to Constance, and said softly in her ear,

"Do you like John better than me?"

"That I do!" she said with animation, and darted away from between them. The pretty dimples in her cheeks spread into a mischievous smile when she looked round, and saw how perplexed the youthful lovers were.

The two lads dreamed their way homewards. Constance turned down the heath-lane that led from the town, and fluttered, fairy-like, quickly to her dwelling.

II.—THE TOWN.

Brassinstead was an ancient place, with a Norman church and a Roman bridge. It had been famous in the olden days, and still had its subterranean vaults and its earth-bound passages. Its architectural beauties had withstood the attacks of time and fanaticism, and the beautiful stained windows of its ivy wrappered sanctuary had not been destroyed or disfigured during the Commonwealth—as a certain dismal interregnum in English history is facetiously styled. Nor had modern improvements squared its proportions. It had a picturesque market-place, and a long street of many-gabled houses, with overhanging, roomy, cosy, comfortable windows.

The politics of Brassinstead were of the "good old tory school." They comprised a recognition of "King, Church, and Constitution"—an immaculate king—an impeccable church—and an invulnerable constitution. Politics were at a high, knowledge at a low ebb in Brassinstead. All that the very wittiest and most learned knew of their political creed was little enough. They certainly saw the king's name in the papers, and they heard the king's speech occasionally read at the "Three Blue Balls." They went to church on Sundays: the well-to-do because it "looked respectable:" the poor-not-to-do for sundry loaves of bread left by some long-forgotten benefactor—substantial mementoes of the piety of the past. As to the term "Constitution," that was a complete myth to most of them. It had been occasionally put in the form of a puzzle by some meddling tinker of a radical, and had remained undefined for a long time by the most erudite of the Brassinsteadamites.

There certainly was one man, John Fairford, by name, "bred and born in the place," who would persist in asking what the constitution meant? "more shame for him"—and as none would or could answer the question, replying to it himself. This he had the daring to do frequently, although his views were opposed to the great bulk of the respectable townsfolk. This Fairford was the admiration of the people of the adjoining villages, who held him up as a model politician, too honest to be bought—too truthful to be crushed. But they were all poor people and "blues," and consequently their opinions were little worth. In sober truth, for all his ability, and although he was exceedingly clever, John Fairford was also a very foolish man: as we shall see when we become better acquainted with him.

III.—JOHN FAIRFORD.

"JOHN FAIRFORD, CARPENTER," painted in plain black letters on a small board over the entrance to a huge old-fashioned barn of a workshop, at the period we write of, carried just as much weight with it as "John Fairford, Builder, Government and Railway Contractor, &c.," in gold black letters on a handsome facia, would now—that is, as far as "position" and respectability are concerned. In a few words, John Fairford was a substantial, respectable man, who was always hard at work, hand and head. He had enemies—they were afraid of him; friends, they were too poor to serve him. However, he needed no aid but sympathy, and that he had in abundance.

There was a great dearth of amusement at Brassinstead. There were two fairs, one ploughing match, and a "club-feast," during the year; but there was nothing to occupy the evening leisure of the townspeople. True, there were fox-hunting, and shooting, and angling; but everything was "preserved;" and Parson Mumble, Squire Bowley, Lawyer Twist, and Dr. Golderoy, kept all the best of these "national" sports to themselves. There were no mechanics' or literary institutions; and the intelligence of Brassinstead was all but in a state of collapse. There was but one newspaper taken in, and that was at the "Three Blue Balls," the favourite resort of the disaffected, and frequently anathematized "blues." These, Fairford had determined, as he said, to instruct and elevate.

"Radicalism"—at this time a new element, making rapid inroads upon the "Constitution"—had sown the seed of enquiry, some said discord, into the minds of the people, and had at length reached the sleepy "smoke-a-pipes" of the tavern mentioned.

Fairford was a shrewd analyst and a deep thinker, who fancied he saw in the complexion of the political horizon a new and purer light by which the pages of freedom could alone be clearly and correctly read. By this light he expounded to the gossips of the "Three Balls," the hitherto hieroglyphic ciphers of their political history—he gave them eloquent discourses upon their "rights as men;" and bade them earn for themselves and their children, a more ennobling position than they had dared to look for—an independence indigenous to the soil which gave them birth. Whether he really did any permanent good for his poorer and ignorant brethren, is hardly, at this remote period, to be known; but it is written, that he brought round himself and family, for a time at least, as much unhappiness as any other man who tries to upset existing institutions, however pure his views, or patriotic his intentions.

IV.—CONSTANCE.

At fifteen, Constance Golderoy was a wayward, coquettish, saucy jade, with as pretty a face as could well be imagined; and more obstinate self-will than was either amiable or becoming. But whoever she offended, the moment they looked reproof, and caught the liquid gleaming of her dark beguiling eyes, and her clear bright features beaming out with smiles, they forgot the annoyance; and calling her "saucy puss," or hoping she would mend her ways, passed on forgivingly. She was a rare favourite with all the lads: peg-top, marbles, prisoner's-base, hop-scotch, and the hundred other games invented by the youth of past ages, afforded her greater delight than the more chaste and elegant amusements belonging to her sex. She was a sort of queen-bee among the busy boys who courted her presence and advice on all difficult occasions; but without queenly demeanour: for she was the most mischievous romp in Brassinstead. As she grew up, trinkets, and other little love-tokens, poured in from her youthful slaves; but they all failed to win her. Up to this period, there had been no room for love in heart—it was brim full of fun.

The most serious assault hitherto was made by the twin brothers,

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Fairford—the result of which we have seen. To them she was a riddle, incapable of being solved: most wayward girls are; if their hearts are right. And when they love, the more difficult are their actions of solution.

When Constance arrived home on the evening referred to,

"Why, how long it has taken you to go up to town!" said her mother.

"*Has* it? well, I have not been long coming back."

"Then where did you stay, Constance?"

"Nowhere, mother; I kept walking, and walking, round, and round, and round the market-place."

"*Walking?* or running a race with the boys—which? I should not have thought you steady enough to walk, Conny?

"I thought so too at last, and then I *ran* home; and here I am waiting, like a dutiful daughter, to be well scolded for loitering on my errand."

Constance placed her hands behind her, and curtsied with mock humility.

"My dear girl, you'll never come to any good, without you alter very much!"

"There now; how can you say so? I am always coming to you and always shall, dearest! She threw her arms around and embraced her mother.

Mrs. Golderoy kissed her daughter again and again, affectionately.

"I know I shall spoil you."

"Everybody says you have already!"

"'Everybody' is a nick-name for scandal—a cloak for busy-bodies—a mischievous nobody. 'Everybody' has not lost a family of beautiful children, and knows nothing of a mother's yearning towards an only child." Tears moistened the matron's eyes—the daughter was silent. "So long as children fearlessly speak the truth, and act honourably, I can forgive a little rudeness—they grow out of that; but falsehood and artfulness in a child develop with its growth. Who have you been with this evening?"

"With Harry Fairford and his brother."

"Well, they are good lads I believe; but you are getting quite a woman, and should leave your hoyden tricks and playfellows, and think of more serious matters." Constance had that moment made up her mind to the very thing.

When night came, she walked about in her chamber, gloomily; then she sat down, placed her hands to her face, and filled them with her tears. Then to bed, restless, sleepless, miserable.

The birds were singing high up under the arch of heaven, awakening the morning. With the first gleam, Constance was dressed and in the garden, ruminating peacefully of her mother, the Fairfords, and herself.

V.—THE BARBER.

The most nosily loyal subject of his Britannic majesty, in Brashstead, was Jacob Jones, barber and bleeder. He lived on the market-hill, shaved people's chins, cut their hair, or punctured their arms; curled wigs to improve the appearance of his customers, and practised cupping for their physical amendment. When no one required his tonsorial or Æsculapean assistance, he usually sat at the bay-window of his shop, making wigs with his hands, and himself acquainted with everything passing, with his eyes. The notes he thus gathered he compared with the observations he heard in-doors; and so his gossip became amusing and sometimes useful to his customers.

If a house was to be sold or let—a marriage about to take place—an illness—a birth—a death—a purchase it mattered not what, the faithfully detailed particulars were to be obtained of Jacob Jones. The barber was not a bad-hearted man, but he made much mischief.

Dr. Golderoy had retired from a profession in which he had made an independence. He had rapidly realized a fortune; not so much, perhaps, by the exercise of skill in the heart of healing, as from the fact of there being no other medical man in the town to oppose him. Formerly, at enmity with Jacob, because he had cupped and had the merit of curing some of his legitimate patients, the doctor now, having parted with his practice, with that feeling of jealousy akin to meanest minds, was annoyed at the prosperity of his successor, and became, from no other motive, the customer and patron of the barber.

"Any news this morning?"

"No, Doctor!"

"Any one down by the mail?"

"One stranger, doctor; gone to 'The Bear.' I'm to be there at ten—it's now a quarter. He wants shaving by the look of him—he's got a beard like a Jew."

"I expect a gentleman from London, Jacob; if this be he, pay every attention to him; and if anything comes of his staying here, you shall be rewarded handsomely."

"I will be most attentive, doctor! Good day, sir!"

"Good morning, Jacob!"

"Who could he be? What had he come for? What had the doctor to do with him?" These, with fifty other whys, whats, and wherefores passed the brain of the barber. But he knew he could find out all about him "in a jiffey."

"A jiffey" must mean an indefinite time. The mysterious visitor—a foreigner, who could not speak English—remained for years an important ingredient in Jacob's speculative philosophy.

ADVANTAGES OF THE SENSE OF PAIN.—Sir Humphrey Davy, when a boy, with the defiant constancy of youth which had as yet suffered nothing, held the opinion that pain was no evil. He was refuted by a crab, who bit his toe when he was bathing, and made him roar loud enough to be heard half a mile off. If he had maintained instead, that pain was a good, his doctrine would have been unimpeachable. Unless the whole constitution of the world were altered, our very existence depends upon our sensibility to suffering. An anecdote, which is quoted by Dr. Carpenter in his "Principles of Human Physiology," from the "Journal of a Naturalist," shows the fatal effects of a temporary suspension of this law of our nature. A drover went to sleep on a winter's evening upon the platform of a lime-kiln, with one leg resting upon the stones which had been piled up to burn through the night. That which was gentle warmth when he lay down became a consuming fire before he rose up. The foot was burnt above the ankle, and when roused in the morning by the man who superintended the lime-kiln, he put his stump, unconscious of his misfortune, to the ground, the extremity crumbled into fragments. Whether he had been lulled into torpor by the carbonic acid driven off from the limestone, or whatever else may have been the cause of his insensibility he felt no pain, and through his very exemption from this lot of humanity expired a fortnight afterwards in Bristol Hospital. Without physical pain infancy would be maimed, or perish, before experience could inform it of its dangers. Lord Kaimes advised parents to cut the fingers of their children "cunningly" with a knife, that the little innocents might associate suffering with the glittering blade before they could do themselves a worse injury; but if no smart accompanied the wound, they would cut up their own fingers with the same glee that they cut a stick, and burn them in a candle with the same delight that they burn a piece of paper in the fire. Without pain, we could not proportion our actions to the strength of our frame, or our exertions to its powers of endurance. In the impetuosity of youth we should strike blows that would crush our hands, and break our arms; and no longer taught by fatigue that the muscles needed repose, we should continue our sports and our walking tours till we had worn out the living tissue with the same unconsciousness that we now wear out our coats and our shoes.

SURGICAL PRACTICE AND MUSKET PRACTICE.—We will hazard (says a writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*) an anecdote of one who was at the time a simple assistant-surgeon of cavalry, which, without any tinge of the "antique" or "heroic," in the epic sense, will yet serve to illustrate our meaning. We will vouch for its authenticity:—"Doctor dear," quoth a wounded light-bob, with pure Milesian accentuation, in whose arm—his horse's bridle over his own—a dismounted compatriot of the medical order was repairing, as best he might, a gash from a cuirassier's sword, by the side of a chaussée in Flanders; "Doctor, dear! make haste! there is French skrimmagers in the wood. Ping! ping! ping! in undoubted confirmation. "Ah! steady, Pat! steady, we'll make a neat thing of it before they debouch now." "Mount! doctor, dear, mount! and stick in yer spurs. I can see bagnets above the bushes, and faix! thim chassoors is on us in a crack." And the man of the musket jumps up, and runs for the dear life—small blame to him—in the direction of a patch of tall standing rye "convayniant," for a hiding-place. The discomfited doctor sweeps his instruments into the case, drops the case into the sabretash, mounts his active little rat-tail, and spurs—not up the chaussée, but after the fugitive light-bob, in magnificent contempt of the rattling invitations to stop from the firelocks of the Chasseurs de la Garde. "Here! you sir, Murphy! Patrick! what's yer name? Stop, sir! stop, scoundrel! stop, thief!" roars the pursuing medico—"For gentlemen," said he, afterwards, "would you believe it? that rascal was running into the rye with my best surgical needle sticking in his right arm!"

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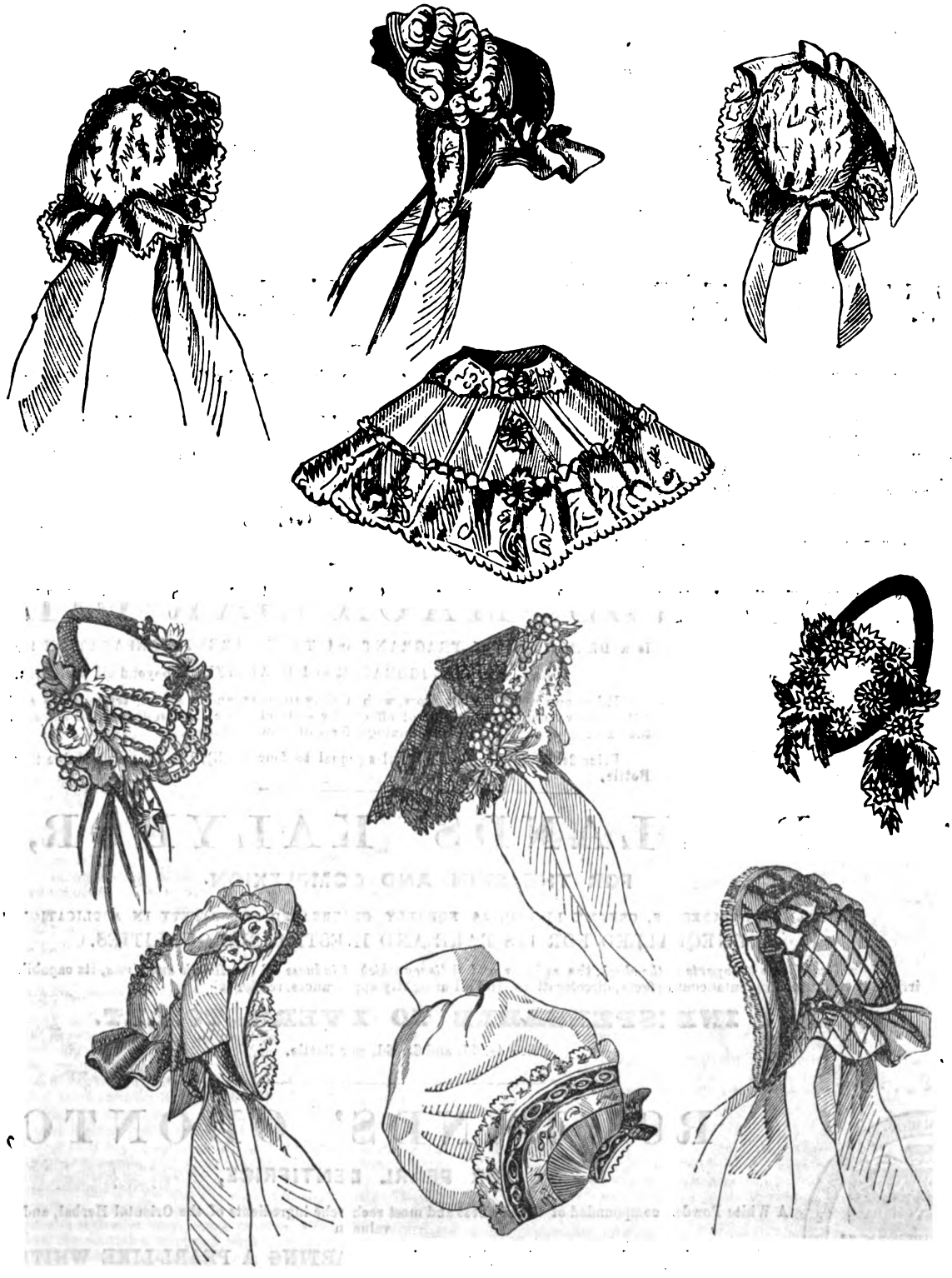
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PLATE VI.



LONDON AND PARIS

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, etc.

No. 367. JULY, 1861. Vol. 34.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevard des Italiens, *26th June*, 1861.

Chere Amie,—In the present fashions for this summer we do not observe any very remarkable change. Flounces are but little worn, except on tarlatane or gauze dresses, and there are various other ways even of ornamenting these. Some high bodies are with waistcoats and small basques rounded in front, narrow pagoda sleeves, some of the the elbow form and with revers, others straight. For negligé country wear, coloured jeans are much in request in Paris, generally made with vestes and casaque Zouave, or the casaque only, and a guipure of cambric muslin. Only young ladies wear the square bodies, with a muslin gaimpe inside. The trimmings of dresses are so very varied, it rests much with the taste of the wearer to decide, according to the material or use intended; flounces, plissés, ruches, plain bands of taffetas of contrasting colour, pomponettes of lace, buttons, pierrot of taffetas, macarons encircled with guipure, guimpes, etc. Skirts continue to be worn full and long; the bodies are pointed, or round at the waist, according to taste.

The summer materials are numerous this season. The poil de chevre is become of universal use, and, under various names, forms several different toilettes; poil de chevre is generally destined for simple toilettes; flounces are not worn with it, but trimmings of ruches, plissés, or bands ornamented with taffetas. Bareges are of various kinds; also, the Mozambique, Chambery gauze, mousseline de Saxe; the Chambery gauze is very fashionable, possessing the double advantage of being used as a simple toilette or a ball dress, all the difference consisting in the make and trimmings. English alpacas are very fashionable in Paris, and for country uses are considered invaluable; one of grey was made with waistcoat and Zouave jacket, bands of black and white. Checked taffetas were placed en biais, and buttons to match. But now that summer has really commenced, all the elegant light materials are appearing; grenadine gauze, organdy, white and coloured muslins, taffetas of light colours, the new moires of white ground with large checks, mauve, green, gold colour, sky blue, or pinks.

Muslin bodies will be much worn, with silk or grenadine dresses, or even jaconet. They recall the former fashion of spencers, with a little modification. Some are made of organdy, the sleeves closing with a ruche of Valenciennes, and the same round the throat. A low body is worn under either, of the colour of the skirt, or all white, which is most usual, the skirt only being coloured. Guimpes of embroidered muslin or jaconet are worn with the little Zouave jacket. The long Medicis ceinture, with points before and behind, with long revers of silk fringe, complete a youthful toilette. Most children, from the baby to the young lady, wear ceintures of wide ribbon, with floating ends that, termed pensionnaire, form bretelles (braces), and is very pretty for little girls; the bodies of their dresses are often square, sometimes with frills, forming stomacher in front; others have revers, and the wide berthe in point behind, crossing in front, with long ends which tie behind, and trimmed with lace, though not new, is always pretty. The costume Pyrenées may be worn by boys or girls, and is composed of a skirt trimmed with a wide band of contrasting colour, and a kind of shirt forming body, as though a blouse was worn under the skirt. They are sometimes made of grey materials, bordered with scarlet, and the body of red woollen texture.

The out-door toilettes of summer are of two very distinct kinds—for carriage or promenade, and those of warmer descriptions; for the evening, the country, or travelling—the large casaque of taffetas termed redingote, the silk paletot, the mantelet, the shawl. The large casaque of taffetas, partially fitting to the figure, with the mantelet, are the favourite styles for very young persons. The silk paletot for older persons, the mantelet, trimmed with guipure or Chantilly lace, and the cachemire shawl in black or colours, with a very deep lace, either black or white, sometimes both. Paletots of cloth, burnouses, capes, are reserved for cool weather of all seasons. The collet or cape is very fashionable, and is made in various ways; some of grey cachemire, lined with silk or plush, edged by a biais of colour. They are frequently the same as the dress, if it is of silk. There is much variety in the numerous embroidered cachemire shawls; some are plain, with fringes, others embroidered, with beads or bugles, or trimmed with rich guipure. Shawls of grenadine or wool have a wide velvet or a biais, headed by a narrow bugle trimming; the lace lama shawls are invaluable for mourning as well as summer use. The paletots sac, of light woollen texture, striped or plain, are useful for negligé. The pardessus of black taffetas is more suitable for demie-toilette, and is of various styles, either loose at the waist, or in large deep plaits behind, or in three long seams behind, with braids of colour, plisses or pinked ruches all round. Shawls and mantelets of muslin, with frills simply hemmed or embroidered, are now in demand. A very elegant wedding shawl was of white silk, the lower point trimmed with very rich lace, the upper one with a fringe. For little girls, the pardessus of black taffetas and the paletot grisaille are the most generally in use. For boys, the paletots close at the side.

Bonnets are ornamented with ribbons and flowers, particularly the latter, mixed with black lace; but, as all the trimming is on the front or passe, they must not be overloaded. The wild field flowers are very pretty this season; but all descriptions of simple flowers are used in light bouquets, which are also put inside, with black ribbon or lace, and outside in little larger bouquets. Bonnets continue moderate as to size, advancing a little on the forehead; the bavolets descend on the throat, but not too deep. The little round crowns divide favour with the soft bouillonne ones. Inside, a simple bandeau is often placed across, on a diadem of flowers or feathers, sometimes in pomponettes. The caprice of fashion is such, that a little of everything is seen. Negligé bonnets are of Belgian or white straw, those of crin are white, black, or grey, and will find much favour, as they are so light and pretty. For more elegant attire, crape, tulle, spotted black or white, paille de riz, and Leghorns. Colours are mixed as well as materials. Bonnets may be white, green, or blue, and the bavolet and ribbons black. Many are bound or lined with coloured silk which is becoming to the face, and should harmonize with the toilette. With an elegant toilette, the most appropriate coiffure is a bonnet of tulle or crape, or very fine white straw, ornamented with flowers or feathers. Leghorns also are always admired, and equally suited for feathers or flowers.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Promenade Dress.*—Redingote of taffetas, ornamented up the front by bands of velvet en tablier, which are continued on the body; mousquetaire sleeves, with cuffs and epaulets, edged with velvet. Bonnet of paille Belge, with field flowers.

Young Lady's Dress.—Robe of alpaga, closing with small buttons; manteau of taffetas, edged with quilted band. Turban hat, with white feather.

Child's Dress.—Frock of mohair, with full body and sleeves, trimmed with bands of pink taffetas, and ceinture, with long ends of pink ribbon. Bonnet of white crin, with pink trimmings.

PLATE II.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe taffetas and pelisse of black silk, with small pelerine, forming rounded points on the back and shoulders, trimmed with black lace, and two rows of ruches, which also ornament the pelisse up the sides and round the bottom. Bonnet of paille de riz, with wild roses and green ribbons, and bavolet.

Promenade Dress.—Robe of taffetas, with high body and waistband, mousquetaire sleeves; a wide band in deep flutes, with rosaces on plain intervals, ornaments the bottom of the skirt. Bonnet of taffetas and black lace, with diadem of flowers.

Public Promenade Dress.—Robe of gauze Chambery, ornamented en tablier by three rows of plissé ribbon. Fichu of white muslin, in folds crossing at the waist, trimmed with a frill, edged and headed by a pink ruche; large bouillon sleeves of muslin. Bonnet of white crin, with roses.

PLATE III.—*Public Déjeûner Dress.*—Robe of grenadine, with high body, forming small point before and behind, the skirt ornamented by flounces, alternately white and blue. Shawl of white lace. Bonnet of paille de riz, trimmed with white lace and feathers.

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Young Lady's Evening Dress.—Robe of pink barege, trimmed with plissés of ribbon. The body is pointed, back and front, and has a berthe formed of plissé of ribbon and black lace. Coiffure of hair and ribbon.

Morning Dress.—Robe of taffetas, body and skirt without separation, ornamented by a succession of nœuds of narrow black ribbon, one row up the centre to the throat, and one at each side. Zouave jacket of glacé silk, trimmed with steel ornaments; this very elegant design is from T. Ford's mantle rooms, 42, Oxford Street. Coiffure of hair, with ornament of ribbon above the forehead.

PLATE IV.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe taffetas with square body, trimmed with a ruche. The skirt has a flounce festonné, and headed by two ruches in deep scollops, and upper skirt festonné; small mantelet of the same, with frill, the upper part covered with ruches. Leghorn hat, with feather.

Morning Dress.—Robe of mohair, with corsage open in front and edged by a band of taffetas; full sleeves, crossed by bands, and a wider band round the bottom of the skirt. Small round cap, with flowers.

Walking Dress.—Robe of poil de chevre; the body is covered by a small pelerine, edged by a black lace ruche, full sleeves with deep cuffs. The skirt is trimmed with two rows of plissé at the bottom. Bonnet of crin, with flowers.

PLATE V.—Pelerine of black lace, crossing over at the waist, and trimmed with rose-coloured Magenta ribbon, to be worn with a low bodice.

Carriage bonnet of white crape, plaited on the crown, with blue ribbon puffings over the front, mixed with white flowers.

Promenade bonnet of pink silk, trimmed with black blond and white roses.

Second ditto of fancy crinoline, with green ribbon trimmings, mixed with black velvet.

Dress cap, composed of white and black blond, trimmed with purple flowers and ribbon.

Cap of white tulle and guimpe, trimmed with orange-coloured ribbon and a rose.

Head dress of black lace, with three pink asters placed at the front.

Second ditto of crimson velvet.

Morning cap of net, trimmed with dark blue ribbon and white daisies.

White sleeve of muslin, gathered in for some way above the wrist by narrow cerise ribbon.

Second ditto of net over mauve silk fulled in and ornamented by rosettes of black ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

The present Model is of a high body forming small point before and behind. Any sleeve may be used with this style of body.

BLONDIN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

On Saturday, June 1st, this delightful resort was the scene of one of the most exciting and wonderful feats of acrobatic display that modern times have beheld; and the palace was filled with one of the most brilliant and distinguished of its Saturday audiences. Four o'clock being the time fixed for the commencement of the performance, shortly before that hour the crowd began to assemble in the vicinity of the centre transept, fixing their eyes intently on what appeared in the distance a mere thread, far up in the concave roof, but what was in reality a two inch rope—stretched, as tight as windlasses and pulleys could draw it, along the whole length of the transept, from the back of the Handel Orchestra to the opposite gallery, and at a distance of nearly 200 feet from the ground. Shortly after the appointed hour the daring Frenchman made his appearance on the tiny platform at one extremity of the rope. He wore a tight-fitting garment of woven silk, exhibiting his muscular symmetry in full perfection; with a head-dress of ostrich feathers: and in his hands he balanced an enormous pole, some forty or fifty pounds in weight, which he managed with a dexterity which was perfectly wonderful. After a few preparatory steps he started off, and with apparently as much ease as if he had been walking on *terra firma*, and reached the other side. Arrived in safety at the far end, M. Blondin commenced his return by walking backwards, which he did with the same ease as he had walked forward, to the great enjoyment of his audience. His next feat was yet more wonderful. Being securely blindfolded, the upper part of his person was enveloped in a sack, his arms protruding through two holes cut for the purpose, and, thus strangely accoutered, amid the actual shudders of the spectators he started off on a new and truly perilous voyage. Groping his way cautiously, he made a feint as though he were falling; one foot seemed to be seeking a footing in the air, while the great pole swayed terribly as if in desperate attempt to save its bearer from destruction. A smothered shriek arose from below, and there was a dreadful pause; but in a moment the performer had recovered his equilibrium, and continued his journey with as much certainty as if he had been walking on the ground, so far beneath him. On his return journey, he lay down on his back, rose to his feet without the slightest difficulty, ran along till he came to the middle, and then sat down. By a series of dexterous manœuvres he managed to disengage himself from the sack and bandage round his eyes, and to throw them both from him. Next, fixing the pole across the rope, he stood upon his head perfectly straight, the pole gently swaying from side to side. Having sat down again, he stretched himself at full length upon his back, threw a somersault, and then tripped lightly back to the platform amid perfect thunders of applause. The band now struck up "God Save the Queen," and the terrific performance, which occupied less than half an hour, was over.

On Thursday evening, June 6th, at five o'clock, being an hour later than on the first occasion, M. Blondin made what the bills called his second "cataract ascent," or aërial journey across the transept of the Crystal Palace. The first rapid flight across the rope went off with great spirit, and was greatly cheered; as was also the passage blindfold, which, with its little simulated slip at the commencement, flushed the brave and paled the timid as before. Then came the great novelty of the day's performance, which consisted in M. Blondin making his way to the centre of the rope with a whole *batterie de cuisine* on his back, setting it down, fixing it on the rope, lighting a fire, and coolly cooking a series of omelettes, each of which, as soon as it was done, he sent down by a very rapid mode of transit, for the inspection of his numerous friends below. This cooking was, from first to last, certainly a very nervous performance—at least, for the spectators. The cheers were deafening as the last crowning act was completed, and M. Blondin, seemingly still quite fresh, bowed repeatedly in acknowledgement. As on the previous occasion, the aristocracy mustered in great numbers, and crowds of young ladies surrounded M. Blondin, and followed him to the train, congratulating him on the successful termination of his performance.

The interest of the above suffered no diminution. On Saturday week, in addition to his other performances, he carried his youthful daughter, Adèle Blondin, across the rope in a wheel-barrow. Although a most hazardous undertaking, this extraordinary feat was regarded by Blondin himself as one of easy accomplishment. In deference, however, to the desire of the Secretary of State, no further performance of similar character will be given.

On Tuesday, his ascent was made over a rope two thousand feet in length, crossing the terrace, above the fountains, which were played during the time. On Thursday an additional mast was erected to support the centre of the rope, but in consequence of the weather the ascent did not take place—instead of which he performed inside the building.

On Friday his performance took place in the terrace dining-room—a short rope having been strained for this occasion, at a height of about eight feet from the ground. For nearly an hour did M. Blondin maintain a series of most astonishing feats, many of them pleasing and graceful, as they were wonderful. This was a private performance, and if M. Blondin will repeat it publicly we think we may predict for it a success which would not be lessened by months of continual repetition, for on this short and well-braced cord there is a positively delightful sense of free airy motions in his upward flights which cannot be realized on the heavy length cord stretched across the terrace.

"My dear," said an anxious father to his bashful daughter, "I intend that you shall be married, but I do not intend that you shall throw yourself away on any of the wild, worthless boys of the present day. You must marry a man of sober and mature age; one that can charm you with wisdom and good advice, rather than personal attraction. What think you of a fine, intelligent, mature husband of fifty?" The timid, meek, blue-eyed little daughter looked in the old man's face, and with the slightest possible touch of interest in her voice, answered, "I think two of twenty-five would be better, pa."

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CONSTANCE AND HER LOVERS.—PART II.

I.—THE RIVALS.

Although the brothers Fairford were fast getting on towards manhood, they cherished the same tender feelings for each other—the same sympathies and emotions which they possessed in common when they were children. One had no pleasure in any pursuit without the other shared the gratification. They worked at the same bench, played at the same games, took the same walks, and would have had the same lady-love, if they could. Pity she had not a twin-sister!

When Constance Golderoy was asked a very bold question on a somewhat delicate subject by a lad in the market-place, and when again it was repeated by that lad's brother, she answered affirmatively and untruthfully; for in neither case did she mean what she pertly said. But,—as we then expressed ourselves,—just three years afterwards, when a similar question was put to her by young John Fairford, she hung her head and was silent. It was asked this time, also, in the evening, but away from the bustle of the town, when the moon was out, and all was peacefully still save a nightingale or two who were tuning their throats, in a hurry to begin their midnight concert.

The young man laid his head close to his companion's velvet cheek, and asked her again in a low and tender voice,

"Do you love *me*, Constance?"

She pressed his arm gently, and sighed. Oh, moment of delicious rapture! he felt, for the first time, that he was loved! And now they both were transported to a land of pleasant dreams, and walked up and down in silence. It was a pity to awaken them. That rustling in the hedge, however, brought them from the clouds and made them mortals again.

"It is some silly hare that is frightened at our approach," said Constance.

"Or, perhaps, a fox. I saw one just about this spot the other night."

After a pause—

"I promised to wait here for Harry!" said John. "He has gone with father to the 'club-feast.'"

"I have been waiting for a gentleman, who has gone there, too."

"Who, Constance?" asked Fairford, with a jealous qualm.

"Who? why"—with a mischevious hesitation—"somebody that I dearly love—Doctor—Jasper—Golderoy!"

Fairford's heart was relieved. "I am a jealous blockhead!"

"That, Dear John, is my fault!" she said, in earnest this time.

'Dear John' kissed away the pout from the pretty lips, and looked adoringly upon the downcast face beside him. Then they became somnambulists again, and moved up and down the avenue, vacantly.

All this while Harry Fairford had been watching them in agony. He had come a near bye-way and over the fields. Turning into the road unperceived, he saw the outline of the lovers, and was transfixed! Harry and he had agreed never to speak to Constance again; and now this treachery! His heart throbbed spasmodically! His temples burned! He threw off his hat, and leaned forward to catch each whispered word. They turned towards him. Agony! He saw his brother kiss that lovely face. His head swam! He could hear and see no more; but, darting from behind his place of concealment, confronted them.

"John!" he said, in an excited husky voice, "you have deceived me!" The lovers trembled. "This is more than I can bear!" The speaker leaned against a tree and sobbed.

"Harry, dear Harry! I have not; this meeting was quite by accident."

"John," said the jealous brother, solemnly—"I could bear her coldness—her disdain—her ridicule—her hatred. But to know that you have acted thus!" The tears fell fast down his cheek. They could not pacify him for a long time.

At length Constance took him by the arm; and, in a quiet voice, said—"John met me quite by chance to-night; and after a few passing words, begged of me that I would love his brother Harry, and urged your suit as warmly as he would his own. I might have teased him as I have you both before. I told him plainly that I never would, save as a sister, love his brother. You will forgive me, Harry?" She laid her hand in his, and he pressed it to his lips.

By the time they reached home, they were all reconciled to each other; but the love-wound, although going on favourably, was unhealed.

II.—AN ILLUSTRIOUS LADY.

Passing out of Brassinstead, down Heath Lane, and then turning to the right across the common, you fall in with a beautiful valley. Following the serpentine course of the stream that dances through uneven banks on either side, crowded with wild flowers, you will arrive at an old style partly covered with bramble, quick, and black-thorn. It will repay you for your trouble; and even for the occasional rending of your broadcloth, to push on through the forests of nut-trees, entangled bushes, and undergrowth of furze, which for a mile or two stretch around you, right on to where the stream drops, like a juvenile Niagara, over rocky ledges down, down into the sea.

When you visit this place, let it be a little later than at that "sweet season of the year, which bud and leaf bring forth;" when the cuckoo first gives her cry of warning; the black-cap grows furious with melody; and the notes of the thrush have grown into a purer melody than when awhile ago he awakened the infant year to life and song:—when the flowers of the white anemone, the pendant sorrell, the graceful harebell, and all the host of Flora's fugitive progeny that bud and blow in early summer time, edge with purple, gold, and silver, the soft green carpet over which you tread.

As Brassinstead Heath is so rugged, and thickly wooded at this period, that it would prove difficult for a stranger to find his way out of it after sunset, some notions can be formed of the difficulties that accompanied a journey through it, some sixty years ago! Then there was no pathway cut through; and the wood was not periodically cleared, as now. Then it formed a warm and capacious nursery for the thousands of young hares and rabbits which were born within its precincts. Then foxes, owls, and vipers, fattened amongst the unexplored recesses of its overgrown, matted shrubs and bushes. It was both rugged and picturesque.

There is standing at the extremity of this heath, and overlooking some miles of sea, a red-bricked mansion, known to this day as the "Queen's Retreat." Here an amiable and unfortunate princess passed some portion of many summers. Cast off by her royal husband, not for any crime or covert act, but because "his inclinations would not permit him to love her," she became the victim of a mysterious oppression, of reckless treachery, and diabolical malevolence. Isolated from the world, with unlimited wealth within her reach, she yearned for something to love, and found it amongst the poor children of Brassinstead; for whom a school had been erected, and to which she gave her periodical presence and assistance. On all these missions of mercy, she had to pass through the devious windings of the heath.

Every summer, about the time of the return of this illustrious lady, the foreigner before mentioned took up his abode at Dr. Golderoy's. Mysterious whispers were at last expressed that he was the lover of this royal lady, and that in various disguises, he met her, at different periods on the heath. Once give such reports root in a country town or village, and they rapidly grow into a colossal scandal, difficult to destroy.

At this juncture John Fairford became the champion of the injured woman. And that he might disarm the suspicion and convince his neighbours of their mistake, he took some pains to unravel the web which encircled the mysterious unknown.

III.—A MEETING.

There was a long underground passage, known as the "King's Vaults," leading out from Dr. Golderoy's house to the sea-side. Few men had dared to traverse its dark windings; for the town's-folk had many legends of midnight murderers, who perpetrated the most horrible crimes within its dismal recesses. The mysterious appearance of the foreigner in the locality of the "Retreat," without passing over the heath, first aroused the suspicions of Fairford, who was not long finding out how he came there, and what he came for.

"There need be no concealment where there is no fear," said he; "there can be no fear where there is truthfulness and honesty of purpose. I will let him know, before long, what I think of him."

Fairford, having induced some fishermen to block up the beach entrance to the vault, so as to shut off any communication by way of the wood, assumed the trappings of a sportsman, and passed some hours daily in the thickest of the plantation, resolved to unravel the mystery. On one of these occasions, when the gloom of evening was setting in, he was about to gather up his spoil, when he heard a cry as for help. He quickly proceeded in the direction from which it came. There he discovered, in tattered clothes, and with features disfigured by the scratches he had received in his fight through brier and bramble, the mysterious foreigner, who had lost his way, and had been wood-bound for hours.

The man made an obsequious bow, and muttered something in Spanish. Fairford looked him full in the face, and in a stern voice said, "Who are you?"

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"*No puedo hablar Ingles, Senor.*"

"That lingo wont do. Do you want to get out of the wood? you understand what I say, fast enough.

"*Si, Senor!*"

Fairford shook his head.

"*Oui, monsieur!*

"Try again! Do you want me to show you out of the wood?"

The Spaniard gave a peculiar grimace, as in good English he said.

"Yes I do, if you please, mister!"

"Then why the d——l didn't you say so before. You could not speak English, not you! Let me tell you, Mr. Foreigner, I think you can speak any language which you think is most likely to answer your purpose. You can *say* anything but your prayers, and *be* anything but an honest man. I know you and your mission. But your plot is spoiled, Snakatchi (the Spaniard started when he heard his name), and you must go back to your worthy employers for fresh plans upon which to exercise your villainy. But now—the truth!" Fairford raised his voice, and darted his bright, quick eye upon the Spaniard.

"What hath Golderoy to do with this?—the truth!"

"He is loyal to his prince."

"And so are you to the black prince"—Fairford pointed downwards—"to the prince of darkness. Do you understand?"

"No, Senor! My prince is a fine gentleman—plenty of money—pay all—everybody—and gives his servants very much good."

"Does he employ you?"

The Spaniard shook his head; and Fairford coolly seated himself on a stump of a tree. The night was coming on.

"I shall not stir from here until I know!" There was a pause; darkness was spreading around the wood. At last, after looking cautiously on every side, he approached close to Fairford, and said, "I will tell you; but do not say it to anyone again!" He whispered what he had to communicate.

"Like master, like man!" exclaimed Fairford. "And yours is a noble occupation, truly! to track the steps of a defenceless woman—a spy!—a bloodhound in a sheepfold!—a thing to be despised! I should like to cudgel you!"

The Spaniard shrugged his shoulders. Fairford got from the tree and led the way in silence. When he reached the style at the end of the wood, "Let me see you no more here," he said; "or in spite of your master or your friend Golderoy, you shall be horsewhipped through the town, and then committed as a rogue and vagabond."

The Spaniard showed his teeth, and passed on over the common.

IV.—THE CONSTITUTION.

The "Bear" was the cosiest and most comfortable hospice in Brassinstead. Each room of the inn had a number of warm recesses, around which were oak panels and massive mouldings. That which was the favourite resort of the town gossips on winter evenings was more like a kitchen, with fire-place sufficiently large to hold the whole congregation of some of the city churches of the present day. This chimney recess formed a sort of pleasant purgatory where you could feel the warmth of the fire before you, and at the same time be kept comfortably cool by the current of air which rattled down the huge opening from above. When you left this cosy place you walked under a high mantle-shelf, reaching half-way out into the room, which was lined with capacious pewter platters, obese bright brass candlesticks, and jolly-looking dropsical-looking mugs, to reach any of which you had to mount a tall, white wooden chair, kept for this especial purpose. Over this shelf was a large brazen-faced warming pan, which in winter time and of cold nights seemed to wink a welcome to every "commercial" who gazed upon her. There certainly was a satisfaction at the prospective comfort she had in store for any who required her genial aid.

There was also a private room, set apart for whist and singing parties, where none but the elect were admitted. This was also capacious; in fact, everything seemed warm and big about the house; and the company were warm, and big, and jolly too, mostly. There was an exception in Squire Bowley, who was not so lofty as his neighbours; although, if the barber were to be believed, he might have been as tall as the rest, but for the carelessness of the nurse, who dropped him when he was a fine fat baby; and his life was saved at the expense of his anatomical proportions. Falling feet downwards, his legs were driven into his body, and the foolish old woman never thought of pulling them out again, until his physical development destroyed the possibility. The barber, however, did not always speak the truth. As it was, the squire made up in girth what he wanted in height. He was, withal, a good-tempered and a peace-loving man, which gave him a great advantage over most of his neighbours.

Dr. Jasper Golderoy was of a different stamp to the squire—had more knowledge, more vanity, and less kindness of disposition. Pompous to a degree, his knowledge of general matters was the only thing that saved him from being thoroughly disliked and shunned. The other frequenters of the "Bear," were the leading men of the place—that is, the most opulent: for money takes the lead in everything, everywhere. John Fairford had now become an occasional visitor here; and never lost an opportunity of introducing his "radical notions of men and things."

On one of these occasions the company were merry—smoking, drinking, and singing. And after the Squire's vocal powers had been devoted to "The Collier's Bonny Daughter," he gave as a toast, with a warm unctuous-kind of chuckle—"the King, the Church, and the Constitution."

"Before I drink that toast, I should like to know what the squire means by the 'Constitution?'"

"Why, you've been told often enough, Mr. Fairford. The Law is the Constitution; which keeps old England from getting out of joint, and allows no game to be killed upon it, except by gentlemen—now you know, Mr. Fairford."

The squire laughed; he had intended his observations to be taken as a joke; but they were not. Dr. Golderoy sneered; the parson shook his head; the lawyer hid himself behind the fumes of his pipe; the barber applauded; and Fairford sprung to his feet.

"I would have you know," he said; "for such inroads are being made upon it by base and designing men that the boasted liberties of the people are trampled upon; and without them the aristocracy is of little worth."

"You are getting quite a radical," said parson Mumble, with anything but an angelic countenance. The parson loved quiet and brandy-and-water in doors, and noise and fox-hunting out.

"I care not what I am called. I know that in speaking the truth you will give me a fair hearing."

The parson bowed; Fairford continued.

"I do not suppose you are unacquainted with the terms you use; but this I take to be the Constitution—'the king, the lords, and the commons,'—each necessary to each; and all necessary for good government. But there are other essentials in the constitution of this realm."

"Well said!" cried the squire.

"The king," continued Fairford, "is the most powerless of the three."

"No! no!" from the parson; and dissent from everybody but the Scotch landlord, who stood at the door watching each word.

"I say, yes! And he was never much else, even in feudal times; for then the spirit which animated our Saxon forefathers, was infused into the Norman barons; it was this which wrung Magna Charta from a terrified monarch, and laid the foundation for the liberties of the people: and it is this spirit which animates us now, and which will, ere long, render the people as great a power as any in the state. And, for the security of this constitution, it will shortly comprise five instead of three elements—for the 'people' and the 'press,' shall be as necessary to its vitality as the king or the parliament."

"But the king you say is powerless!" said Dr. Golderoy.

"I said, comparatively; and so he is! He can pardon criminals, and so can a judge. He cannot make laws, nor enforce them. He is guardian of the sea-shore; but is powerless as Canute to stay its wild waves. He can declare war; but cannot make people fight. He can equip armies and navies; but cannot raise the means of warfare. And yet for all this, he is the first element in the circle I would describe. The second is the 'Lords,' who hold the king in check, as he holds them. The third is the Commons, which prevent the Lords running riot; and find the money required by the state. The fourth element is the people, who have the power, not to the extent they must and will have before long, of making the House of Commons; and then comes the Press, to direct the intelligence of the people. And these form an harmonious circle—the stronger and more durable, the nearer each is suffered to keep its place and do its duty well!"

"You are telling us a few schoolboy truths, distorted by political fancies, which have no foundation in fact, Mr. Fairford. And you find fault with his majesty. The same source from which you obtained your information, would have informed you that 'the king can do no wrong.'" Golderoy was proceeding.

"But kings continually do wrong."

"We wish to speak of the present period, Mr. Fairford."

"I could not take a better time. The regent now represents the monarch; and will you tell me he cannot, *does* he not do wrong? His law-advisers and his ministers may bear the burden of his political

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misdeeds, but who is to shield him from his personal sins? Does the man who puts away his lawful wife, because his inclinations are opposed to a life of domestic love, and then wickedly persecutes that wife by his minions and foreign varlets, who track each step she takes, and try to lie away her very existence, commit no wrong? Not only is he persecuting that poor suffering woman, but he is creating a precedent which will become of fearful importance if carried out by the people of this country. The higher a man's position, the greater his responsibility. He is looked up to as an example, to lead the taste and morals of the time. And would you have your children imitate a man who puts away his wife, to enable him the better to waste his days and nights in the brothel and the gaming house?"

"I canna allow sic blether in this hoose, Mr. Fairford. It's treason against his majesty himsel, to parlé this-wise of his bluid."

"That's right, Macfoogul," said the doctor; "we must not have treason here!"

"You shall have plain truths, Dr. Golderoy, treason or no. It shall be explained why you are this man's champion. It shall be told that you are in the pay of this brutal husband; and the midnight companion of his assassin-like tools. It shall be known"——

But nothing more was known that evening; for the confusion which Fairford's last observations had aroused had not subsided at the time of closing the house for the night. Where all were speaking, none were understood; where every one was passionate, no one was listened to.

Fairford was the last to retire. The landlord followed him to the door, and, in a low voice, said, "You may thirl the cairds at the hoose below, Mr. Fairford: but all your lair is na worth a preen to me or yersel. Yelping sea loud aboot your country's wrang will na make her better. You're farrand, Mr. Fairford, but yer na prudent."

Fairford passed out of the house with an impatient gesture.

REVIEWS.

The Crystal Palace Library. CALEB WILLIAMS. Fourpence.

This series is printed, we believe, in the Crystal Palace, and will undoubtedly find a large sale in the building. All visitors will be glad of so cheap and appropriate a souvenir of their visits. There is ample quantity given for the money, but we entertain some doubts whether the proprietors have made wise selection of the works which they announce on the cover of "Caleb Williams" their intention of publishing. We doubt, for example, whether they can crowd the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" into their space, and readers will hardly like to peruse so truly a pictorial work without the assistance and adornment of engravings. Again, we fear that the market is already so stocked with Milton and Cowper's poems, that the volumes of them to be published in this series will lag long on the counters at the Palace and at railway stations, ere a sale sufficient to make a commercial success has been attained. Neither does it seem to us that "Caleb Williams" is at all a successful selection to start with. It is a book for the library of the cultured reader, not for the quick perusal of the masses. It is a very clever book, but it is a book painful to read. A heavy gloom rests like a pall upon it from beginning to end, and it labours under the great disadvantage to modern novel-readers of not having one word about love in it from title-page to conclusion.

The Boy's Own Magazine. June. Twopence. Beeton.

The plan of "Wild Sports of the World"—a new venture—is simple and good. The nobler kinds of the brute creation, the elephant and lion leading off, are to be taken up in succession and will have their structures, habits, uses, &c., dilated on. The series being mainly designed for young people, a large proportion is given to stories of hunting and adventure with the denizens of the jungle and prairie. Great care seems to be bestowed, and, but for an occasional flippancy and crudeness of expression, the literary execution would merit unqualified commendation. The illustrations are profuse and good, one in each number being gorgeously and correctly painted. Most of the hunting stories are too long for extraction, and, besides, they are old and well-known friends. We append these sentences which throw satisfactory light on many incredible stories of the finding of

SUPPOSED GIGANTIC HUMAN BONES.

As lately as the seventeenth century, human anatomy was but little understood, and comparative anatomy still less. To our forefathers a cartload of animal remains were but so many bones of contention: and an inquest of six months' duration held on them, did not produce as many conclusive facts as to the structure of the various owners, as would be derived in six hours by a modern Owen, with no more substantial ground to work on than the defunct's solitary tooth or toe nail. There can be little doubt that much of the by-gone superstition respecting "giants," sprung from the contemplation of the great bones occasionally brought to light. When, for instance, in the reign of James I., "big outlandish bones" were discovered at Gloucester, the King appointed Lord Cherbury to find out what he could respecting them. It would seem that to every body in the realm at all competent to judge of a bone of these relics were exhibited; but the verdict of the jurors was by no means unanimous. Some gravely opined they were the bones of a human giant, and advised their immediate reinterment with Christian rites; others, including Dr. Harvey, declared the bones to belong "to some exceeding great beast, as an elephant." Bishop Hakewell, who was one of those consulted by Lord Cherbury, says:—"His Lordship showed me some bones which he had collected; which were a huckle-bone, part of the shoulder-blade, some parts of a tooth, and the bridge of a nose, all of a huge bigness. . . . The bridge of the nose was what confirmed his lordship's and my opinion, that it could not be that of a man, for it did seem to be a bone very apt to bear up the long snout of an elephant. . . . One of the teeth of this pretended giant, by the special favour of my Lord of Gloucester, was examined by me. I found it to be a stony substance, both for hardness and weight; and it should seem, by his lordship's to me, that he himself was not confident that it was the tooth of a man."

In those "good old times," simple arithmetic must have been as unknown a science as comparative anatomy. The tooth above spoken of, supposing it to have been the tooth of an elephant, must have weighed, say ten pounds. Now, the average weight of adult human teeth is a hundred and sixty to the pound, and, taking the weight of a grown man to be two hundred pounds, a single tooth is about a thirty-thousandth part of his weight, so that the tooth of this Gloucester giant weighing ten pounds, his entire carcase would have turned the beam against *a hundred tons*,—the weight of about a hundred and sixty fat bullocks.

Household Proverbs: A Tract for the People. (Shaw and Co.)

Better things than these pretty tracts could not be put into the hands of the people. They pleasantly teach the way to household and permanent happiness.

Emigration to Canada.

Mr. Buchanan, of Liverpool, has published a comprehensive pamphlet on the subject of the geographical position, climate, capabilities, &c., of Canada, which intended emigrants to that part of the globe may consult with advantage.

Companion to the Writing Desk. (Hardwicke.)

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LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, etc.

No. 370. OCTOBER, 1861. Vol. 34.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevard des Italiens, 28*th September*, 1861.

Chere Amie,—Although arrived at the autumn season, the fine weather has continued so long, and the temperature so mild, that the toilettes have been as little changed as the weather, and the light pretty toilettes of summer have hardly undergone the usual modifications; but the days are becoming shorter, the mornings and evenings cooler, and alas! the falling leaves warn us to prepare for a change.

During the last month the dresses have still continued of barege, mousseline de soie or grenadine, some with a single flounce, a thick ruche of pinked taffetas placed as heading, others with tucks and braid, or ruches of taffetas on the dress. Narrow black velvet is also again in use, put on in several rows, and gauffered flounces are again in favour. Flounces put on in festoons are much approved, and have a pretty effect. The dresses of thin materials are all made with low bodies, over which are worn fancy fichus of tulle or muslin, some with long ends, others ending under the arms; the sleeves full at the top, bouffantes, with open wristband. Dresses of other materials are preferred, with the elbow sleeve and revers. The point at the waist is again replacing the waistband. The long ceintures are made very wide, and fringed frequently, with the ends embroidered; they are worn on white dresses, in every colour, but dark colours are much approved. The Medici ceintures, pointed before and behind, are with the ends embroidered. For silk dresses, ceintures are almost indispensable; they complete the toilette, and render it more elegant. The ceinture dragonne is new; it is of taffetas or ribbon; it has two small ends behind, with fancy buttons, two buttons in jewellery, as rich as wished; in front it forms corselet, fastening at the side, with two ends trimmed with lace or narrow fluted ribbon. This ceinture is made of two colours, black and violet, cerise and white, mauve and white, etc., according to the colours of the dress and toilette.

Barege dresses are very pretty, ornamented by black and white or red braid; it borders the flounces or plisses, but the colour of the barege must be selected, that the trimming accords. A white barege with small blacks, having five narrow flounces with headings, had three rows of black braid on the flounce and confining the heading. The single deep flounces are often headed by several narrower ones. On dresses of grey materials, small black silk flounces are worn, and plain bands are very numerous. Wide plisses of the same material as the dress, or of contrasting colour, with embroidered heading. Three or five rows of bouillonnes, five or seven rows of black velvet in bands, not wider than the little finger, is a style much in vogue for simple toilettes, whether in fancy materials or jean. On simple toilettes wide plisses are used, sometimes a quarter of a yard wide, with double heading, edged with taffetas. All plain skirts are bordered with velvet. Negligé dresses, as orleans, etc., are with narrow flounces bordered. The morning toilettes for the seaside are often of alpaca or foulard, either light or dark, grey, nankin, marron. In alpaca, violet is a favourite colour. These morning toilettes are generally plain, or trimmed with ribbon, checked violet and white, black and white, groseille and black, according to the colour. Some are ornamented by nœuds or pompons, all black, the corsage with waistcoat and veste of the same material as the body. Taffetas dresses are sometimes made with a single deep flounce, on which are placed thick ruches of black lace; there are five rows of ruches. This is a pretty style also for dresses of silk gauze, foulard or tarlatane. It is observed that the skirt trimmed with ruches is much less effective than when they are placed on a flounce, which is made fuller than the upper part of the skirt, which to be fashionable must be flat, and biaises at the top, increasing in the bell form at the bottom. That is absolute just now in the world of fashion. All dresses must be of this style, training a little behind.

Head dresses continue to be worn very full at the back; black laces, mixed with ribbon and flowers, are always worn, particularly black ribbon; and by some modistes it is observed in their coiffures and dress caps; place the black lace next the face, and blond or white lace behind. Very pretty simple caps are made of blond ribbon and lace; violet and black, pink and black, mauve and black, etc., etc., compose a variety of pretty caps.

There will be no change until later in the season in the form of bonnets, but the trimmings continue to vary. Many are made at this moment of dark crapes or black spotted tulle. Pailles de riz are with ornaments of Leghorn, and black and white feathers, brides of mais and black, and bunch of wild roses inside. Bonnets of tulle are intermixed with black lace and straw, and peacock's feather, with blue aigrette. Hats are seen of various forms. The fashionable one in Paris is the chapeau Amazone, inclining at the sides, with black feather. Those of black straw are also used. A veil of lace or gauze is sewed to the edge; they are mostly trimmed with a wide black velvet. The sailor hat is fashionable for children and very youthful persons; sometimes a cock's feather, red and black, or a plume of pheasant's, sometimes red only, of a full colour. Bonnets for demi-toilettes are of Belgian straw, trimmed with three rows of ribbon plisses of blue Louise, at the side a bunch of blue asters, and band of the same inside. Leghorn bonnets are with bunch of poppies and wheat ears, with brides of white taffetas, sprigged with wheat ears; or a Leghorn with nœud of black taffetas, confining a bunch of mixed flowers, inside a band of flowers, and brides of black taffetas.

It is stated that numerous changes will take place in toilettes this season. At present we may mention short paletots, as worn by the Empress. They are made of light cloth, or a material like curling plush. The paletots cross on the chest, and exactly resemble the men's paletots. Under these paletots a jean waistcoat, buff or grey, is sometimes worn, so that it may be worn open in front, or not. For the seaside the Arabian burnous is adopted, of white cachemire, striped with black; it is edged by velvet. Very pretty forms are seen of black taffetas mantes. Those for elderly persons are with folds in the back, a style frequently selected by younger persons, who require a simple style. Others form the long casaque, the back almost tight, and buttoning in front.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of taffetas, with plain high body, ornamented with buttons; embroidered shawl, trimmed with black lace; Leghorn bonnet, with trimmings of black velvet and feathers.

Walking Dress.—Paletot of black taffetas, buttoning the whole length, and ornamented round the bottom by a band of mauve silk and black velvet: small bell sleeves with cuffs, and pelerine with similar trimming. Hat bound with mauve velvet and white feather.

Carriage Dress.—Paletot of light gray drap, ornamented up the front by lozenge shaped trimmings and buttons; the pagoda sleeve similarly trimmed; bonnet of green crape, ornamented by flowers.

PLATE II.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of white barege; the body is open, with revers of ribbon trimmed with lace, and crossing a little at the waist with round ceinture; the skirt has two rows of taffetas up each side, with bouillons between; full sleeve with wristband and cuffs. Coiffure of hair, intermixed with flowers.

Walking Dress.—Paletot of black silk, with pipings of white, and small white buttons; revers collar of velvet; mousquitaire sleeves with cuffs of velvet; straw hat, with velvet bow and feather.

Evening Dress.—Robe of blue figured mousseline de soie, looped up at the side by a bunch of roses and wheatears; the body is low, with draperie of tulle, and bunch of flowers on the shoulders; under skirt of blue silk quilted with flowers on every point. Coiffure of hair, with flowers as on dress.

PLATE III.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of blue Louise taffetas; the body is high, the sleeves open, both ornamented, as well as the bottom of the skirt, with large rosaces of velvet, encircled with black lace and nœuds of black ribbon. Coiffure of hair, with nœuds of ribbon.

Child's Dress.—Frock of rose coloured taffetas, with low body and revers bretelles; the skirt is with alternate narrow flounces of rose colour, and black taffetas chemisette and long sleeves of muslin. Hat with wreath of flowers.

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Morning Dress.—Robe of ecru taffetas; the body is high and pointed, fastening with small buttons; sleeves à la mousquitaire, with cuffs and nœud on the shoulders, ornamented by a plat of mauve; the skirt has a row of the same plat round the bottom, and two biais on each side, terminating with point and edged by a mauve plat. Coiffure of mative ribbon and black lace.

PLATE IV.—*Little Girl's Dress.*—Frock of barege, with square body and chemisette; pardessus of gray cloth, with band of velvet round the bottom and on the sleeves. Hat of crinoline, with feather.

Walking Dress.—Robe of foulard, with high body and large open sleeves, white ones in bouillons under. Bonnet of white crin, trimmed with lace and flowers.

Evening Dress.—Robe of tarlatane, with flounce put on in deep festons, and large rosaces in each scollop, a band of ribbon heading the flounce; pointed body, with berthe of lace and ribbon. Coiffure à l'Eugenie, with diadem wreath of flowers.

PLATE V.—Promenade bonnet of azuredine silk, with quilted crown and front; trimmed with rosettes mixed with black velvet; curtain of black lace.

Carriage bonnet of white chip, trimmed with black velvet, and a bunch of grapes.

Turban hat of maroon velvet, trimmed with a white feather.

Dress cap of white tulle, trimmed with broad pink ribbon, edged with black lace.

Evening cap of white blond, with a narrow black velvet bow, edged with white lace, and china-asters at the side.

Second ditto of blond, trimmed with roses and black lace.

First morning cap of white muslin, trimmed with a dark blue velvet bow on the top, and blue ribbon.

Second ditto of yellow ribbon and white net, with narrow velvet on the crown.

First sleeve of muslin, trimmed with quilted black lace, and a cerise bow at the wrist.

Second ditto of net, turned back with an embroidered gauntlet.

Habit shirt of cambric, trimmed with a broad ribbon down the front, over which are placed ornamented bands of lace.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

The Model given with the present number is for a Boy's Paletot, the sleeve of the usual form, forming elbow with cuff made more or less wide to fancy.

THEATRES AND AMUSEMENTS.

SADLER'S WELLS.

The season commenced very auspiciously, the theatre being crowded in every part. The opening play, "The Hunchback," was selected for the purpose of introducing to the London stage Mrs. D. P. Bowers, a popular American actress, in the *rôle* of Julia. It gives us pleasure to record the very great success of the *débutante*, who is one of the most finished actresses that have visited us from the other side of the Atlantic. In the higher range of drama, and in the heroines of modern plays of the romantic school, Mrs. Bowers must prove a valuable acquisition to the London stage. On Wednesday, she appeared as Pauline in the "Lady of Lyons," Mr. E. Phelps rendering inefficient support as Claude. Mrs. Bowers must advance still further west, and let the Haymarket, Lyceum, or Drury-lane an opportunity of testing her great dramatic gifts. We believe if she was to appear in a new play suited to her abilities, at one of the above establishments, she would immediately take a high position in the estimation of playgoers.

STRAND.

"A Lucky Escape" is the name of a new comedietta, which is adapted from the French by its author, Mr. Cheltnam. The principal character is that of a Chevalier, who, whilst adoring a young girl, continues to tell her that he does *not* love her, although he is passionately attached to her. By a singular order of Court all promises of marriage are to be held legal, being countersigned by the Provost Marshal, and such a promise the Chevalier gives, thinking it is to his real lady love, but she plagues him by getting it to be asserted by her brother that it has been made to an old lady of sixty. Of course all matters are cleared up, and at last the modest Chevalier does contrive to let the right lady know that he loves her.

SURREY.

The autumn campaign at this theatre has commenced; and as it is the intention of the managers, Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick, to place before the public during the season the entertainments of both drama and opera, the campaign was inaugurated by a three act play and an opera in one part. The play, which is the more important of the two productions, is founded on a five act piece, "Le Cretin de la Montagne," brought out last summer in Paris at the "Gaieté," and now reproduced at the Surrey under the name of "The Idiot of the Mountain." The English version is in three acts, comprising all the incidents of the French five-act piece, and slightly altered in the catastrophe. Such being the case, it may be imagined how every *tableau* is crowded with incident, and it may be further imagined how thrilling and full of sensation scenes it is, when it is stated that the plot turns upon a murder, a false accusation, and the discovery of the guilty personage through the astonishing instrumentality of an idiot. This person is the leading character of the drama; the idiot, indeed, is the only elaborated character, and the play was evidently written only for its delineation. Mr. Creswick undertook this part; and the skill and effect with which he played entitle him to high commendation. The picture was rendered complete by the blank countenance, the childish speech, the unmeaning laugh, the occasional glimpses of reason when the emotions of rage or grief intervened, and last, but not least, by the tattered make-up. The acting of Mr. Shepherd, who plays unctiously a bluff smuggler, and of Mr. George Vincent, who plays a villain, will also strike every beholder.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

A novel entertainment which last year drew an audience of 24,000 people—choirs of singers from various parts of the country, competing for prizes and banners of honour in the concert room,—was repeated on Tuesday last, when nearly 12,000 people assembled. This Tonic Sol-fa competition and concert was divided into three parts. First, there was the competition in the concert-room, of three provincial choirs, for prize banners. Various causes contributed to limit the number of competing choirs; one of which causes was the exclusion of choirs that last year gained a prize. The tests were sight singing and the singing of prepared pieces; and the judges were, as last year, Mr. Goss and Mr. Turle (the organists of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey) and Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Oliphant (secretaries to the Philharmonic and the Madrigal Societies). The sight-singing tests consisted of a pretty, simple composition in counterpoint by Gersbach, and of a canon, four parts in two, by Dr. C. Tye—the former written in the old, and the latter in the new notation. The judges awarded the highest number of marks, 143, to the Brighton choir; the second-124, to the Staffordshire Potteries choir. No third prize was awarded, as the Hull choir obtained only ninety-five marks—less than the three, fourths of the highest number required; but the judges' report commended the whole performance as highly creditable. While their report was being prepared, the Finsbury and Staffordshire choirs, excluded from this year's competition by their previous success, performed a pleasing selection of part songs, under the conduct of Mr. John Sarll and Mr. Powell. After a short interval, the great orchestra was occupied by a chorus nearly fifteen hundred strong, consisting of certificated pupils of Tonic Sol-fa classes. Mr. Curwen then presented, amidst a general frenzy of enthusiam, the two prize banners, crimson and purple, to Mr. Bentley and Mr. Powell, the leaders of the successful choirs; all the members of which moved in procession round the orchestra. Mr. Longbottom, one of the most successful of the Yorkshire teachers, entered the conductor's seat, armed with an elegant silver-mounted baton—the gift of a hundred London pupils of the system, with whom he had carefully rehearsed for the performance of the solo parts in Mozart's Twelfth Service. The choice of that beautiful compositions for performance on such an occasion would only have been justified by a confidence based on careful training. It would have been melancholy, indeed, to hear those sweet and sublime passages of devotion and joy marred by unmusical or undisciplined voices. But if anything could enhance the enjoyment of its fitting performance, it was to hear the organ and band of the Crystal Palace accompanied, even through the difficult fugue, "Cum Sancto spirito," with almost faultless precision, by the voices of men, women and children, collected from places so remote and unlike as London, Brighton, the Potteries, and Yorkshire. Despite the failure of the Hull choir to obtain the orange banner, they and their conductor, Mr. Winch, contributed in no mean proportion to the ultimate success, as fifty or sixty broad-chested Yorkshire lads and lasses must do in every choral performance. May they win the crimson banner next time, and meanwhile, may the Tonic Sol-fa classes help to sweeten yet more the social and religious life of England.

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CREMORNE GARDENS.

A large number of persons visited these gardens to witness a balloon race between the "Prince of Wales," with the veteran Chambers for its aeronaut, the "Normandy," which was entrusted to Lythgoe, and "Garibaldi," steered by W. H. Adams, jun., the son of a former Cremorne aeronaut.

A very pleasing compliment was paid to the early lady visitors. On their entering the gardens, a pretty little book, entitled, "The Guide to Cremorne," was presented to the first fifty, which informed them that the bearers were entitled to draw for a chance of six partial ascents and one grand ascent. This chance was determined by the turn of a French table, and to judge by the anxiety evinced, both by juveniles and ladies of mature years, as the number indicated prize or blank, it must be considered that ballooning was in the ascendant. After this the three ballons started, amidst the cheers of the crowd, the firing of the signal guns, and the music of the military bands. "Garibaldi" had a slight advantage in the start, but the well-known ascending powers of the "Prince of Wales" soon left his military friend in the rear, in which "Normandy," with Lythgoe, was content to follow.

REVIEWS.

The Secret History of the Court of France under Louis XV. By Dr. Challice. London: Hurst and Blackett.

This work deserves to be popular, for the writer's magic wand rekindles life in the mighty dead, and brings them before us with dramatic power. Our admiration, our pity, or our censure are aroused as if we beheld the individuals described, playing their several parts in perfect harmony, with all the moral excellence or deformity attributed to them.

Such a work as that now before us required a bold, enterprising spirit. We do not allude so much to the introduction of royal personages as to the attempt to paint scenes in which Voltaire, Rousseau, and Montesquieu played their parts. The work, however, shows that the author had not overrated his strength. His talent is equal to his undertaking, but he is much more remarkable for his brilliancy than his impartiality. He is too much addicted to favouritism and to antipathies. As an instance of this we have only to cite his handling of Madame de Pompadour and of Voltaire. The moralist must censure the former, and the pious man the latter; but the historian should endeavour to do justice to both.

In dwelling on the records of the author's favourite, Madame de Pompadour, whom we call the heroine of his book, who does not regret that the name of one so patriotic, so generous, and so intellectual as this "Secret History" pourtrays her, should not have been handed down pure and spotless to posterity! But then comes the still more painful reflection that it is to her frailty she owes her renown, and that, excepting as the mistress of a king, she would have had no niche in the pantheon of history. The miseries attendant on the life of a woman who purchases royal favour, exalted titles, and courtly adulation at the expense of virtue, is well illustrated in this work, and as the author observes, the story of a real life fairly lived out is God's best teaching.

Here we are tempted to give a short extract, one in which Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour are seen at the opera. They visit it on account of the representation of Rousseau's celebrated "Devin du Village." Rousseau himself was present.

"Rousseau, mad, excited, his brain heated by study and anxiety: a very monomaniac of genius, yet shabby,—shrinking into a corner before the, to him, unaccustomed splendour of the audience he—the unknown—had convoked. Thinking the actors bad because they did not do him justice; believing some silly women angels because he heard them murmur applause; exalted above humanity, yet fearing, heart-beating, trembling, because he heard no clapping of hands. The King was there, and it was not etiquette to clap hands in the royal presence. And there was the Pompadour, herself the greatest artiste and actress of her time, splendid to look upon, with smiles of approbation that the King understood, but Rousseau, no courtier and a rustic genius, did not see.

The curtain fell. Instinct told the author and composer that he was a success. Gasping for air, ashamed to look the multitude in the face, he fled; albeit the King had sent for him, and desired to say a word of royal approbation, and something more. The words of a Bourbon were nor bald, nor their favours empty. Rousseau rushed back to his garret, and tried to cool his head. But the King, under the Pompadour's direction, was not to be evaded.

A royal messenger arrived with a hundred louis for Rousseau (the Republican) from the King, and fifty louis from the Marquise.

Rousseau, for once, was glad there were kings on earth, and flattered when, a few days afterwards, feeding upon royal bounty, he was told that his Majesty was for ever singing to himself snatches from the "Devin," and that the Marquise intended herself to represent the part of Colin at Belle Vue. This she did, triumphantly, with all her old *verve* and spirit; not acting the worse for a conscience void of offence to man, though she knew the hand of Heaven's retribution was upon her. She loved those pieces, as she declared, which brought the drama down to the level of human nature from the stilted representations in which its true intention had been lost, and by which kings alone were flattered.

Then came fresh rewards to Rousseau; fifty louis from the Opera, and five hundred francs from Pisset, the engraver. The Marquise had made Colin the fashion by her inimitable representations—so that the piece which, as says Rousseau, "never cost me but five or six weeks of work, brought me more money, notwithstanding my misfortune and loggerhead conduct, than 'Emile' has since yielded me, though that cost me twenty years of meditation and three of work." He had previously been angry with Madame de Pompadour, because she could not pull his friend Diderot out of prison directly his seditious writings put him there. Now, Rousseau began to grumble that in spite of the pecuniary ease in which her favour placed him, the success of his "Devin," that she had inaugurated was the cause to him of infinite annoyances, because of the jealousy it bred. "I remarked," says he, "neither in G—— nor in Diderot, nor in hardly any of my literary acquaintance, that cordiality, that frankness, that pleasure to see me, that I had believed to have found in them, until then."

Voltaire was on the watch in Prussia, and ever ready to spring up afresh in one shape or another, when his self-love was piqued by Paris doings. It was proposed to play in French private palace theatricals, a burlesque of his "Semiramis." The political atmosphere was, like the "King's" dissatisfied conscience, gradually getting too cloudy for tragic representations in the entertainments intended to divert Versailles. Soldiers were being drilled and educated, ships were building, France was on friendly relations with Austria. But Frederic was trafficking with England. Canada was unsettled. The Cabinet of France was watchful and uneasy. It was no time to play at tragedy, "Semiramis" was to be burlesqued! Voltaire never pardoned success, if not his own. Rousseau's triumph maddened him. Now he heard that his "Semiramis" was to be parodied at Fontainebleau! "He could not understand," says a commentator, "that the grandest *chefs-d'œuvre* have their parody for the reason that the sublime is akin to the ridiculous." He could not write to his former patroness, the Pompadour, whom he had so outraged, so he addressed himself to the Queen of France, concerning whom he had formerly indited sarcastic verses. "Think, Madame," wrote he, "that I am the servant of his Majesty, and consequently yours—a word will suffice to prevent a scandal, the results of which will lose me. I hope that your Majesty's humanity will be touched, and that after having painted virtue, I shall be protected by her."

The Queen interposed, and the parody of "Semiramis" was not represented.

Where this secret history is carried on by translations from letters, the reader will, in the first instance, be tempted to complain of the French construction of the sentences; but the author states that the object has been to render them intelligible as literally as possible, so as to convey to the English reader an idea of the style and characteristics of the original.

Cottage Readings in Poetry. R. Jones: Paternoster Row.

This little volume contains some of the choicest pieces from Addison, Barton, Clare, Conder, Crabbe, Croly, Dryden,

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Gay, Goldsmith, Grahame, Heber, Johnson, Logan, Lyte, M'Cheyne, Merrick, Milman, Pope, Rogers, Wesley, Wordsworth, etc. Cheap and New Series, containing 160 pages of good-sized type, neatly bound in limp cloth, 6d. It forms a companion volume to "Gleanings from the Poets for Cottage Homes," recently published; and together they furnish specimens of the best English and American poets, along with some translations from the German, Latin, and Greek. Never before was such a supply brought within the reach of mechanics, cottagers, and others, and at so cheap a cost. The pieces are well suited to interest and improve the mind, and to elevate and refine the taste.

LOOKING BACK.

BY W. B. B. S.

I.

Memory cometh to remind me of the heart's-ease I have lost;
O'er the grave of joys departed waileth Memory like a ghost;
Every morrow bringeth sorrow—Hope hath long forgot to boast.

II.

Now my heart is wildly beating, and my tears are falling fast;
Very gloomy is the Present—let me veil it with the Past;
Happy childhood 'neath the wild wood, ere life's sky was overcast!

III.

Where the fern was ever greenest, where the sky was ever clear,
Where the speckled trout was springing at the wild bee murm'ring near,
There I wandered, while I pondered why Helen grew so dear.

IV.

Memory cometh to remind me how I wept one morn in May,
When they told me she was going to a city far away;
All was dreary, nought could cheer me—hateful seemed the light of day.

V.

Though our brook was dashing onward, clear as ever to the mill;
Though the lark was singing, soaring, through the white cloud o'er the hill,
Cruel gladness, mocking sadness, while I sat so sad and still!

VI.

Memory cometh to remind me how we met again once more,
When the blessed days of boyhood and its innocence were o'er;
She seemed nearer, fairer, dearer to my heart than e'er before!

VII.

Then that heart leapt at her coming, and the blood flushed on my brow,
Oh! it was a genial madness, and I feel the old love now,
As when blushing, like dawn's flushing, with her lip she sealed her vow!

VIII.

Memory cometh to remind me of a gloomy autumn day,
When the idol love had raised in death's dreamless slumber lay;
All was over—joyless lover! I could neither weep nor pray!

XI.

She is gone unto that heaven where her sister-angels are;
Yet her memory's left to cheer me—like a beacon-light afar;
Hope declining hails its shining as the seaman hails his star!

LYING IN BED WITH THE HEAD HIGH.—It is often a question amongst people who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man, whether lying with the head exalted or even with the body is the most wholesome. Most, consulting their own ease on this point, argue in favour of that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night, and sleep soundly without injury, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels through which the blood passes from the heart to the head, are always lessened in their cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; therefore, in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty nearly on a level with the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus to avoid danger.—*Medical Journal.*

THE CANTON OF BERNE.

THE proceedings of the Helvetic League have naturally centred the attention of Europe on the little mountain city, which, in its rotation, now enjoys the honour of being ranked as the capital of Switzerland. Lying under the Alps, it may be expected to possess a cold and cheerless climate, but the republican government of the Swiss, being simple and inexpensive, as all governments ought to be, enjoys so large a surplus revenue, that, in ordinary times of peace, it can afford to supply the inhabitants with fuel gratis! At the same time, the canton of Berne alone keeps up a contingent army of nearly six thousand men for the service of the Confederation. Although it is the seat on government, the city exercises no control over the internal affairs of the other towns and cantons, each having its administrative council, while questions relating to the general interests of the League are decided by a Central Assembly at Berne, composed of a National Chamber, with one representative for every twenty thousand of the population—and a Senate, with forty-four members, or two for each canton. Of the Senate, a ministry of seven persons is elected, with limited executive powers. The constitutions of all the cantons are now completely democratic, so that Switzerland may be said to be blessed with a pure system of self government.

Berne, as the largest of the Swiss cantons, shares alternately with Zurich and Lucerne the honour of being the seat of government, and, as such, is sought as a residence by most of the foreign ministers. From the picturesque aspect of the town, no less than the many curious objects it contains, it is an attractive spot at which to sojourn. Built on a lofty promontory, 1600 feet above the sea, its appearance is most imposing. It is almost entirely surrounded by the river Aar, flowing at the bottom of a deep gully with precipitous sides, which form the sole means of ascent to the town from the east. To remedy this inconvenience, it is proposed to erect a lofty bridge of stone or iron. What constituted once the fortifications of the town are now converted into inviting promenades, overlooking the picturesque banks of the Aar, the Alpine ridges forming a magnificent background. The fine view of these mountains forms, indeed, one of the greatest charms of Berne, as it is commanded, not only from the town itself, but from every eminence in the vicinity. From some points ten or twelve of the snowy peaks are visible, as from the platform, a lofty terrace lined with trees, supported by a wall of masonry, rising 108 feet above the Aar. No prospect can be imagined more exquisite than that of the Bernese Alpine chain beheld from this spot at sunset, when the whole line of snow-clad summits are suddenly flushed with a deep roseate glow.

The interior of Berne is striking, from the houses being all built of stone, as well as from the peculiarity of their construction. Ornamented with arcades, the attraction of these sheltered promenades, on either side of the streets, is rendered additionally pleasing by the number and gaiety of the shops and stalls. Along the brow of the precipice, overhanging the river, removed from the main streets, are the habitations of the more aristocratic among the residents. Great pains have been bestowed on the purification of the streets, rills of water being carried through them. They are abundantly adorned, also, with fountains, each bearing some strange, quaint effigy of ancient warriors, such as David or Samson; or of feminine device, such as Juno or Hebe. But the favourite representation is that of the bear—the word "Bern," in the old German, signifying "bear." It constitutes, therefore, the armorial bearing of the canton. Indeed, such is the attachment to this animal, that specimens, living or artistic, are constantly to be seen; so that it becomes one of the chief, though not perhaps the most attractive, characteristics of the town. Thus, in the principal street, the great fountain is surmounted by a bear, completely clad in armour, and with his sword at his side and banner in his paw, worthy to figure as a hero in the wonderful history of Master Bruin. The Schützen Brunnen, also, is the figure of a Swiss crossbowman of ancient date, attended by a young bear as squire. Two fine living bears are to be seen, moreover, in the Bernese Museum, besides stuffed specimens of the animal at all ages.

This veneration for the bear does not even confine itself to the multiplication of his effigy on coins, signposts, fountains, and public buildings. For many hundred years, bears were maintained at the general expense, and a certain quarter in the locality of the Aarberg Gate was allotted to them for a habitation. One old lady bequeathed her fortune of of sixty thousand livres to them, and the will being disputed by some distant relative of the deceased, the cause of the bears was so ably pleaded by a distinguished member of the bar of Berne that the plaintiff was nonsuited. But the torrent of the French Revolution, which swept away crowns and empires, affected the fortunes of the

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bears. The French having defeated the Swiss (1798), entered the town, and, after having made themselves possessors of the treasury, appropriated the birthright of the bears, amounting at the time to seventy millions of francs. When, after the lapse of years, serenity was restored to the town, the first care of the citizens was to attend to the welfare of their favourites. A subscription was raised, and a small estate purchased, the proceeds of which were awarded to their support. The cost of keeping them amounted to between six hundred and seven hundred francs yearly.

Worthy of notice are the three antique watch towers along the principal street, and the clock tower especially, as an example of fantastic design. Its machinery is carried on through puppets, to the admiration of wondering crowds. A minute before the hour strikes, a wooden cock appears, crows twice, and flaps his wings; then, while a puppet strikes the hour on a bell, a procession of bears issues out, and passes in front of a figure on a throne, which marks the hour by gaping and lowering his sceptre.

The minster is a beautiful gothic building, little inferior in design and decoration to the finest examples of the mediæval order. It boasts some exquisite sculptured relievos of scriptural subjects, while the interior is devoted to recording the pride of the aristocratic Bernese burghers, with all the pomp of heraldry. More interesting are the monuments to the officers and soldiers who fell in the defence of their city against the French, in 1798.

Very fine collections of various kinds are contained in this museum. Among those in the zoological department are the lynx of the Alps, and the steinbock, both rarely to be met with; a chamois with three horns, one growing out of the nose; and, more interesting than all, the skin, which is here preserved, of the famous Barry, one of the dogs of St. Bernard, recorded to have saved the lives of fifteen persons. In ornithology, there is the Alpine vulture or lammergeyer, in addition to a complete collection of native birds and several foreign ones. The flamingo is said to be not uncommon among the woods of the district around Nismes and Avignon. Some specimens of the rarest and finest minerals from St. Gothard rank among the mineralogy, and several plans of various parts of the country, wrought with the ingenuity and skill peculiar to the Swiss, are instructive as well as curious.

The history of Berne presents strange alternations in the spirit of its rule. In the twelfth century it shared the common lot of the feudal system, which then existed in great rigour. Somewhat later, as a counterpoise to the power of the nobility, the towns were formed and their freedom effected. Gradually, as in the Venetian and other states, a new element of tyranny arose from a different source—the power of the burgher aristocracy, which degenerated, at length, into an oligarchy. Its existence necesarily was undermined by the French Revolution, and since 1830 the aristocracy have become extinct. Successive innovations and modifications have moulded the government to its present form.

Young Women at Business.—After the publication of "Woman's Right to Labour," generous men came forth to help me carry out my plans. The best printer in Boston said, "I am willing to take women into my office at once, *if you can find women who will submit to an apprenticeship like men.*" On the same conditions, a distinguished chemist offered to take a class of women and train them to be first-class apothecaries or scientific observers, as they might choose. To these offers there were no satisfactory responses. "Yes," said the would-be printers, "we will go into an office for six months; but by that time our oldest sisters will be married and our mothers will want us at home." "An apprenticeship of six years!" exclaimed the young lady of a chemical turn, "I should very much like to learn, *so that I could be a chemist if I ever had to;* but poison myself over those 'fumes' for six years—not I!" It is easy to rail against society and men in general; but it is very painful for a woman to confess her heaviest obstacle to success,—viz., *the weakness of women.* "Six years out of the very bloom of our lives to be spent in the printing-office or the laboratory!" exclaimed the dismayed band; and they flutter out of reach through the side walks of Beacon-street or through the mazes of "The Lancers." . . . What does common sense demand, if not that women should make thorough preparation for trades or professions; and, having taken up a resolution, should abide by all its consequences like men?—*Mrs. Dall's Woman's Right to Labour.*

TRAVELLING IN JAPAN.

The *Gazette* of St. Petersburg publishes a letter from Madame Albrecht, wife of a physician, dated from Hakodaté, in the island of Japan, the 15th April, giving an account of an excursion into the interior of that singular country:—"It required many efforts and more time to cause the Japanese to consent to our project. According to treaties, consuls-general alone have the right of travelling by land in the interior; and the Russians have here only a simple consul; but, as he enjoys the same privileges as a consul-general, the authorities could not maintain any objection on that score. We purchased Japanese litters, or, as they are called here, cages (kahos). They contained no sort of seats, and are not long enough to enable the legs to be extended; so that we were obliged to sit crossed legged in Japanese fashion; we had, however, the back supported by a cushion. We were five in number—the consul, his wife, their son, myself, and a lady's maid, and each of us had a litter or cage. Seven Japanese functionaries were ordered to be in attendance on us, and each of them had a litter and two domestics; we had also two guides. The litter is suspended from a long pole placed on the shoulders of men—two before and two behind, and each one is attended by bearers to relieve each other in turns, some of them having as many as ten. We were also accompanied by a vast number of police officers, who walked before and on each side of the litters, and who cried in a melancholy tone to all the common people we met on the road, 'Saré,' which means 'sit down.' This order was obeyed. In the towns, where the inhabitants collected in crowds to see us pass, the same order was given, and the people immediately sat down, in spite of mud and rain. In certain towns, however, which are occupied by princes, the people were exempt from this formality. So great in some places was the curiosity of the people to see us, that they pressed close to the litters and endeavoured to open the doors (there is one on each side), but the police, who were armed with long sticks, and with small iron rods, the latter carried in the sleeve, kept them off. This rod is a mark of authority, and it is said that the Japanese greatly fear being touched by one, as they are then placed under arrest. At every station at which we stopped we found prepared for us a chamber, which was very clean, and decorated with magnificent paper hangings; and, for us to sit down, benches with a sort of cushion were provided. These stations are destined for functionaries who travel on the public service. They are all constructed on the same plan; the chamber we occupied in each was only separated from the street by one for the domestics, and was divided into different compartments by sliding partitions. Every room we were in was very cold at night, notwithstanding braziers were lighted on our retiring to rest. The roads were very good. Those in the first part of our journey were wide, and planted with high trees, the branches of which extended across. On each side of the road were rice fields. The second part of our journey was through a mountainous country; we there saw a large quantity of snow, and were greatly inconvenienced with rain. We frequently found the roads cut by large rivers, and we crossed them in ferry boats. The reception we obtained in every town was very ceremonious. First of all, an elder in uniform came forth to meet us, and saluted each litter with profound respect; on each side of the street were police officers with polished sticks; and at some distance from them were public functionaries in groups, seated on stools. The uniform of these officials is singular—it consists of a sort of gown in gauze, with, at the shoulders, a projection resembling wings. In consequence of this we called them 'functionaries with wings.' Behind them were attendants bearing wands, lances, something resembling horses' tails, and other articles—indicating, no doubt, their differences in rank. In certain towns, we found drawn up large bodies of men with bows and arrows; in others, lines of soldiers, with a musket in one hand and a match in the other. We completed the journey in twenty-two days, having travelled at the rate of from fifteen to twenty miles a day."

Obtaining Husbands under False Pretences.—A law against obtaining husbands under false pretences, passed by the English Parliament in 1770, enacts—"That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree—whether virgins, maids, or widows—who shall, after this Act, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony any of his Majesty's male subjects, by virtue of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron, iron stays, bolstered hips, or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors; and the marriage, under such circumstances, upon conviction of the offending party, shall be null and void."

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CONSTANCE AND HER LOVERS.

III.—TREACHERY.

The exposition of Snakatchi's turpitude and perjury on the trial referred to, had the effect of separating him from all men having the slightest claim to respectability or care of their character. Even Dr. Golderoy was ashamed of the association, and had discarded him; but, unfortunately, only to make way for the more crafty and dissimulating Lady Cursay.

The object of the doctor's foolish ambition, was to obtain court influence and patronage for his daughter. Lady Cursay's motive, independent of the pecuniary advantege attached to her base employment, was to introduce her, for a consideration, to the king and infamy. The Lady Cursay was in a fair way of carrying out her vile design.

"We are travelling a long way from home," said Constance.

"I have no available means to serve you without the assistance of a friend."

"It will be too late. Let us return, I beg."

"We are nearly there now, child." She let down the window in front. "Drive quickly, postillion!" said the Lady Cursay.

And away they rode at a rapid pace. They had hitherto been upon the high road; but now turning somewhat sharply down a narrow lane, they ran up against Joe Turvey of Brassinstead, who had been delivering a load of garden stuffs, and was returning with his empty cart. Both vehicles pulled short up.

Constance put her head out of the window to discover the cause of the stoppage; and observing the old gardener, called out to him, "Good day, Mr. Turvey! I shall be back before the sale takes place, and I shall buy the horse."

The old man's countenance brightened up as he said—

"It be a pity to let'n go; but there be'nt much time to lose, Miss—it be almost on afore now."

Constance tapped her foot with impatience at the delay. They soon started, and drove on until they arrived at a small house enclosed with high walls.

"Is your master within?"

"Yes, my lady," said the servant who had answered the bell.

"We will get out then, dear."

"Oh no, no! it will delay the time so."

The fact is, Constance had a horrible presentiment of something wrong; a feeling which increased and became visible in her whole frame when she saw the wretch Snakatchi come from the gate and salute her companion.

She sprang to the door. "I will go back," she said.

"Nay! do not be so impetuous." Lady Cursay pushed Constance gently down again, and held out a well-filled purse.

No sooner had she seated herself by the side of Constance, than the Spaniard threw himself into the carriage, and amid the protestations, screams, and demands of Constance, the coach rattled on at a terrible pace.

IV.—THE PURSUIT.

John Fairford had no more idea of stealing the horse than he had knowledge of where he was now riding to so impetuously. He could have parted with everything of his own, and walked the streets a beggar in rags; but the horse he worshipped, not for her value, although that was considerable, but that it was his twin brother's parting gift. The fact of losing her had so acted upon his system that the action of that day had been purely a mechanical impulse: he knew not what he was about. Having rode some six or seven miles from home, he bethought himself—"The Fairfords, whatever their troubles, have never been dishonest. I will return at once, and give her up." He had turned his horse's head for the purpose, when his eyes fell upon the old gardener, who was driving along at his accustomed three miles an hour. He rode up to him.

"Why, Muster Fairford, I be glad to see thee and the mare, anyhow! But that black-eyed Pop of your'n said she wur coming to buy it. And she ar'n't been back this road, I know."

"What! Miss Golderoy?"

"Yes, sure! She be with that foine lady that stops at doctor's as wor."

Fairford nearly fell from his horse, and his pulse beat full and rapidly.

"There's some treachery here! Which way did they go?"

"They were postin' down Gunter's lane; and a'most took my near wheel off. I thought I heard some one scream about a quarter arter that; but I beant sure it wur her."

"How long is it ago, Joe?"

"Oh, 'bout an hour."

"Then there's no time to lose. I'm off!"

Joe stood in the road, watching with beaming eyes the receding horse. "That wur mine!" he said aloud. "I knew she'd turn out a good un."

Mile after mile at full speed did that horse gallop along; and snorted as if pleased with the opportunity of showing her young master how grateful she was for all the care he had taken of her. It was with difficulty Fairford got into the track of the fugitives, and then the shades of evening had set in.

Nothing daunted, however, he still dashed on, determined not to give up the chase while his horse could carry him.

The coach had stayed twice for relays of horses, and to prevent the screams of Constance betraying them, it was given out that the girl's reason had left her, and that she had escaped from an asylum. Poor Constance! It was therefore natural that the last enquiries Fairford made of the turnpike man should have made him uneasy, when he was told that a glass-coach had passed through, with a mad girl.

The night was dark; the moon had not yet risen; and a large wild heath lay before him, with a path between it full of deep ruts. Fairford pulled up for a moment, and leant his ear to the wind. He could hear the sound of wheels at a distance, he thought, and some one talking in an excited voice. He dashed on again.

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Pl. III

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VIII

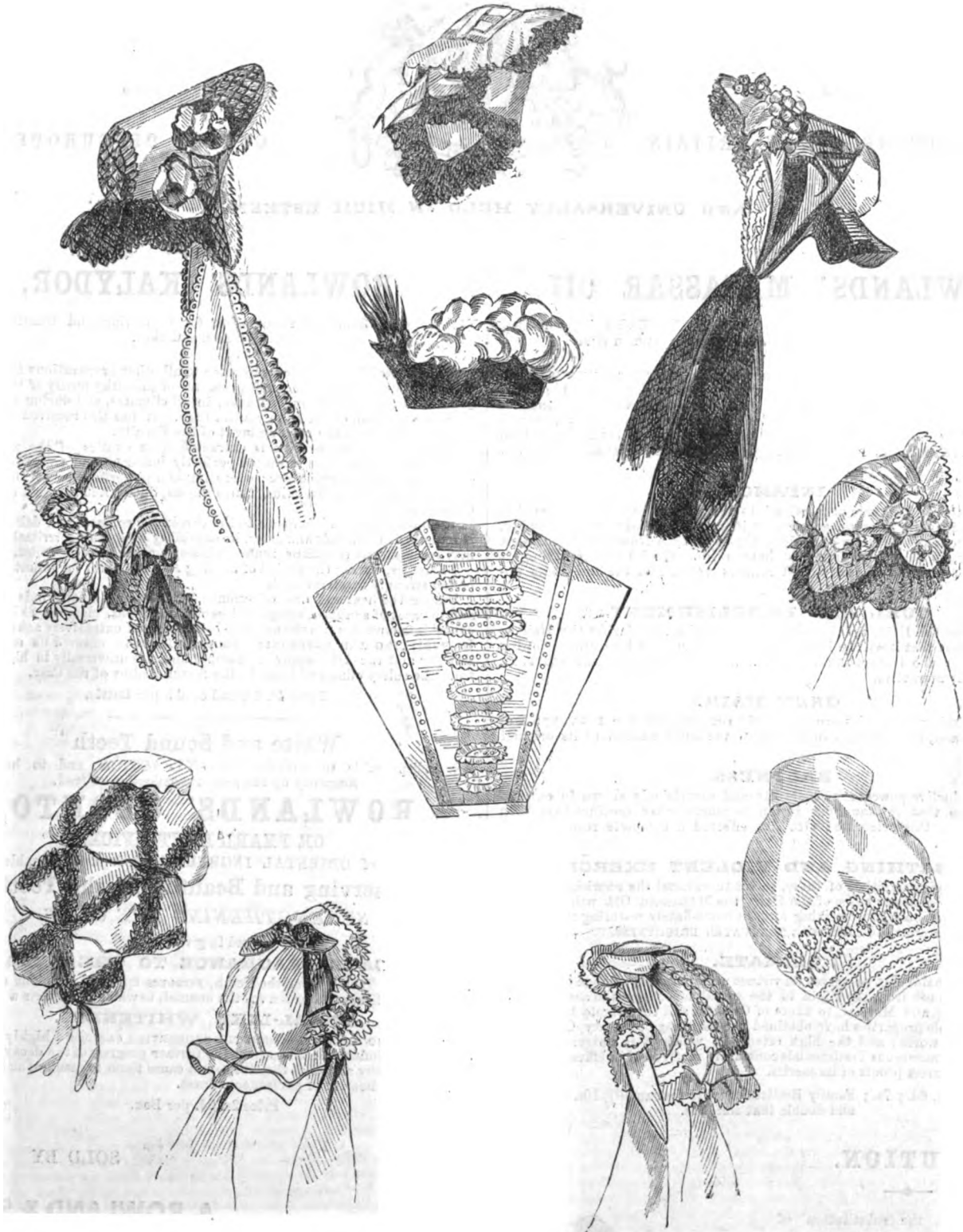
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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, etc.

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FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevard des Italiens, 28*th October*, 1861.

Chere Amie,—The brilliant and unusually fine weather of the last month has retarded the winter fashions, and prolonged not only autumnal but the lightest summer toilettes; the day, however, is not very far distant when we shall court our firesides, and welcome warm outdoor attire, as the pretty paletots of drap velouté, the comfortable wodded pardessus of silk, and a new pretty form with pelerine trimmed with guipure; the same model may be made of soie mâte braided, and without lace. The back is with deep full plaits, the front plain, with nervures as the casaque. Some paletots are of plush, and are very short. The Algerian burnous is always elegant in white cloth, slightly spotted with black, trimmed with white and black braid and tassels to match, for carriage wear; the burnous is of velvet, lined with white plush. The manteau Henriette is of fancy cloth, full and long, with three plaits in the back, long flowing sleeves, having at the armhole three folds, as the back, confined by large buttons. Pardessus Louise is of black velvet, the front from top to bottom covered by rich embroidery, designing the apron, elbow sleeves with cuffs and pelerine edged with guipure lace. Manteau Céliméne of light cloth forms an immense pelerine, with small collar and hanging sleeves. This is finished with a rich fringe and pines of guimpe in the corners. Double shawls of cachemire embroidered are worn, and paletots and pardessus of fancy materials, piped with showy or contrasting colours.

Many dresses, when of thick materials, are made without trimming, but skirts of thin texture, even soies d'été, are never made without some ornament, a plissé, a narrow flounce, or a ruche. The high bodies are frequently ornamented with a little ruche of tarlatane, gauffered instead of collar. It is a matter of little importance, but is simple, and, in good taste, suitable for young persons. The same style is applied to muslin sleeves.

Some of the dresses of mixed materials have ornaments of plush, and the effect is very good. One of marron silk had three bands of plush of the same colour. A black one with Arabic designs of violet plush, the body and sleeve similarly ornamented. A pelerine of plush should be placed on the body. The pelerines of guipure worn over high bodies are frequently in festons; this style was introduced some time since, and is now very generally adopted; it forms a pretty addition to a dress.

Guimpes as well as braid will form important items this winter in the trimmings of dresses, very few skirts being worn without some ornament in designs, plisses, or ruches, the bodies with points d'Espagne, or soutache pelerines of lace or of the same material. Velvet alone will be without trimming, though that also has sometimes grecian designs in guimpe. A dress of very thick black silk had a deep trimming in soutache. A wide ceinture of guimpe, the ends of which were fringed; the body and sleeves were similarly trimmed. Satin will be very fashionable this winter, and is the favourite material for wedding dresses. One seen at a Parisian house was made very long, forming rounded train, trimmed with five narrow bands of fluted satin, quite at the bottom of the dress. Another of white taffetas striped was ornamented at the bottom and on the body with guimpe. On the elegant evening toilettes, most expensive lace, it is anticipated, will be worn, sometimes as flounces, sometimes on the front of skirts in the style Louis XV, with nœuds of ribbon and plisses of taffetas as it were encasing them. Lace tunics will also again be worn.

For young ladies a charming style for an evening toilette is a robe of white tarlatane, with three fluted flounces on the bottom of the skirt. the body full en gerbe, with ceinture Aragonaise of blue taffetas, edged by a white blond and black lace, with very wide ends. This style is graceful; short sleeves with bouillons and small frills, terminating with a bouffant of tarlatane.

The fashion of mixing black and white in toilettes is so much in favour that few are without these tints; but black may be introduced with any colour. A robe of peach coloured tulle had bands of black and white lace, and ruches of black and white lace above, the body à la Vierge, round at the waist, and ornamented by black and white lace. Dresses of spotted muslin and tarlatane are universally worn. The fashion of open vestes has given opportunity to introduce very pretty embroidered cannezous; others are with tucks and frill. Peignoirs of spotted muslin have been much worn with wide ceintures of taffetas; others were lined with pink, blue, or lilac. Under skirts should not be made full at the top, ner on the hips; they are flat to the knee, and below that is placed a deep flounce, and at the bottom of that three narrow ones. With this plan the dress falls properly, and at the same time takes a rounded form at the bottom.

Under skirts or petticoats now, indeed, form an important article of toilette, the fashion of wearing the dress so long, even in the streets, necessitates their being raised up, and exposes the under one, which is worn even elegant at times, of every material, of every colour, and variously ornamented; we have seen them of lace, cachemire, taffetas, reps embroidered, braided, or with velvet trimmings to the knee. Many of black or violet taffetas have several rows of ribbon plissés à la Vieille; others terminate with five narrow frills, black and violet, black and blue, black and groseille close together, often edged with a piping, which has the effect of a ruche, and completely supports the skirt that falls over it. Messrs. W. S. and C. H. Thomson have a patent semi-detached crinoline, of which we cannot speak too highly, by which ladies can have a skeleton crinoline, or the bottom of it of nice fine lace, or other woven material; and this can be exchanged for the skeleton, or changed at pleasure, using one kind of colour and material at one time, and another description at another time. A new skirt of Messrs. Thomson's manufacture we have not previously noticed is the patent Eyelet Skirt, in which article all that makes crinoline a treasure is combined in perfection. This skirt is well adapted for winter use, being made strong though light, for the purpose of supporting heavier dresses; it only requires to be known to be appreciated.

In more simple style, alpaca, Orleans, and other woollen materials are used; also flannels and twills, with wide or narrow stripes, black and white, black and pearl grey, or black and violet; they are trimmed with a wide band of velvet placed above the hem, or a very deep flounce with ruche heading. Most indoor morning toilettes are composed of a casaque and waistcoat. This winter they will be in cachemire, and enriched by embroidery in soutache or guimpe ornaments. Simple toilettes are trimmed with a deep plissé, either of taffetas of contrasting colour or of material the same as the dress. This plissé is sometimes nearly a quarter of a yard deep; it has a double heading, which is edged with taffetas. All plain skirts are bordered with velvet.

The fancy fichus continue to be worn with low dress; one termed fichu Suissesse was of muslin in small plaits, and round the throat an insertion, through which was passed a very narrow velvet. This fichu had wide black velvet forming bretelles, tying in a large nœud at the waist, both before and behind. Other fichus are round behind, with ends crossing in front, or la Vallière trimmed with ruches.

The round hats will soon disappear in Paris at least, where the close bonnet only will be admissible during the approaching season, and many pretty bonnets are in preparation. A capote of violet taffetas with lace, and bouquet of white and black aigrettes, was the sole ornament. Another of tulle was ornamented with gréen velvet, and one of black crin had a bunch of cock's and pheasant's feathers, and pink strings. A straw bonnet was trimmed with velvet ribbon, cerise and black; another with marron velvet. An elegant bonnet had a crown and bavolet of black velvet, the front of white tulle; at the edge a long black feather, crossing from side to side; at the foot of it a pink rose, and brides of velvet. Another had merely the round of the crown of light green velvet, the rest of the bonnet of white spotted tulle blond, ornamented by a green feather; another had the front and bavolet of mauve, the crown of tulle. Other bonnets are of tulle and taffetas, taffetas and crape, or of dark crape only. The forms continue to advance on the forehead and spread at the sides, and inside the bandeaux of feathers or flowers are full. The curtains or bavolets are plissés, and rather deep, particularly in the centre, where they sometimes form a point.

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DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of foulard and pardessus of black taffetas, ornamented by bands of blue, edged by black lace and rosaces of black lace. Bonnet of white crin, trimmed with blue velvet and black lace.

Morning Dress.—Robe of maïs taffetas with deep flounce, headed by four narrow ones, the alternate flounce being of a darker shade; open body, with revers, lappel, and collar, trimmed with frill of darker tint. Mousquetaire sleeves, with revers cuffs. Cap of black and white lace, with flowers.

Promenade Dress.—Robe and pardessus of mauve taffetas, the skirt of dress ornamented by a velvet train, rising in foliage; the same, smaller, is placed in festons on the pardessus, rising up each side of the front, which buttons from the waist. Mousquetaire sleeves, with cuffs trimmed with black lace, as are the little pockets of the skirt. Bonnet of black crin, trimmed with velvet and flowers.

PLATE II.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of black lace, forming tunic. Opera cloak of blue cachemire, trimmed with velvet, and lined with white silk wodded. Coiffure à l'Eugenie.

Evening Dress.—Robe of white taffetas, with single deep flounce, headed by narrow ones of black lace and taffetas en feston, with bunch of red roses at each point; the corsage is pointed at the waist, with berthe trimmed with black lace. Coiffure of hair in ringlets, and wreath of roses across the forehead.

Morning Dress.—Robe of pearl grey taffetas, the skirt ornamented by two bands of velvet. Zouave jacket, with velvet band round the bottom of the basque and sleeves. The hair is in curls, and ribbon ruche coiffure.

PLATE III.—*Promenade Dress.*—Robe of taffetas, with single deep flounce, headed by a band of velvet, with fluting of taffetas on each side; the body is high, buttoning to the throat, with bretelles of velvet. Mousquetaire sleeves, trimmed with velvet, and flutings as the skirt. Leghorn hat, with trimmings and feathers of cerise velvet.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of pearl grey barege; the skirt is almost covered by flounces put on almost plain, and edged with marron velvet. The body is high and pointed, closing with marron velvet. Bell sleeve, with jockeys trimmed to match the skirt. Bonnet of crin, with black feather.

Walking Dress.—Pardessus of black taffetas, fitting to the waist; pelerine marked by plisses of ribbon. Large sleeves, with fall of rich black lace. Bonnet of azuline taffetas and black lace, with bunch of flowers on the top drooping a little to the side.

PLATE IV.—*Dinner Dress.*—Robe of moire, the skirt ornamented by velvet in a Vandyke and dice pattern. The body is high, with velvet waistband, pointed before and behind; the sleeves are in full plaits, the body plain. Coiffure of hair, with plats which encircle the back of the head, and flowers on the front.

Young Lady's Morning Dress.—Robe of mohair. The skirt has a single fluted flounce at the bottom. headed by a band of velvet, edged with white nœuds up the centre of the skirt. Jacket open, en cœur at the throat, with revers; the whole trimmed with a narrow fluting and velvet.

Carriage Dress.—Pardessus of taffetas in full plaits at the back, fitting to the figure in front, ornamented by a plissé and buttons up the front; the sleeves are full, confined by plisses of ribbon, put on lengthways. Bonnet of straw, trimmed with velvet and flowers.

PLATE V.—Promenade bonnet of mauve silk, made in puffs, with bands of black velvet.

Carriage bonnet of Magenta satin, trimmed with black lace and flowers, with cap to correspond.

White sleeve of book muslin, made in three puffs, and a frill of black lace at the wrist.

Second ditto of spotted net, with small bows of cerise ribbon round the wrist.

Morning cap of cambric muslin, trimmed with mauve flowers and ribbon.

Dress cap of white blond, and trimmed with rosettes of blue velvet and ribbon.

Collar of linen, braided with black and red braid.

Second ditto of lace, with a crimson bow.

Head dress of black and blue chenille, trimmed round, the front with ribbon to match, and black lace.

Child's dress of jaconet muslin, trimmed with insertion down the front, and a pink sash at the side.

Bow for the neck of blue ribbon, with black and white stripes.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give this month the front only of a high body, turning back at the top with lappel—a useful style for the present season. The side piece and back are similar to many previously given, but collar may be added to the back, to meet the lappel in front, if wished.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

In conjunction with Mr. John Parry, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed commenced their winter season on Wednesday evening at the Gallery of Illustration, before a crowded audience, who fully enjoyed their good acting and good singing. No change has taken place in the performances, from those which we have already noticed, and which were produced at Easter; but two new songs and a new character have been added to "Our Card Basket." The new character is Miss Dolly Chickabiddy, a full-grown young woman, ambitious of "coming out," but whose mother, not wishing to be thought growing old, will not allow her to do so, and treating her as a child, keeps her in the nursery in a bib and tucker. This amusing character is personated with genuine humour by Mrs. German Reed, who produces a very ludicrous effect in the new song, "Mamma won't bring me out." That difficult recitation, "The hunt in Scamperdown Park," continues to be given with great effect by Mr. Reed, and Mr. Parry is still as quaint in his humour as Miss Rhadamantha Pry in the illustration of the Three Graces, and as excellent in his conception of character in the part of Mr. Babbleton. To judge from the general mirth, and the hearty applause with which the spectators witnessed the pleasant entertainment, there seems every prospect of the ensuing season passing over as the preceeding one without any diminution whatever of popular favour.

CRYS TAL PALACE SCHOOL OF ART, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

The establishment of classes and lectures, which should in a proper manner utilise, for educational purposes, the vast and unequalled resources of the Crystal Palace, is now no longer a matter of conjecture, but a tested fact. The school was commenced last year, and during the whole of last season progressed; the result at the close of the first term being highly satisfactory. The classes developed were those for ladies, and all the plans were carefully laid accordingly; but it is understood that the operation of the movement is not to be restricted to this, but to receive every practicable development. The services of professors of the highest rank in each study were retained, and in every feature of the organization the greatest care was exercised by the committee that the highest character should be maintained in the instruction, and in the lectures; and that the privacy and comfort of the studios and rooms provided should be equal to the immense advantages in other respects; the instruction being, indeed, more a system of private lessons, with the luxury of the drawing-room, than in the commonly received mode of holding classes. The result has been in every sense satisfactory. The first families in the surrounding and increasing neighbourhood of the palace have warmly taken up the advantages offered, and families from all parts of the country have taken residences near, that their daughters might enjoy the advantages of the masters as well as a pleasant visit. The regulations and announcement for the new term, which commences on the 1st of November, and continues till July 31st, 1862, have just been issued.

THE TOILET.—The duties of the toilet and the due preservation of the gifts of Nature are so intimately associated with the preservation of our health and well-being, that it is impossible to neglect their important claims without paying a severe penalty for our negligence and want of care. Among the most important objects which claim our notice in this respect, the hair, the skin, and the teeth obviously require the most sedulous attention. For the whole of these the perseverance and success of Messrs. Rowlands have provided specifics of unfailing efficacy and virtue. Their celebrated Macassar has obtained universal celebrity, has been celebrated by the lays of the poet, and is patronised by rank, beauty, and fashion, for its inimitable qualities in preserving the hair in a state of healthfulness and beauty. The skin has, in like manner, claimed their attention, and in the production of their Kalydor they have achieved a discovery no less beneficial to that delicate and vital portion of our frame; the same result has been achieved with their Odonto or Pearl Dentifrice, which, as a preserver and beautifier of the teeth and gums, stands unrivalled by any dentifrice of past or present times.

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CONSTANCE AND HER LOVERS.

IV.—THE PURSUIT.

At one part of the heath there was a large clump of pines, where had been suspended in chains, until very recently, one of the numerous horde of highwaymen who had for years been the terror of this locality. Although the greater number of these men had been executed, or were now pursuing safe and honorable pursuits, still there were one or two fellows, by some unaccountable fatality, lurking about this favorite spot. Now and then a highway robbery was perpetrated here with some of the romance and bravado of a preceding period.

Constance Golderoy was still screaming for help. The coach was knocking about the road from side to side; and the postillion was swearing lustily at the state of the roads. He had just uttered an oath, when a powerful hand grasped him by the ear in anything but a friendly way, and threw him with force to the ground. The traces were cut the next moment, and the horses with their trappings set off at a rapid pace.

The window was let down, and a hand was thrust in with a small pistol. "Your money," said a stern voice to Snakatchi; and, in a softer tone, "Your rings, Madam, if you please"—to the lady.

"Ah, and what have *you* for me, pretty one?" he said to Constance. "What! in tears, too?"

"Oh, whoever you are, pray take me from these wicked people. My father will reward you. So, do pray, let me out!"

"The girl's mad," said Snakatchi.

"I am not! I am not! They are taking me from my friends and my home for some wicked purpose of their own."

The Spaniard was about bargaining with the fellow, and had alighted to the door for that purpose. The knowing wink he gave looked diabolical in the dim light of the highwayman's lantern; and after emptying the contents of his pockets, he said, "You understand these things, you know. She has escaped from——"

"Death and Snakatchi," said a voice; and with a powerful blow from the butt end of Fairford's riding whip, the Spaniard measured his length on the sward. So sudden was the action, that the highwayman—pocketing the gold, thinking a portion of the new patrol had arrived, who never crossed the heath except in numbers—put spurs to his horse, and was soon out of sight.

"Constance!" whispered Fairford.

"Thank God!" she said devoutly, "it is you." She pushed past her base companion, who was trembling from head to foot, and the next moment was in the arms of her lover. He placed her before him on the saddle, and rode on from the heath resigned to the mercy of his tired horse; leaving Snakatchi on the ground, his lady friend in the carriage, fainting, and the postillion hiding in the furze, until the moon broke out or assistance came.

V.—THE CULPRIT.

The Brassinstead Beadle was seated at his well-stored breakfast-table, satisfying his capacious physical requirements. Before him lay a printed paper, offering a reward of one hundred pounds for the apprehension of one John Fairford, charged with the capital offence of horse-stealing; and another offering a like sum for the recovery of a lost daughter; both recoverable on application to the new magistrate, Golderoy.

"Ah! Ah!" said the Beadle, with his mouth half full of victuals. "Pity folks won't mind their own business. There's all the Fairfords broke up, through the old man's chatter."

"Whose business are you minding now?" asked his very little wife in a small voice.

"Why, ar'n't they all knocked out of time? What matters what I say? That's the only time to speak of anybody, my old dad used to say."

"Your old dad was a wonder. Pity he died in jail, he was so clever!"

"Silence, woman!" said the Beadle in a huge voice. "Didn't our old parson preach in the pulpit, and swear out of it? Don't doctors give physic, and never take any? Don't people give away advice who want it most themselves? Eh?"

The little woman was subdued.

"It was because he was in jail, he found out what brought him there. And so, says he, just before he died—'Noll,' says he, 'there is two things I want you to bear in mind, and you'll always have a shilling in your pocket, and a friend to serve you. When you gets into sarvice—Hear everything, and know nothing; see everything, and say nothing! That's one thing, mark you. The other is—Allus polish off men, women, and horses with the oil brush; and never use the vinegar bottle.'"

"You uses all the oil out, Mr. King; and brings all the vinegar home."

"No need for any where you are, Mrs. King!"

The matrimonial jar was interrupted by a loud noise and knocking at the door; which, upon being opened, displayed John Fairford the younger in the hands of Matt Rogers, the thiefcatcher.

Assuming a thorough ignorance—"Ah, ah, young man!" said the Beadle; "What have you been up to, eh? Poaching—house-breaking, eh? Highway"—

"There's no need for nonsense, Mr. King. You know me well enough. Look at the papers before you."

"Ah! let me see. 'Height, five foot nine; dark hair; aquiline nose.' Why, yes, it must be John Fairford!"

He put on his official hat and coat, reached his staff, and, approaching the pale-faced young man, said—

"I apprehend you in the King's name. You must come with me to the magistrate's at once. And go peaceably, young man; it will be better for you."

"You will not, surely, take me through the streets in this state?"

"I am not the law, young man!" flourishing his staff. "That must be obeyed."

The Beadle took hold of him by the collar; Matt followed with the horse; and hatless, heartless, and handcuffed, amid the sympathies of the mob, John Fairford was marched through the town, on his way to Dr. Golderoy's.

VI.—THE MAGISTRATE.

Dr. Golderoy had just arisen and was alone in his study. His hands were to his head: his thoughts were conflicting and tormenting. One by one his children had grown up comely and amiable, only to be smitten down in their youth by the Great Destroyer. Now his daughter had left, and gone, whither? He was alone now, and had no child to love him.

It had been his ambition that his only daughter should gather and retain all the elements of greatness which had been scattered through his lost family. He had failed to impress her with his spirit, and with most of his ambitious speculations; and now, the thought of his daughter being lost, rushed to and fro in his brain like a wild tornado.

There was a little comfort in the fact that the marriage with the young carpenter must be broken off now. But, alas, where was his daughter?

Shouts from some people in the lane aroused him from his reverie. He peered from the window to ascertain the cause; and as the features of the melancholy prisoner met his gaze, he slunk back again, and seated himself in a high-backed chair. Conscience would have smitten him; but Ambition struck the weapon from her enfeebled hand.

Fairford was led into the room.

"Where did you apprehend this disgrace to Brassinstead?" enquired the magistrate.

"I came here for justice—not abuse."

"You shall have it, young man, speedily. King, fetch M'Foogal, he must prosecute."

The Beadle touched his hat and retired.

"I thought you would like to hear something of Constance," said Fairford, calmly.

"What? my daughter? Yes! yes! what of her?"

In as few words as possible, the young man related his pursuit of Lady Cursay and his attack upon the Spaniard.

The magistrate knew with whom his daughter had left the town; but of the other facts he was totally ignorant. And when the speaker described the agony she endured, and the tricks which were played upon her, and they said she was mad, the tuft-hunter was swallowed up in the father, and, with tears streaming from his eyes, he rushed towards Fairford, grasped him by the hand, and sank back into his seat.

"Where is she now?" he groaned.

Fairford explained, that after the attack upon the heath, and the recovery of Constance, he travelled on to a hostelry, where he obtained for her the best assistance and accommodation. "We had no money," he said; "and the proprietor would not let us leave without a surety; and as Constance could not possibly ride the distance, I have come as quickly as possible to inform you of these things, and to deliver up the horse."

There was a painful pause.

"How can I consign, perhaps, to death, the man who has saved my daughter's life and fair fame?" he thought; and then whispered to an attendant to stop M'Foogal on his way. He would then adjourn the hearing of the case, and in the meantime see what could best be done.

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At this moment the familiar voice of Bowley was heard. "Make way there! I must pass." And, flushed and excited, the Squire entered the room.

"Mind what you're about, Cousin Jasper! Knock off those gyves, Matt! This man is as innocent as a babe!"

The people in the room applauded this to the echo, and those in the lane re-echoed the shout.

"Pray explain yourself, Cousin."

"Why, it wants no explanation. He bought the horse himself; M'Foogal was only his agent. Ask the auctioneer else!"

Another shout followed these observations, which was again repeated from without.

Fairford looked bewildered and unbelieving.

Then an attendant was despatched to *bring* M'Foogal. With some difficulty he was induced to come: when he arrived, he corroborated the fact of its being Fairford's purchase; but without compromising Mr. Bowley, with whose money the horse had been paid for. After a brief pause—

"John Fairford, junior," said the magistrate; "you leave this place without a blemish on your character. Go home, and rest yourself after this unfortunate excitement; and I will lose no time in sending for my daughter, and of arranging some suitable reward for your exertions."

"There is but one way of rewarding me," he said, as he retired.

"We shall see," said the magistrate.

As Fairford was leaving, the Beadle re-entered with a pluffed, red, and excited face.

"The bank has stopped! The bank has stopped!" he shouted, "and I am a ruined Beadle!"

Dr. Golderoy started at the news. The bulk of his property was invested there.

"I expected it," said Bowley, "and drew my money and securities out two days ago."

"Why did you not tell me?"

"I called for the purpose, but you was with Sir Harry Briar, and could not see me."

"Again my pride has deceived me. I am punished. My cup is full now!"

"Cheer up, Cousin. It may turn out better than we think."

VII.—THE BANK SAVED.

"Two letters for you, Mr. Fairford, junior," said the obsequious Jacob Jones. "You were from home when they came, and they were left with me."

"Thank you."

With a palpitating heart Fairford opened the first. It ran thus—

"London, July —, 18—.

"Sir,—We are directed by our agents in New York to forward you £200. Enclosed is one half of a note for that amount, upon due acknowledgment of which the remaining half will be forwarded.

"Under circumstances, we have preferred this plan to passing the amount through the local bankers.

"Your obedient servants,

"Cashwell, Payall, & Co."

The other was from his brother Harry, giving an account of his voyage and adventures.

We take up the narrative from where we left him, at the threshhold of the settler's home.

For two days after he was unable to leave his bed; and, but for the gentle attentions of Mary Neville, the settler's daughter, it might have been a more serious, or even fatal illness. The third morning he walked round the buildings, delighted with all he saw, and longing in his heart to make this delightful place his home. He met the settler, and expressed his desires.

"If I could make any use of you," he said, "you should stay here. Can you kill a pig, shear a sheep, or dress a bullock? No?"

The young man hung his head.

"Well, never mind, I am not going to turn you out to starve. There'll be a party passing for the clearings in a week; if you'd like to join them."

Fairford thanked his new-found friend with sincerity and a sigh.

In the evening Mr. Neville and his daughter were seated, playing at chess. Harry was interested in this his favourite game. The old gentleman played well, and won.

When the game was over—"If you had moved your knight, instead of the castle," he said, "*you* would have won, Miss Neville."

"Right," said her father; "Will you play *me* a game?"

Fairford modestly consented; played, and defeated his opponent.

"I shall give you a dressing for this, young gentleman, some day," said Mr. Neville.

They played frequently afterwards with a similar result.

Fairford began working about the homestead, building new outhouses and improving old ones; and so pleased was the old settler with his exertions, that when the immigrants passed on their way to the back settlements, "I shall not let you leave me," said Mr. Neville, "until I have had my revenge."

Fairford was quite agreeable to the arrangement.

Chess was played night after night, and still the old settler failed to beat his young opponent. At last he adopted different tactics, and "mated" him with a queen—his daughter. After they were married, Fairford played a less severe game with his opponent; and the old settler won many a well-contested game.

Neville, an exceedingly wealthy man, had by his munificence enabled Fairford to forward the amount which had accompanied the communication his brother was now reading.

"Some day," he wrote, in conclusion, "I shall come back to Old England, and bring with me a sister for Constance, and some nieces and nephews for my twin-brother to love."

Tears filled the eyes of John as, folding the letter, he made towards Squire Bowley, who had just entered the house.

The barber, who always knew everything, had, by some means or other, discovered that one of Fairford's letters had contained a remittance; and it soon got spread abroad that a wealthy relation in Australia had forwarded him large sums of money.

"I intend to replace my capital in the bank," said the Squire; "and if you will oblige me by becoming a depositor, your credit will restore that confidence which is alone requisite to save the bank. I will secure you against any loss."

Fairford could but agree to this; and, calling on the barber to give him the information, they passed on to the bank. Immediately after they left a placard was posted, stating, that in consequence of receiving unexpected remittances, business would be resumed on the morrow. This had the desired effect. Confidence was restored; people rushed back again with their deposits, and the bank was saved.

CONCLUSION.

"He saved your daughter, Cousin Jasper."

"Well, he will have her for the saving."

"He saved your fortune, Cousin Jasper."

"And I mean to keep it, Cousin Bowley."

"Not you. But I was almost forgetting what I came to tell you. It will be a surprise. I have written to the elder Fairford to hope, on your behalf, that he will be at the wedding. Ha! ha!"—

The Squire generally laughed at the finish of every sentence; but this time it was broken into by the frowns of the doctor, and ended with some such sounds as "ai? eh?"

"You are a fool for your pains."

"Thank you, Cousin!"—the speaker reddened, as he rose to leave. "Now, mind, if ever I come into your house again, may I be"—

"Kissed!" said Constance (who had just entered the room), throwing her arms around his neck.

The Squire made believe to be angry with her; at the same time he suffered himself to be led to the doctor. Constance placed their two hands together. "Don't be angry with my dear godpa!" she said, "and I will tell you some news. Some one has written to John's father, and he is coming to the wedding. Then we shall all of us be so happy; shall we not? There, don't frown so, father; it quite frightens me!"

"These Fairfords—nothing but these Fairfords! But all the town seems leagued against me; and I suppose you must do as you like."

"You always had a will of your own, Cousin Jasper; and a temper too!"

"Now, now, not another word, Godpa! you must be friends, for my sake—for all our sakes."

"There, be off with you, Impudence!" Her father kissed her as he spoke; and thought he never had loved her as much as at that moment.

The two old friends took a glass of wine together, and separated.

What a procession!—Mr. John Fairford, sen., and his wife; Mr. Golderoy and Mrs. ditto; Mr. Bowley and Mrs. ditto; and six young, rosy-faced, flower-decked bride's-maids; besides a retinue of friends! There was not room enough at the altar for a tithe of those present; and many went up to the galleries just to catch a glimpse of the ceremony which gave Constance Golderoy to John Fairford for life.

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We conclude our domestic drama. Of the characters we have sketched in it we have little more to say.

The elder Fairford, during his stay in London, had mixed with various grades of disaffected men, and had discovered that the leaders of all political movements made use of the people merely as stepping-stones to place or power; and when they attained their end, kicked down remorselessly the scaffold by which they had raised themselves. He returned to his native place determined to carry out his political opinions irrespective of party; to reason and teach, instead of declaiming against abuses; and to act in all matters with prudence. He became a useful and popular man, and lived to see, not only a large amount of political progress, but also a Court which, took the initiative in acts of virtue and beneficence, presided over by a monarch with whom the social improvement of the meanest and poorest of her subjects was of deepest and continued consideration.

The Spaniard and his paramour, neglected by their royal master, and shunned by all good men, died abroad in misery and want.

The good old Bowley lived as happily as usual. If he had an annoyance, it was that his legs were so short he "could never make a lap for a baby," and he was very fond of Fairford's pretty children.

Harry, after many years absence, came back to England with an immense fortune, and with an affectionate wife, laboured with his father while he lived, and for years afterwards, in improving the condition of the poor of Brassinstead. The horse was living when he returned, and its history often formed a winter evening's amusement between the two brothers, whose affection for each other continued as strong as ever.

Dr. Golderoy was a frequent guest of the Fairfords'; and before he died, felt thankful that his daughter had fallen into careful and thrifty hands—satisfied that there never had been a happier couple than Constance and her husband

JOHN FAIRFORD, CARPENTER.

CHLORODYNE.—An advertisement has for some time appeared in various newspapers, offering for sale a medicinal preparation under the above title, and which is warranted to be efficacious in dysentry, diarrhœa, fever, ague, and various other diseases of apparently a very opposite character. As patent medicines are generally announced with similar flourishes as to their wondrous properties, this advertisement has not, perhaps, attracted so much attention as it deserved. An accidental circumstance, however, having brought this really remarkable preparation, where it describes its history and properties, under our notice, we feel that we shall only be doing our duty in calling the attention of the medical authorities of both services to an article which, we believe, could be made most useful in the treatment of whole classes of diseases to which our soldiers and sailors are especially subject. It appears that, some years since, a Dr. Browne, an army assistant surgeon, having a good deal of dysentry to treat in in his military practice, turned his attention particularly to the preparation of an opiate and soporific, which should have all the advantages of opium without the inconveniences attending the exhibition of that sometimes dangerous drug. After much patient study and many experiments, he matured his "Chlorodyne," and for a long time used it with the greatest success with his soldier patients. At last, the fame of the new medicine reached the ears of the then Army Director-General of Hospitals, and Dr. Browne was requested to publish the recipe for the benefit of the service. He refused to do so, declaring that it had cost him seven years' labour and experience, and much money, unless he received a gratuity of one thousand guineas. The offer was declined, as being inconsistent at once with professional etiquette and the rules of the service. It is not our purpose here to enter into the merits of the dispute, suffice it to say that the matter ended by Dr. Browne patenting his medicine and publishing it in the usual way, through the agency of a dispensing chemist. Accident, as we have before stated, has very recently made us acquainted with its extraordinary curative properties, and, from inquiries we have made, we have ascertained that many of the medical men of both services have entire faith in its efficacy, recommending its exhibition in many cases where opium is, to use one of their own terms, contra-indicated. If it be not already introduced regularly into the military and naval medicine chests, particularly of those which are made up for Indian and tropical stations, we think it would be well worth the while of the proper authorities to look into the matter, and, if they should be, as we think they would be, convinced of the importance of "Chlorodyne" as a medicine, to see that it is made generally available wherever the classes of diseases which it professes to cure or alleviate are most likely to prevail.—*United Service Gazette.*

THE END OF SUMMER.

How solemn a change over all the land
From morning to night, this the long calm day—
A spirit hath waved her shadowy hand
And the glories of summer are fleeting away!
A keen irresistible sleepless power
Is the Lord of each new-born vassal hour;
Moving on swift and silent wings
His burning arrows abroad he flings—
The grey destroyer of all sweet things!
Yet cheating the thought, and dazzling the sense
With gorgeous enchantment and beauty intense—
An awful handwriting, speaking to all
Of terror and ruin and darkness drear;
Like the warning on Babylon's royal wall,
Making the proud heart stagger with fear.

By night, there's a subtle calm in the skies;
A solemn splendour comes with the morn;
There are tears in our mother Nature's eye,
And her voice is tremulous and forlorn:
You may hear in the stillness a wailing sound
Soft-floating along the stubble ground;
For the homeless wind is sweeping by,
And a myriad leaves are stricken and die,
And drifting down in the hollows lie:
Sharply they crinkle under the feet
Sending up no crushed odours sweet.
O Nature, thy child the bold bright year
Will never rally from that weird breath;
Sore-stricken he lies in the moonlight clear,
On a bed of brown leaves in the Garden of Death.

WESTBY GIBSON.

REVIEW.

The Semi-Attached Couple. By the Author of the "Semi-Detached House." 2 Vols.

At Eskdale Castle there are Lord and Lady Eskdale, with three daughters, a son, and a nephew, all happily married when the story ends. Two of the girls are well married before the story begins; Helen, the third, is on the point of marriage, and she is the heroine. She marries Lord Teviot, who has an income of a hundred and twenty thousand a year. That nobleman is clever and good, but so inconveniently passionate in love towards his young wife, that, in the opinion of the lady's maid, he has "one of the most naggingest tempers it's possible to see." Her girlishness is half alarmed by his intensity; he is jealous of her father, mother, and brother; so that the couple are but semi-attached, till absence and a touch of sickness lay open their hearts to one another. Near Eskdale Castle live the Douglases; sensible Mr. Douglas, censorious but sufficiently good-hearted Mrs. Douglas, and their two daughters, of whom one is an *ingenuité*, to be at last paired off with the *blasé* nephew at the Castle. The characters of the story are grouped variously and easily: now as September guests of Lord Teviot at St. Mary's Abbey, now as friends in the domestic circle at Eskdale, now as county magnates opening a bridge, now with the ladies deep in an election contest. A Secretary of State passes across the scene, supported by his private secretary. There are also light sketches of two scamps of the polite world, who might be the villains of the story, if the good-humoured authoress wished to distress her readers, as she does not. One of them is almost expected by the astute reader to misbehave seriously, but he does not, and the other, who contests Lord Teviot's inheritance, gives up the short contest upon prompt discomfiture, content that it was "rather good fun while it lasted." There is also a mischievous and very questionable Lady Portmore, of whom we see much, but her place in the book is to suffer constant snubbing. Every event of mark takes place, according to Lady Portmore's own account, through her immediate agency—even to the formation of a Ministry by the great "Mr. G." himself, whom she affects to patronize, but ultimately quarrels with for his obstinate refusal to "place" a disreputable nephew, who had

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been expelled from college and cashiered from his regiment. "Mr. G. must see," argued the indignant lady, "that, as the young man was not fit for the Church, there was nothing for it but to give him a good colonial appointment." Here is a specimen of Lady Portmore's propensity to credit herself with all the directing influence of the great world, apropos of Lord Teviot's marriage with Lady Helen Beaufort:—

THE WOMAN OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.

"My dear Mary, there is nobody who knows so much about it as I do. Miss Douglas will think me very vain, but as she does not know me, I must just let her a little into the secret of my character. She will say I am frank, too frank perhaps; but the fact is, as all the world knows, that before his marriage, Teviot almost lived at my house. It was his home, literally his home. He is the most warm-hearted creature on earth, and chose to take a great fancy to me. Why, I am sure I can't guess; but he was on that footing at my house that my own brother might have been. It was the sort of thing that the world might have talked of; and I never knew how I escaped all sorts of ill-natured remarks. In fact, but this is between ourselves, I *did* say to Lord Portmore, 'If you think Teviot had better not come so much to our house, only tell me so, and I will contrive that he shall not dine here so constantly—and yet there shall be no scene, no *esclandre*.' I thought this right; don't you agree with me?"—"And what did Lord Portmore say?" said Eliza, who was listening in breathless delight to what she thought a very odd and slightly improper story.—"Oh! it was a most gratifying answer to me. He said he had not the smallest objection to Teviot's dining with us as often as he liked, and that he saw no opening for any scene, and no necessity for any explanation; in short, he evidently placed the greatest confidence in me. This was in June, and there were constant fêtes at Teviot House and the Villa; and I was rather annoyed by the notion that the world would say they were given for me. And one day, I remember it as well as possible, it was at a breakfast at the Villa, I said to my friend Mrs. Hanbury, 'I charge you, Cecilia, if you hear any ill-natured comments made on my being at all these fetes, that you give me warning in time. I can tell Teviot they had better be given up.' And she said in her odd way, 'Why, my dear, what do you mean? Don't you know that he is desperately in love with Helen Beaufort? I believe he has proposed; if not, for mercy's sake say nothing to him, or you may do mischief.' I do mischief! I! who am the last person to think of such a thing. I went to Teviot directly, and said, 'My dear Teviot, tell me the truth. The world says you are in love with Helen. Are you quite sure of your own feelings? Will she suit you?' and so on, exactly what his own sister might have said to him. And I am as much convinced as if it were told me by an angel from heaven that I made that marriage, for he proposed the next day, the very next day. I suspect he had been a little piqued by my easy way of talking of it, for when he came to tell me it was settled, I never saw a creature in such a state of agitation. It was a very hot day, and he asked directly for a glass of iced water, which shows how nervous he was. I took my line at once, and wished him joy, and said that I would call on Helen, and that I was much flattered that he had put me in his confidence the day before; and then he grew calmer. But he laughed and talked a great deal, and was certainly very much excited, and hurried away again, so unlike him. After that I saw him but little; indeed, I kept out of his way, as I guessed the Eskdales would wish to keep him to themselves; but as soon as he was married, I was so anxious for his sake and Helen's that there should be no awkwardness, no coolness between us, that I offered to come here—actually offered myself—and you saw how well the meeting went off."

MISCHIEF MAKING.

"My dear Teviot, do you know I am not quite easy about you. You certainly are not in your usual spirits. Do tell me—is there anything the matter?"—"What can be the matter, Lady Portmore? Pray do not put fancies of illness into my head, and allow for a little additional steadiness in a respectable married man."—"Yes, that is all very well, my dear friend, but I know you too well to be satisfied with that sort of joke. Come, Teviot, shall I put you at your ease at once? That pretty little wife of yours is not the least in love with you, and your vanity—men are so vain—is a little hurt. Is not this the truth?"—"If so, it is another proof that *toute verité n'est pas bonne à dire*," said Lord Teviot, hastily, for he was stung to the quick by the remark. "Why is it that fools always have the instinct to hunt out the unpleasant secrets of life, and the hardiness to mention them?"—"But I am speaking entirely for your good, and you must not be angry with me. You know what a warm friendship I have for you, and the interest I take in your happiness; and I really look upon Helen as a sister of my own. So I want to make out why it is that you are not so happy together as I wish to see you. Perhaps you expect too much from Helen? She is a child, you know, and a petted child, and she has been idolised at home, so it is natural that she should love her own family. I see you think she is too much devoted to them, and perhaps a little afraid of you." Lord Teviot gave the reins a jerk, in the fond hope of giving Lady Portmore a fright, but she went on:—"Perhaps that is the case now, but you must give her time. Her little head was turned by your rank and position in the world, and she married without that attachment that a girl older and more experienced would have felt. But trust me, Teviot, she will fall in love with you some of these days. It is impossible it should be otherwise; and then you will forget that now her father and mother, and all that Eskdale class, are more to her than you are."

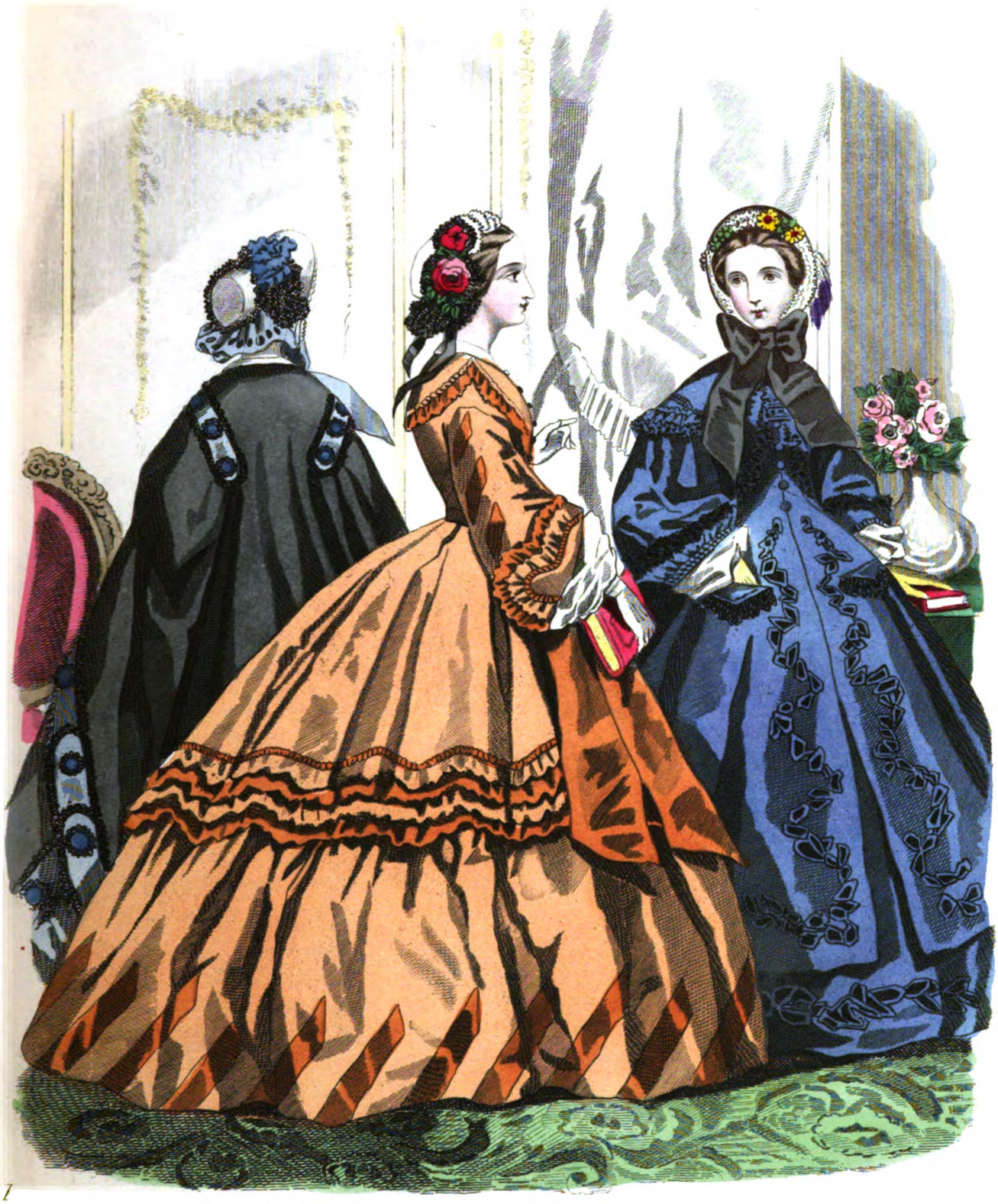
This was the pith of Lady Portmore's harangue. Lord Teviot hated to hear what she was saying; he hated her for saying it, and himself for listening; but yet, because she fed the delusion under which he laboured, because she talked to him of himself, and because she was handsome and foolish, he allowed her to go on putting "rancours in his vessel of peace," confirming all the painful suspicions against which he had struggled, and extracting from his avowals that he wished unmade the moment they were uttered. Lord Teviot kept open house, and the presence of his guests had the effect of causing the fire to smoulder, which might, under other circumstances, have blazed out; and this suppressed emotion, added to the pride which made no complaints, sought no explanations, rendered life truly miserable to the hero of the tale. Matters are finely and satisfactorily arranged by a long and dangerous illness which falls on Lord Teviot, and through which he is nursed by his wife, as a loving woman alone can nurse. She discovers how truly she loves him, and (which is of more importance) he makes a similar discovery; and so they start afresh on life's journey, or rather life's promenade; for the hero had a hundred and twenty thousand a year, and the heroine had diamonds unnumbered, and "thirty morning gowns!" The novel ends thus:—

A BLAZE OF HAPPINESS.

As the two couples drove off on their respective wedding tours, Amelia turned to Helen and said, "Well, there is no use in trying to calculate the amount of happiness married people will enjoy, from their conduct when they are lovers. There were Waldon and I, who both fell in love at first sight, *we* are happy. Beaufort and Mary began by hating each other; *they* are happy. In Earnest's case, the love was all on the lady's side; and now, did anybody ever see a man in such a state of felicity as he is? and as to you and Teviot, dear Nell, the love was all on the gentleman's side, yet——" "We are decidedly the happiest couple of the four, only that poor Teviot is a little henpecked, are not you darling?"—"Not a little," he said smiling; "but I like it. All men do. But the truth is, Amelia, that all you Beauforts have been brought up in a domestic atmosphere. Lord and Lady Eskdale are a model couple, and you have all been so accustomed to happy homes, that when you are taken from one, you immediately set about making another. And I must own you succeed."

An Ingenious Rebuke.—A general officer, who was in early life addicted to profane oaths, dated his reformation from a remarkable check he received from a Scotch clergyman. When he was lieutenant and settled in Newcastle, he got involved in a brawl with some of the lowest class in the public streets; the altercation was carried on by both parties with an abundance of impious language. "Oh, John! John! what is this I hear? You only a poor collier-boy, and swearing like any laird. Oh, John! have you no fear of what will become of you? It may do very well for the gallant gentleman, (pointing to the lieutenant) to bang and swear as he pleases, but for you—you, John, it is not for you to take in vain the name of Him in whom you live and have your being." Then turning to the young lieutenant, he said—"You'll excuse the poor man, sir, for he's an ignorant body, and kens nae better." The young officer shrunk away in confusion, unable to make any reply. The next day he waited on the minister, and thanked him very sincerely for his well-timed reproof, and was ever after an example of purity of language.

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Pl II

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Pl III

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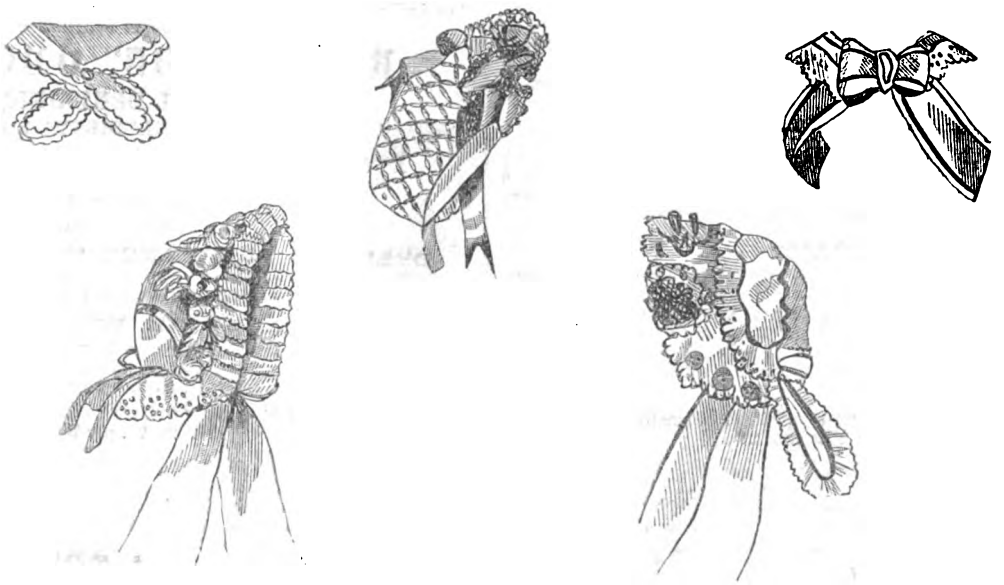
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PLATE V.





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Fashions for November, 1861.

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V. R.

THE SEVERAL SOVEREIGNS AND COURTS OF EUROPE,

AND UNIVERSALLY HELD IN HIGH ESTEEM.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL,

Of Unprecedented Success during the last SIXTY YEARS, in promoting the Growth, Restoring and Beautifying the Human Hair.

The following is a brief notice of some of its PRINCIPAL VIRTUES, as a MILD, STIMULATIVE, CORRECTIVE, and PRESERVATIVE agent, for the Hair. The subject is more fully treated in a small Pamphlet which accompanies each bottle of ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, and wherein important hints and advice will be found on the CULTURE OF THE HAIR OF INFANCY, and on its PRESERVATION and BEAUTY through the SEVERAL STAGES OF HUMAN LIFE.

INFANCY.

It insinuates its balsamic properties into the pores of the head, nourishes the Hair in its embryo state, accelerates its growth, sustains it in maturity, and continues the possession of healthy vigour, silky softness, and luxuriant redundancy, to the latest period of human life. Genial and purifying, it dispels all scurf and impurity, and renders the use of the fine comb unnecessary.

CURL AND EMBELISHMENT.

In dressing the Hair, nothing can equal its effect, rendering the Hair so admirably soft that it will lie in any direction, producing beautifully flowing curls, and, by the transcendant lustre it imparts, rendering the COIFFURE inexpressibly attractive.

GREY HAIR.

Its nourishing properties are eminently successful in the PREVENTION of Grey Hair, and, in numerous instances, in the RESTORATION to its original colour.

BALDNESS.

Its reproductive powers are constantly and surprisingly shown in cases of Baldness, so that in numerous instances where other specifics have been tried in vain, this celebrated OIL has effected a complete restoration of beautiful Hair.

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After indulging in either of these, so apt to exhaust the nourishing matter secreted at the roots or bulbs of the Hair, the MACASSAR OIL will be found most efficacious, both in preserving and in immediately restoring the Hair to its usual appearance of health with RENOVATED BRIGHTNESS.

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This inestimable OIL preserves its virtues unimpaired by change of climate, and is alike in use from the frigid to the torrid zone, from the assemblies of St. Petersburg and Moscow, to those of Calcutta and the remote East.

Its invaluable properties have obtained the patronage of every COURT of the civilized world; and the high esteem in which it is universally held, together with numerous Testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, affords the best and surest proofs of its merits.

Price 3s. 6d.; 7s.; Family Bottles (equal to four small), 10s. 6d.; and double that size, 21s.

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An Oriental Botanical Preparation for Improving and Beautifying the Complexion and Skin.

It is selected by Ladies in preference to all other preparations for the same object, as the great producer and preserver of a healthy purity of Complexion, and a conservator of Female Beauty, in all climates, and during every stage in the progression of life from youth to age. It has also received the zealous recommendation of the most eminent of the Faculty.

This delightful preparation is extracted from exotics of the mildest and most balsamic nature, is waranted perfectly innocent and free from mineral or other pernicious admixture; operating as a powerful cleanser of the Skin, it speedily eradicates Freckles, Tan, Pimples, Spots, Redness, and every other Cutaneous Defect.

The radiant bloom it imparts to the cheek, the softness and delicacy which it induces of the hands and arms, its capability of soothing irritation and removing unsightly eruptions, render it indispensable to every toilet.

To Ladies, during the period of nursing and as a wash for infants, it cannot be too strongly recommended.

During the heat and dust of summer, or frost and bleak winds of winter, and in cases of sunburn, stings of insects, chilblains, chapped Skin, or incidental inflammation, its virtues have been long and extensively acknowledged. Its PURIFYING AND REFRESHING PROPERTIES have ensured its selection by Royalty and the Aristocracy of Europe, and it is universally in high repute, from the sultry climes of India to the frozen realms of the Czar.

Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per Bottle.

White and Sound Teeth

Are indispensable to PERSONAL ATTRACTION, and to health and longevity by the proper mastication of food.

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Preserving and Beautifying the Teeth,

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DELICATE FRAGRANCE TO THE BREATH.

It eradicates Tartar from the Teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a

PEARL-LIKE WHITENESS.

Its ANTISEPTIC and ANTI-SCORBUTIC PROPERTIES exercise a highly beneficial and salutary influence; they arrest the further progress of the decay of Teeth, induce a healthy action of the GUMS, and cause them to assume the brightness and colour indicative of perfect soundness.

Price 2s. 9d. per Box.

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LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

Polite Literature, etc.

No. 372. DECEMBER, 1861. Vol. 34.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS, 28th *November*, 1861.

CHERE AMIE,—Two distinct styles are at this moment acknowledged by the fashionable world in the composition of dresses. The skirt may be overcharged with trimmings, or it may be without any. A dress prepared for a lady in high station, though made of so thin a material as Chambery gauze, was without trimming; the under skirt of white taffetas was covered by another of tarlatane. Dresses of thick materials, as velvet, gros grains, or other thick taffetas, may also be made without ornament on the skirts; the bodies have more, and the sleeves guimpes, lace, nœuds, or ruches. The other style, which is more generally adopted than this, but not more elegant, is to load the dress with ornaments. A single flounce, not very deep, is sometimes surmounted by a Grecian design in ruches, or a deep flounce en biais, trimmed with a narrow guipure and bands of velvet, also edged with guipure, rising at intervals up to the knee, attached by a large velvet button at the top, the body of the dress with waistcoat, closing with large buttons. A robe of the colour termed Havane was pinked at the bottom in rather large Vandykes, falling on a very narrow flounce plissé of the same colour, or black, the Vandykes festonnés with twisted silk, either black or the same colour. Soutache is in high favour this winter. Almost all dresses and confections will have soutache, which passes for a dress simple and untrimmed. It is so much in favour, that a dress of white moire antique was embroidered on the body and front with black and gold soutache; even shoes, instead of having nœuds or rosettes, have a design in soutache on the centre. With these shoes, the silk stockings are no longer plain, but spotted in coloured silks; they are also worn with the clocks embroidered; but for walking, coloured worsted stockings will be much worn. Gaiters in goatskin are also much used. The robe volante is now made of cachemire, enriched by embroidery. If of silk, it must be trimmed with ruches, either plissé or of plain taffetas, or bands of velvet, or at least with several rows of braid. The high bodies buttoning up the front are now general; low bodies are reserved for evening wear. Sleeves continue rather large, and most are with revers. Walking dresses are preserved simple. Many are trimmed with velvet bands or braids. The little Oriental vestes, embroidered in gold or silk, continue in vogue for indoor negligé; the chemisette Zouave is worn inside, of richly embroidered muslin, with insertions of lace, or, what is more convenient and less costly, with a waistcoat of the same material as the veste, and embroidered to match.

Braids and guimpes will always ornament the dresses made without flounces or trimming. Guipures, point d'Espagne, are used in various forms, sometimes in nœuds and plaques placed round the dress, or en tablier, the trimming on the body corresponding. Dresses of black worsted lace will be worn this winter over pink, white, or violet satin.

Artificial flowers will be much used this winter on ball dresses, intermixed with lace of every description; Chantilly, Alençon point, blonds, and silver and gold lace. Many of the flowers are in long pendant branches, training on the skirt, some in large detached bouquets.

The under sleeves are made entirely of bouillons, ornamented by ruches and bows placed all down the arm; for demie toilette, bouillonné sleeves are made with insertions and reversed cuffs; for morning wear they are of muslin, with wristbands.

Little girls' dresses are richly braided from top to bottom; others have bands of velvet, ruches, flounces. Tudor hats, with feathers, or the diadême, similarly ornamented, or drawn silk capotes of taffetas or velvet, and pardessus or paletots, form their out door toilettes.

Little boys wear the Garibaldi shirt, of coloured flannel or cachemire; red and blue are preferred. They are made full into a band at the throat, to which the collar is attached; they are braided with black. Little boys wear them, with skirt in large plaits, on a ceinture, the shirt falling a little over, bouffant. The skirt is often of grey material, with a band the same colour as the shirt, placed above the hem, and a scarf ceinture, tying on the left side, with long ends. This dress is equally worn by little girls and boys. Toilettes of tarlatane will always be preferred for young ladies, and for them flounces are indispensable; a narrow guimpe of gold or nacaret colour edging them, with ceinture of velvet of the same colour, is pretty. Foulards are also much worn by young persons.

The long vestes of cloth or molleton have been much worn this autumn, lined with red, or the same. We have also the paletots and rotondes of cloth, which are very warm, pardessus of silk, lined with coloured taffetas. One novelty is the shawls; long double shawls of cachemire or of colour, enriched by embroidery, and trimmed with a fringe made in the shawl itself. The pardessus of silk or velvet, wadded, and paletots will be preferred to all other styles, at least for simple wear. The full manteaux and pardessus, enriched by lace and guimpe, will be worn for more elegant attire. Young ladies will wear polonaises of brown, grey, or deep blue cloth, in preference to shawls. The polonaise is a loose casaque, very short, braided with the same colour, or trimmed with Astracan or marten fur. Opera cloaks continue to be of the Burnous form, and are made more or less elegant, of cachemire, Terry velvet, or white plush. Furs are again reappearing, and will always be elegant and aristocratic. The handsomest manteaux of velvet will be bordered by marten fur; more simple ones with Astracan, either black or grey; and small manteaux or burnouses will be made of swan's down or ermine.

The choice of a bonnet is now a matter of moment. The present fashionable form is anything but pretty, and is unbecoming to most ladies. But fashion is an imperious ruler; though means may be found to elude its laws, by modifying what is extravagant. The bonnets this autumn advance over the forehead, rather in a square than pointed form; the cheeks are almost unprotected. Black and white are always fashionable. Velvet is ornamented by laces and blonds. Feathers are much used, but few flowers, except inside, which is rather fully trimmed. There are some new colours that are very fashionable—the nasturtian, the hanneton, abeille or Havane, a red tile colour. A bonnet of black velvet had all the trimmings lined with pink, and pink feathers. Birds of Paradise are also again worn, and have been seen on black, nasturtian, or beaver colour, also on white velvet or crape. Pretty bonnets for morning wear are of the capote form, of beaver-coloured velvet; others of black velvet, piped with pink or topaz; of black taffetas and velvet, of plush, in violet, green, or white, and pink. Velvet bonnets will be much in vogue. They are very prettily ornamented with velvet flowers, feathers, black or white lace, which may be equally used on black or dark coloured velvets. The inside is also much trimmed. The brides are wide, and often of velvet. The bavolets descend very low, sometimes covered by a kind of half square, the ends of which terminate round the crown. In the centre is placed a nœud or bunch of flowers. Some bonnets are made of spotted tulle over crape, the front and bavolet of coloured taffetas; or velvet may be used instead of taffetas. Steel grey bonnets with brides of the same, as well as brown or black, with ornaments of red, which is a favourite colour of the present moment. Sometimes the only ornament is half square of lace attached to the edge of the bonnet, and turned back over the front. The cap inside very full in the centre, with close nœuds of black lace and velvet.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of pink taffetas, with four flounces, headed by bouillons. The corsage is square, with berthe of white lace and bouillons. Coiffure of hair, with flowers.

Walking Dress.—Robe of moire, with waistcoat body and Zouave jacket. Pardessus of cloth, ornamented with black velvet. Bonnet of black velvet, the bavolet edged with white, feather, and brides of blue.

Dinner Dress.—Robe of mauve taffetas. The skirt is ornamented to the knee with narrow frills placed transversally, and headed by a plissé. The body is high, ornamented with buttons and bands, edged by a plissé, and ceinture with long ends to match.

PLATE II.—*Evening Dress.*—Robe of white gauze, looped up at the side by a bouquet of white roses and black velvet in three bands, extending to the bottom of the under skirt, which is of pink taffetas,

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ornamented at the bottom by alternate bouillons and pinked flounces. The body is with berthe formed of velvet and bouillons. Short sleeves, with frill. Coiffure of hair, with flowers en diadème.

Dinner Dress.—Robe of green moire, with high body. Sleeves and under skirt of spotted muslin. The body of the dress is open, en cœur, to the waist, with lappels edged by a plissé of ribbon, and continued down the revers of the open skirt.

Child's Dress.—Frock of white popeline; full body, of a square form, with bands across of blue velvet, and revers edged with velvet. The front of the skirt is en tablier, with frills edged with velvet; and a deep one forms tunic, continued round the back of the skirt. Ceinture of taffetas, with fringed ends.

PLATE III.—Dress composed of mauve glacé, train skirt, with deep bouillonné of the same, partially covered with a flounce of real black Maltese lace, headed by a small bouillonné of the glacé, and insertion of the same lace.

Bodice pointed waist, with berthe of alternate bouillonnés of the glacé; frills of black lace, with white tulle puffs, showing a little from the sleeve.

Dress of black glacé, with deep flounce across the front width, headed by a double plaiting of black glacé, bound with gold coloured ditto. Side trimming Vandyked, bordered with gold glacé, and plaiting of black ditto, caught back with rosettes of the two glacés. Bottom of skirt finished with Vandykes, and trimming to suit. Square bodice, trimmed to correspond.

Mantle slightly shaped to figure, made of rich black corded silk, with crochet trimming on back and sleeves.

These dresses are selected by a lady of distinction, as part of a trousseau purchased at Messrs. Grant and Gask's, Commerce House, Oxford Street.

PLATE IV.—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of moire, with narrow frill of black taffetas, with heading. Pardessus of black velvet, trimmed with Astracan fur, and loose sleeves, edged by the same. Bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with black and mauve ribbon.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of popeline. The body is high, with waistband and buckle, and plissés of ribbon up the front on each side, with row of buttons in the centre. The sleeves of moderate width, with cuffs in Vandykes, edged by plissés of ribbon, and button in each point. The skirt is ornamented by plissés of ribbon, put on in deep Vandykes, and circlets of plisses in the Vandykes. Burnous of cachemire, lined with silk. Bonnet of crin, with wreath of velvet flowers.

Evening Dress.—Robe of gauze Chambery, with double skirt, trimmed with guimpe. Square body, similarly trimmed, and opera cloak of white satin, lined with blue plush. Coiffure of hair, with wreath diadème of flowers and marabouts.

PLATE V.—Carriage bonnet of Magenta satin, trimmed with a black feather, and rosette of black lace.

Second ditto, of white Terry velvet, ornamented with scarlet crysanthemums. A black curtain, and cap.

Promenade bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with a yellow flower and black lace, with cap to correspond.

Second ditto, of azuline silk, with black spots, trimmed with ribbon of the same colour, with black edge.

Morning cap of white muslin and white lace, trimmed with a bunch of pink flowers and pink ribbon.

Dress cap of blond, and cerise flowers and ribbon, mixed with black, with frill of black lace.

Second ditto, of white blond, with crown of black lace, ornamented at the top with grapes and leaves.

Pelerine of muslin, trimmed with ruches of black lace and a white frill.

First sleeve to match pelerine.

Second ditto, of spotted tulle, trimmed with narrow crimson velvet and lace.

Head-dress of dark blue velvet, ornamented at one side with white roses, and on the other with bows and end of velvet.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

The very prevalent fashion this season of wearing the waistcoat body under the Zouave or open jacket, induces us this month to give a model for the waistcoat, which, we doubt not, will be found most acceptable. It is usually made to button up the front, and of the same material as the skirt.

THE EARL AND THE LOWLY LADY.

The sad but stately procession had passed into the church, and even the aisles of the venerable building were thronged with persons. One might have thought, who looked upon the coronet, glittering on the cushion of crimson velvet, and all the other insignia of high rank, that curiosity alone had drawn thither such a crowd; but a deeper interest was marked on every countenance; and the firm voice of the minister had faltered more than once, as he read the solemn service. Yet the coffin was that of a child, a little tender infant, who had died in its first unconscious helplessness. Every one thought of the father, standing up among them, and looking so desolate in his grief. More than one fond mother wept, and drew her red cloak closely round the infant on her bosom, as she gazed round upon the mournful pomp, and the little coffin, and the young nobleman—childless, and worse than widowed—O yes! worse than widowed! as he stood there, and followed with his eyes the movement of the men then placing the coffin of his child in the shadowy darkness of the open vault below him. That church was a place of agonizing recollection to the young Earl of Derby. Often had he entered it a happy husband; and, as he walked slowly down the aisle to his carriage, he could not help recalling the day when his beautiful and modest bride had clung, in trembling bashfulness, to his arm, when he had there, for the first time, called her his wife. "I am sick of all this idle pomp!" he said to himself, as he entered the wide hall of his own magnificent residence, attended by his train of servants, and met by the obsequious bows of the men who had conducted the funeral; "I am sick of all this mockery! I will bear it no longer. Would that I were a poor, hard-working peasant, with some honest hearts to care for me, and love me. I am heartily tired of your great people!"

Not many weeks after the funeral of the heir of the noble house of Derby, a solitary wayfaring man stopped at the turning of a little footpath, which led down the sloping side of the hill overlooking the village of H——. He had been leisurely wandering on since the early hours of the morning, and had not yet found the place where he would rest for the night. "Here, at least, is a happy scene," he said, as he looked down upon the little village at the foot of the hill. About fifty or sixty persons were scattered, in careless groups, about the pleasant green. Some of them were dancing beneath a venerable grove of elms, others were crowding round the only booth which had been raised in the rustic fair. "At least, I may witness their enjoyment, though I cannot share it," he said; and in a few moments he was standing beneath the old trees on the green.

But, although he was not recognised as the Earl of Derby, and disgusted by the attentions paid to his rank and station, he found the familiarity of vulgar minds, and low manners, not quite so agreeable as he had perhaps expected. Quietly he turned away from the noisy scene. He passed over the old bridge, which crosses the clear and shallow stream, and turned down a lane, the banks of which were overgrown with wild flowers, and straggling bushes of birch, sufficiently high and thick to meet overhead, and form a perfect bower of grateful shade. A poor woman was returning home through the lane with her children, her infant sleeping soundly on her bosom, and a curly-headed urchin distending his cheeks with puffing at a little painted trumpet, the horrid grating of which had all the charm of novelty and noise to him. The young mother looked so hot and tired, and withal so good-humoured, that the earl could not resist asking her if she could direct him to a lodging. "Not in that merry village we have just left," he said, "for I am unwell and tired."

The woman pointed to a little path, not very far from the spot where they stood, which turned suddenly out of the lane into a wood, overhanging the river; and directed him to follow it through a large corn-field, and up a very steep, sandy lane; and then, for about half a mile over—but such directions are tiresome enough when one is obliged to listen to them to learn one's own way; here they would be even more so. Besides, I am not sure the earl attended to the poor woman, for he lost his way. He walked on, wrapped in his own melancholy thoughts, but soothed, in every sense, by the cool fresh air, the gurgling flow of the river, and all those distant sounds, which, in the quiet fields, on a fair calm evening, fall so sweetly indistinct upon the ear. But the sun had set before the wanderer awoke to the recollection of the purpose before him. He looked around him; he saw green and sloping hills, many stately trees, and the same calm river flowing gently below, but no house. At last, where the leafy shade was deepest, he discovered a pile of old, quaintly-shaped chimneys, opposed against the glowing sky. He had not proceeded far in the direction of the farm-house, which now plainly appeared among the trees, when a light step seemed to approach him, and then stopped suddenly; and he heard the sound of unrestrained weeping. A hazel copse separated him from the meadow whence the sound proceeded; but, on peeping through a little opening, he saw that a

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young girl was sitting on the bank of the meadow on the other side. For a little while she continued weeping—only for a little while—then clasping her hands together, she raised her head, and her whole heart seemed to look up to heaven in her meek and stedfast gaze.

Still she sat there, almost without stirring, except that, once or twice, she looked down upon the green grass, and her hand dropped, half forgetfully, half playfully, among the flowers that grew in wild luxuriance beside her, as if she was pleased with, but scarcely knew she noticed them. Just then the rich song of the nightingale burst upon the stillness of the evening, and stole away her ear; and though her thoughts seemed yet to linger on, about the subject which had made her weep, she listened till at last she smiled; and so, minute after minute passed away, and gradually she forgot all her trouble, and the only expression on her fair face was innocent gladness.

Let no one suppose that in this fair country girl we have met with any maiden of gentle birth, brought down to a low estate by the hard uses of adversity; nor any wonder of her native village, gifted with talents of the highest order. Oh, no! Lucy was none of these. What was she? a fair and happy maiden of low birth; if to be born of poor and honest parents be low birth; of no accomplishments or education, beyond reading and—let me remember—yes, she could write. She read well, for her voice was full of natural melody; and practice, and genuine feeling, and above all, piety, had made her very perfect.

Lucy's features were not beautiful; but their modest, innocent expression, was better than mere beauty. Her hands were not the whitest in the world, though they were delicately, nay, exquisitely shaped: their little palms might have been softer; but, if it might have been said of her, as of the fair and happy milk-maid, "she makes her hand hard with labour," it might have been well added, "and her heart soft with pity;" for they who knew her, say she was the kindest creature that ever lived, and speak of a gentle and winning courteousness of manner, that gave a charm to every look and every word she uttered. But although she was one of nature's own sweet gentlewomen, and unaffectedly modest and pious, she was only a poor, uneducated country girl. There was one, however, who soon began to find new hope—new life, I might almost say—in the society of Lucy; one who, in spite of all the pride or aristocracy of his habits, and his prejudices, began to feel it a privilege to be addressed as a familiar friend by the pure-minded maiden; who felt, in his inmost heart, the influence of her modest, cheerful piety; and paid her, from his heart, the homage of respect and love, that was the sweeter from being half made up of gratitude.

He could not help smiling, when he made his proposals in due form to the relations of his sweet Lucy; for they did not choose to have their child thrown away upon one who, for what they knew to the contrary, might be little better than a beggar, or a sort of (they did not quite say the word) "vagabond." They doubted, and questioned, and wavered, and questioned him again, till the earl began to feel uncomfortable, and to stammer and blush; and thus, in fact, to make them really suspicious: for he had quite forgotten to provide against this most probable issue of his suit to them.

"You see," said an old uncle, at last, who was the head of the family, and the best spokesman, "you may be a very good sort of a young man, and I have nothing to say against you; but you are, or rather have been, till now, when you're plucking up a bit, a poor, sickly, idle body; and, suppose you fall ill, or take to no kind of employ, and have nothing coming in of your own—why Lucy's fifty pounds, and the hundred that I shall leave her when, please Heaven, I die, will go but a very little way. I tell you what," he said, "brother and sister" (turning to Lucy's parents, and looking very wise), "don't be in a hurry to give your consent: Lucy, though I say it, is as good a girl as any in the land, and fit for a lord—yes! I say it again (though you seem to smile), young man—fit for any lord in the land."

Lucy had been very busily plucking the withered leaves from a geranium, which her lover had given her; but now she turned round, pale and trembling, for she feared the effect of her uncle's harangue upon her father, who was apt to be as positive as his brother. She trembled, and her heart throbbed with agitation, for she cared not if he whom she loved were pennyless; but she felt that, without the consent of her parents (servants of God, and kind parents, as they both were), she could not marry him. She turned, as gentle loving daughters will, on all such occasions, to her own tender mother, and she had not to speak; her mother could read her looks, and she could not resist the tears which rose so suddenly into the soft eyes of her duteous child. Mothers, or wives, I meant to say, have a winning way of their own—particularly mild, submissive wives, such as Lucy's mother; and what with her own influence as a wife, and her own woman's wit, or (in truer words) calm good sense, it was soon agreed that Lucy should marry her love on this condition—that the answer to a certain letter, to be written by him, for a character, etc., proved satisfactory.

In due time, to the very day, a letter arrived, directed to Lucy's father. With this letter the father and the uncle were quite satisfied; and now Lucy, who had been, at times, unusually silent, recovered all her cheerfulness, and went about the house singing (so her mother thought) like a nightingale. Thomas Clifford, for so he called himself, was married to his Lucy, and all the fair and modest girls of the neighbourhood were waiting round the church door, to fling basketsful of flowers in the little path, as Clifford led his bride to their own cottage.

He heard the blessings of many poor, aged creatures, who lingered about in the sunshine of the churchyard, upon his humble, yet lovely bride. Every one who met them on that happy morning, smiled upon them, and blessed them.

"High rank, heaps of gold, could not buy such blessings as these!" he said to himself; "but my sweet and pious Lucy has won the love of every heart. These people, too, have known her from her childhood!"

"That is a grand place, indeed!" said Lucy, as, toward the close of their second day's journey, they approached an ancient and almost princely edifice; "but does our road lie through the park?"

"Not exactly through the park," he replied; "but I thought my Lucy might like to see these fine grounds, and the house and gardens. I have known the gardener and the housekeeper for years, and I am sure we shall find them very civil, and willing to show us any little attention in their power; and we have time enough, though the sun is getting low, for we are just at home."

Lucy was delighted. She had never seen a nobleman's house before, she said.

"Well! all those large rooms, and the pictures, and all the fine furniture, are very grand," said Lucy, "but my eyes ache with looking at them; I like this garden a great deal better. What a beautiful one it is! But may we sit down in this arbour of honeysuckle so near the house?"

Lucy sat in silence for some little time, gazing round her at the venerable house, and the trees and gardens; at length she said, "I wonder if the lord of this grand place is happy? Is the Earl of Derby a good man, dear husband? Is he kind and free-spoken to the poor? Is he a married man?" she added, looking with a smile of peculiar sweetness in her husband's face.

"How many questions have you given me to answer, Lucy? Let me consider! Yes, he is a married man: he married, not many months ago, a young country girl, such another as yourself, dear Lucy."

"Poor thing!" said Lucy, and she sighed from her very heart.

"Why do you sigh, my own wife?" he demanded. "Do you envy that poor country maiden?"

"Do I envy her?" she replied, in a voice of tender reproach; "what a strange question! Do I envy any one?" and as she said this, she drew more closely around her the arm which encircled her slender waist; "would I exchange my husband with any one!" she added, looking up tenderly and lovingly into his face; "I sighed in pity for the poor young lady (for a lady she is now): such a change is enough to turn her head!"

"Would it turn yours, Lucy?" he said.

"Perhaps it might," she replied, in the simplest and most natural manner. "But is she really happy? Does she love him for himself alone?"

"My sweet Lucy," he began, and as he spoke his wife thought he had never before seemed so tenderly respectful towards her; "my sweet Lucy, you alone can answer these last questions: you smile! I see you look amazed upon me; but I repeat it, you alone!"

"But first," said Lucy, very artlessly, "I must be lady here; you must make me Countess of Derby!"

She had scarcely said this, when, from one of the castle turrets, a bell began to toll: Clifford rose up instantly, and, without saying a word, led his wife to the castle. They entered the chapel there, in which the servants and the tenants had all assembled, and the chaplain was preparing to commence the evening service: then, leading

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the wondering Lucy into the midst of them, he presented her to them as their future mistress, the Countess of Derby, his wife!

Lucy did not speak; she could scarcely stand; the colour forsook her face, and she looked as one about to faint. She stared first at her husband, and then at the domestics around her, and at last she began to comprehend everything. Eagerly she seized her husband's hand, which she had dropped in her surprise, now affectionately extended to her; then, with an effort that was very visible, but which gave new interest to her in the eyes of all present, she regained somewhat of her natural and modest self-possession; and, raising her innocent face, she courtesied to the ground, and met the respectful greeting of those around her with smiles, which, perhaps, spoke more at once to the heart than the best wisdom of words. The Earl of Derby led his wife to his own seat, and placed her beside him.

Lucy knelt down upon a cushion of embroidered velvet, with the sculptured escutcheons and stately banners of the house of Derby above her: but, perhaps, of all the high-born dames of that ancient family, none ever knelt there with a purer heart, or with a humbler spirit, than that LOWLY LADY.

A DEAD MAN'S VOYAGE.

I had myself mounted one day, watching with Bobus the progress of a fine iceberg which floated down towards us with a slightly rotatory motion. We had not been watchiug long when a side was presented towards us which we had not before seen.

"Look, Bobus," cried I, in amazement, "look there, there is a man!"

"As sure as my name's Jack Bo—!" He did not finish the sentence because he was so surprised, for there, seated on the berg, in a cavity which formed round him, like a natural arm-chair, with his head leaning on his hand, and his arm on his knee, was an English sailor. His hair blew wildly about, and his hat was off, and his garments loose, and covered with hoar-frost, blew towards us, so that I thought he beckoned us.

"Yo ho! shipmate. Yo ho!" cried Bobus, frantically. "Yo ho! What cheer?"

The figure never stirred nor answered. The wind blew out the hair and ragged garment as before.

The men were all astir on deck, for they saw the figure, and presently the captain came aloft with his glass and looked at him earnestly.

Slowly the berg bore down upon us, the helm was altered so that the ship wore round and passed the berg at some seventy feet distance, as nearly as we could with safety to ourselves. Bobus, the most hopeful of us all, continued to shout as our countryman came near.

"An English jib," cried Bobus. "One of Sir John's men, as I make out. Yo ho! shipmate. Yo ho!"

"It's no use shouting, Bobus," cried the captain. "He's been dead for weeks, if not for years. He never will speak more."

The words had hardly left the captain's mouth than a cold wind blew from the iceberg, and the atmosphere, as it does always near those immense masses of ice, grew colder. The ship wore off from the berg; but, at the same time, as we neared it, the very face of the man was presented to us, and we could see the sunken cheeks, the pale lips, and the eyes. They were open.

"Cap'en Seth Smith," said Bobus, solemnly, "that man's alive."

"As dead as last year, or as Pontius Pilate," returned Captain Seth. "Yo ho! there, on deck; run out a gun, and when I give the word, fire."

We had a long gun on deck, with which our doctor, a learned man, had been endeavouring to calculate distances by the reverberations and echoes. Under his orders it was quickly charged with powder only, and made ready, and, as the berg floated by, the gunner applied the port-fire, and an explosion followed, the smoke of which had no sooner cleared away than we saw the figure rock slightly backwards, and then topple forwards and slide down swiftly the steep sides of the iceberg into the sea. All looked with horror into the deep ocean, but the waves closed over the dead man's head, and he did not rise again to the surface.

"Ah," said the captain, "I knew how it was. He was frozen to death upon that berg."

"How did he get upon it?" said the doctor.

"Heaven only knows! It might have been that the turning of the iceberg overwhelmed his ship, and that he, being on the mast, jumped off to the berg, only to see his vessel and all hands go down."—*"Out and About," by Hain Friswell.*

SOLITUDE.

Alone, alone, on the wide, wide sea,
With only the sun to gaze on me,
And nought to bear me company.

And in the wilderness of sky—
No cloud—my little bark and I,
As lone as all eternity!

I would the sea had life to groan;
I would the wind had strength to moan,—
I should not feel so deeply lone.

But now, the boundless sea lies dead;
The scorching sky hangs overhead—
And Nature's form has sunk to lead!

Like some tremendous orb of death,
The sky is mirrored far beneath,
Nought moving but my heart and breath.

Centred in this immensity,
I feel the sun glare down on me,
Shielding his image from the sea,

Upon a moveless film of glass;
While the horizon's ring of brass
Divide the flame-embodied mass.

Thus, centre of the whole am I;
Devoid of power and weight I lie,
By nought to live, with nought to die.

One motion, had I strength supplied,
Would hurl and dash me to the side,
But here I ever must abide!

Thus dreamed a shipwrecked man, whose brain
Grew wild, and pathless as the main,
Whence he might ne'er return again.

T. H. MAYHEW.

A SWEDISH WEDDING.

At seven o'clock in the evening—for morning carriages are extremely rare in Sweden—I put on a black silk dress, to please my hostess, as it was, in her opinion, most suitable to the occasion; and, taking the always indispensable white gloves and shawl, we descended the lower flight of stone stairs belonging to our immense mansion, and found the entrance door of the bridegroom's dwelling already crowded with persons of both sexes, but chiefly of those of the lower orders. As we came by invitation, we penetrated through these, and entered the salong, into which those of a higher grade had found admittance; but we, being still more privileged, pushed on to the inner, or, what we should term, sitting-room, which was—as, indeed, this room in a respectable Swedish house generally is—very comfortably furnished, actually more comfortably than many English ones, and with an English carpet and window-curtains, too. Here a servant brought us tea and cake, rather to the discomfiture of my companion, who said it ought to have been wine, which is more usual. Soon afterwards, two gentlemen, attired in the state and evening dress of Sweden—black clothes, white neckerchiefs and waisteoats, which are worn morning as well as evening in visits of ceremony, or occasions of importance—passed through the room, carrying each a large silver branch candlestick of three lights. They bowed to us in passing, but went straight into the bridal chamber, where the bride had completed her toilets Grifvinnan whispered—the marshals, or bridegroom's men. Almost immediately afterwards, the door was thrown open, and the marshal reappeared; one fat, fair, and jolly, with a smile all over his face; the other tall, thin, and seeming to lead a prisoner to trial, rather than a bride to exhibition. Each held the three long candles before him; and now they walked side by side, the stout, fair-faced one seeming to say—"It is a very good joke;" and the tall, solemn-looking one appearing to answer—"It is a very serious affair." Behind them walked the bride, attired in white watered silk—for she was rich—with a crown of the natural narrow-leaved myrtle on her head; it is formed as a crown, with bars across the top, and always worn by the middle and higher ranks. Behind her, again, walked three maidens, in coloured tarletane muslins. The marshals led the bride to the salong, in the centre of which she took her stand, just before the crowds who gathered round the open door. The marshals stood one at each side; and kept raising and lowering the great branch candlesticks they held, so as to show her off to the best advantage. She was pale as the robe she wore, and played nervously with her large bouquet, whilst her fingers trembled amidst its flowers. Having stood sometime facing the gazers, she turned her back, and the lights were raised and

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lowered again. The people looked quietly, almost reverently, at her; the women always seem to look pityingly. A little boy stepped forward and offered her a flower, which she accepted with thanks. Thus did she stand for an hour and a half; stood until no more gazers came. Misconduct on these occasions is very rare. I have been told that men—that is, what are falsely called gentlemen—used sometimes to go in masks to these bridal exhibitions, in order to avenge themselves by insulting the object; but the use of masks is now greatly prohibited in Stockholm. Indeed the Swedes, while the most indefatigable and patient, are the best behaved sight-seers. "And so," said I to my hostess, when we re-ascended, "to go to church to be married is considered in Sweden as too public. They go to church in England, and do not show themselves." "Ack! those droll English! they are so different from us." "Quite different," I rejoined. "Yes, Madame, I thought you would see that at last. *Our* brides are *very* modest." "Therefore this exhibition must be rather painful," I responded. "Yes—that may, perhaps, be—but it is our custom. The people will have it so, they like to see everything. To-morrow the young couple will give a great dinner-party; they must do that, because their acquaintances will wish to see how they manage their housekeeping when they first begin." "O!" I said; and I said no more.—*Bunbury's Life in Sweden.*

A WARM BATH WAGER.—THE QUESTION OF ENDURANCE TESTED.

Smith was a man who never permitted himself to be outdone—he could do whatever anybody else could. Smith met Brown in a bath-room, and Brown knowing the other's peculiar conceit, said that he (Brown) could endure a hotter bath than any living man. Thereat Smith fired up, and a bet was made. Two bathing-tubs were prepared, with six inches of water in each. The fellows stripped, and separated by a cloth partition, each one got in and let on the hot water at the word—the wager being who should stay in the longest with the hot water running. Smith drew up his feet as far as possible from the boiling stream, while Brown pulled out the plug in the bottom of the tub. After about half a minute, quoth Smith—

"How is it, Brown—pretty warm?"

"Yes," said the other, "it's getting mighty hot; but I guess I can hold out a minute longer."

"So can I," answered Smith. "Scis-s! squash! lightning! it's awful!"

Fifteen seconds passed, equal to half an hour by Smith's imaginary watch.

"I say, over there, how is it now?"

"Oh! it's nearly up to the bilin' pint. Oh! Christopher!" answered the diabolical villain, who was lying in the empty tub, while the hot water passed out of the escape-pipe.

By this time Smith was splurging about like a boiled lobster, and called again—

"I s-a-y, over there, how is it now?"

"Hot," replied Brown. "But—whew! scis-s! guess I can hold out another minute!"

"You can!" shrieked the now boiling Smith, who rolled out and bolted through the partition, expecting to find the other quite cooked.

"You infernal rascal! why didn't you put the plug in?"

"Why, I didn't agree to," said the imperturbable joker. "Why in thunder didn't you leave yours out?"

Clerical Joe Millers.—Of an English bishop the following story is told. His lordship was examining a candidate for holy orders, who was more defficient in theology than brains. Among other questions, the bishop asked him: "If you were in company with persons who impugn the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, how would you defend it?" "My lord, I feel hurt by your supposing that I keep such company." If, however, you were accidentally to find yourself in the company of Unitarians, and they were to attack you, what course would you pursue?" "Can you doubt, my lord, what I should do? I should, of course, leave the room instantly." The story is paralleled by the Oxford anecdote of the under-graduate who, under similar circumstances in his divinity examination, on being asked which were the greater prophets and which were the less, replied that "he could not venture to draw invidious distinctions."—*Saturday Review.*

SLAVERY IN THE COTTON LAND.

The slaves have a good many ways of obtaining "spending-money," which though in law belonging to their owner, as the property of a son under age does to his father, they are never dispossessed of, and use for their own gratification, with even less restraint than a wholesome regard for their health and moral condition may be thought to require. A Richmond paper, complaining of the liberty allowed to slaves in this respect, as calculated to foster an insubordinate spirit, speaks of their "champagne suppers." The police broke into a gambling cellar a few nights since, and found about twenty negroes at "high play," with all the usual accessaries of a first-class "hell." It is mentioned that, among the number taken to the watch-house, and treated with lashes the next morning, there were some who had previously enjoyed a high reputation for piety, and others of a very elegant or foppish appearance.

Passing two negroes in the street, I heard the following:—"—— Workin' in a tobacco factory all de year roun', an' come Christmas only twenty dollars! Workin' mighty hard, too—up to twelve o'clock o' night very often—an' then to hab a nigger oberseah!" "A nigger!" "Yes—dat's it, yer see. Wouldn't care if 'twarnt for dat. Nothin' but a dirty nigger! orderin' 'roun' jes' as if he was a wite man!"

It is the custom of tobacco manufacturers to hire slaves and free negroes at a certain rate of wages per year. A task of forty-five lb. per day is given them to work up, and all that they choose to do more than this they are paid for—payment being made once a fortnight; and invariably this over-wages is used by the slave for himself, and is usually spent in drinking, licentiousness, and gambling. The man was grumbling that he had saved but twenty dollars to spend at the holidays. Sitting with a company of smokers, one of them, to show me the manner in which a slave of any ingenuity or cunning would manage to avoid working for his master's profit, narrated the following anecdote. He was executor of an estate in which, among other negroes, there was one very smart man, who, he knew perfectly well, ought to be earning for the estate 150 dollars a-year, and who could do it if he chose, yet whose wages for a year, being let out by the day or job, had amounted to but eighteen dollars, while he had paid for medical attendance upon him forty-five dollars.

Having failed in every other way to make him earn anything, he proposed to him that he should purchase his freedom and go to Philadelphia where he had a brother. He told him that if he would earn a certain sum (400 dollars I believe), and pay it over to the estate for himself, he would give him his free papers. The man agreed to the arrangement, and by his overwork in a tobacco factory, and some assistance from his free brother, soon paid the sum agreed upon, and was sent to Philadelphia. A few weeks afterwards he met him in the street, and asked him why he had returned. "Oh, I don't like the Philadelphy, massa; an't no chance for coloured folks dere; spec' if I'd been a runaway, de wite folks dere take care of me; but I couldn't get anythin' to do, so I jis borrow ten dollar of my broder, and cum back to old Virginny." "But you know the law forbids your return. I wonder that you are not afraid to be seen here; I should think Mr. ——, [an officer of police] would take you up." "Oh! I look out for dat, massa; I juss hire myself out to Mr. —— himself, ha! ha! He tink I your boy." And so it proved; the officer, thinking that he was permitted to hire himself out, and tempted by the low wages at which he offered himself, had neglected to ask for his written permission, and had engaged him for a year. He still lived with the officer, and was an active, healthy, good servant to him.

KISSES.

Live we, love we, Lesbia dear,
And the stupid saws austere
Which your sour old dotards prate,
Let us at a farthing rate!
When the suns sets, 'tis to rise
Brighter in the morning skies;
But, when sets our little light
We must sleep in endless night.
Give me then a thousand kisses;
Add a hundred to my blisses;
Then a thousand more: and then
Add a hundred once again.
Crown me with a thousand more,
Add a hundred as before,
Then kiss on without cessation,
Till we loose all calculation,
And no envy mar our blisses,
Hearing of such heaps of kisses.

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A HINT TO MUSIC PUBLISHERS.

A RANGE of buildings, forming ten almshouses, has been recently erected and completed at old Buckenham, Norfolk, the inmates having been installed a short time since by their benefactor, Mr. Robert Cocks, of New Burlington-street, London, who, at his own cost, has purchased the land, and erected these buildings for the benefit of the poor deserving inhabitants born in the above-named village. This kind-hearted gentleman has also endowed them with 2s. per week each, and a ton of coals per annum, for ever. A handsome Bible, of large type, is placed in each house for the use of the inmates. The frontage of the buildings is about 222 feet. Each house consists of a living room and bedroom, each 10 feet 6 inches square, and 9 feet high in the clear, both lighted from the front. The floors of living rooms are of paving tiles, on 6 inches of concrete; those of the bedrooms are of wood. Each room has a fire-place fitted with Pierce's cottage stove; also a cupboard and other conveniences. Opening from the living-rooms are wash-houses, eight feet square, with sink and a place for coals; also a separate "closet" for each house. The buildings are of red brick, with white brick and Bath (box ground) stone dressings; the two ends being brought forward three feet, with pointed gables, and moulded stone coping and angular buttresses. In each gable is a shield and monogram (R.C.) in a quatrefoil. There are two porches to centre houses, projecting, and carried up with a gable and buttress, also containing a stone table with inscription. The whole is roofed with Bangor Duchess slating on 1-inch boarding, &c., and surmounted by an ornamental ridge and crest tiling. The sashes are of cast iron. Three sides of the ground are enclosed with a red brick wall, three feet nine inches high, coped with white saddle back coping bricks, the gate piers being carried up somewhat higher, and surmounted with stone caps, weathered, and gables on all sides. At the rear of the buildings, in the centre, forming the water supply, is a well of spring water, and a rain water tank; the whole of the rain water being collected from the various roofs, and conducted by means of glazed earthenware pipes into the said tank. The cost of the building, including the purchase of the ground, is about 2000*l.*; this sum being exclusive of the architect's fees and the endowment.—*Builder.*

MUMMY OF A MANCHESTER LADY.

ONE of your readers asks for information about the "Mummy of a Manchester Lady." The following I can vouch for being the truth. The mummy in question is that of a maiden lady, a Miss Beswick, who died about the middle of last century. She had a horror of being *buried alive;* to avoid this she *devised an estate* to her medical adviser, the late Charles White, Esq., and his two children (Miss Rosa White and her sister, and his nephew, Captain White, now living), *on condition that the doctor paid her a morning visit for twelve months after her decease.* In order to do this it was of course requisite to embalm her, which he did, and she was then placed in the attic of the old mansion in which she died, and in which the doctor took up his residence. Upon his leaving it, she was removed to the house erected by him in King Street, Manchester, and which stood on the ground now occupied by the Town Hall. At the death of Dr. White she was sent to the Lying-in Hospital, where she remained until she was removed to the Manchester Museum of Natural History.

I should certainly say De Quincy's assertion of the body being changed, and that of a notorious highwayman being substituted, is not correct. The estate above-named is called Cheetwood, with an old hall, which was at one time a black and white timber mansion—but now, 1861, so modernised externally, as scarcely to be recognised by any one who knew it fifty years ago. The locality is about one mile to the north-east of Manchester; it must have been held on a *lease of lives* by the Beswicks from the Derby family, to whom it will again revert upon the death of Captain White, surviving nephew of the late Charles White, Esq., and will then become swallowed up in the omnivorous jaws of an increasing city. Forty years ago it formed one of the most delightful walks in the suburbs of Manchester.

Fifty years ago I was born in the Old Hall at Cheetwood, where my father and grandfather resided for many years previous. My father was intimately acquainted with Mr. White, but whether he derived the above information from him or not, I cannot say, but should think it likely that he did.—M. Y. D., in *Notes and Queries.*

SATURNALIA OF ROYAL VENGEANCE IN 1799.—The King (of Naples), who had arrived in the bay, first issued a proclamation of pardon to the lazzaroni who were pillaging the city, and next annulled the municipal institutions of Naples, their rights and privileges. The Junta of State was restored, and all declared liable to the punishment of death who had fought against the King's troops under Ruffo, or who had assisted or been present when the tree of liberty had been raised, or the royal effigies and English standards burnt and destroyed. At least forty thousand Neapolitans were thus threatened with death, and a still greater number with exile. Royal commissaries were sent into the provinces, "to purge the kingdom of the enemies of the throne and of the altar." The prisons of Naples alone contained thirty thousand political prisoners, crammed into the subterranean vaults of the castles, and other unwholesome places—denied the use of a bed, chair, or light, as well as of eating and drinking utensils, maltreated by the harsh gaolers who were placed over them, and who added to the torments of their chains by hunger, thirst, and blows. General Massa, who had commanded the republican forces, and Eleanora Pimentel, a poetess, and lady of high birth and genius, who had taken a prominent part during the late government, were the first to be hung on the gallows. The Prince Torella, an old man and invalid, the Marquis Corleto, the advocate Poerio, then a young man, and afterwards the father of Carlo Poerio, who has worthily followed in his steps, with several others, were condemned by the King to perpetual imprisonment. They were conveyed to the island of Favignana, off the coast of Sicily, and there confined in a dungeon sunk below the sea, where the rays of the sun never penetrate, and where a dim light only pervades the moist atmosphere. The trials were conducted with the harshness and injustice which might be expected from what had occurred. Where legal proof of guilt was wanting, cunning was employed to make the prisoners criminate themselves; Ferdinand and Caroline were thirsting for vengeance, which could only be satiated with blood; and the judges were well aware that the surest way to their favour was to increase the number of executions. Francesco Conforti, an accomplished man of letters; Ettore Caraffa, who had been betrayed like the rest into the hands of the enemy; Niccolo Fiorentino, a learned mathematician and lawyer; Mario Pagano, one of the purest as well as greatest men of his age; Domenico Cirillo, formerly physician to the King, with about three hundred of the best men in the country, noble and plebian, perished on the scaffold. Imprisonment and exile were reserved for such frivolous offences as having changed the fashion of the hair to what was considered a republican form, because imitating that of ancient Greece and Rome, for having allowed the beard to grow, or even for having asked alms for the wounded and sick. Rewards meantime were lavished on Cardinal Ruffe and his ruffianly colleagues and followers, while Lord Nelson was made Duke of Bronté.—*Horner's Century of Despotism in Naples and Sicily.*

REMARKABLE PARROT.—There was a parrot belonging to a friend of our family, a Portuguese gentleman who had married an English wife, and resided in England. The parrot was a great favourite in the house, and being accustomed equally to the company of its owner and the rest of the household, was familiar with Portuguese as well as English words and phrases. The bird evidently had the power of appreciating the distinction between the two languages, for if it were addressed its reply would always be in the language employed. The bird learned a Portuguese song about it itself and its manifold perfections, the words of which I cannot remember. But it would not sing this song if asked to do so in the English language. Saluted in Portuguese, it would answer in the same language, but it was never known to confuse the two tongues together. Towards dinner-time it always became very excited, and used to call to the servant, whenever she was late, "Sarah, lay the cloth—want my dinner!" which sentence it would repeat with great volubility, and at the top of its voice. But as soon as its master's step was heard outside the house, its tone changed, for the loud voice was disagreeable to its owner, who used to punish him for screaming by flipping its beak. So Polly would get off the perch very humbly, sit on the bottom of the cage, put its head to the floor, and instead of shouting for its dinner in the former imperious tone would whisper in the lowest voice, "Want my dinner! Sarah, make haste; want my dinner!"—*Routledge's Natural History.*

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LONDON AND PARIS

Fashions for December 1864

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Pl. V.

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Pl. III.

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PLATE V.



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